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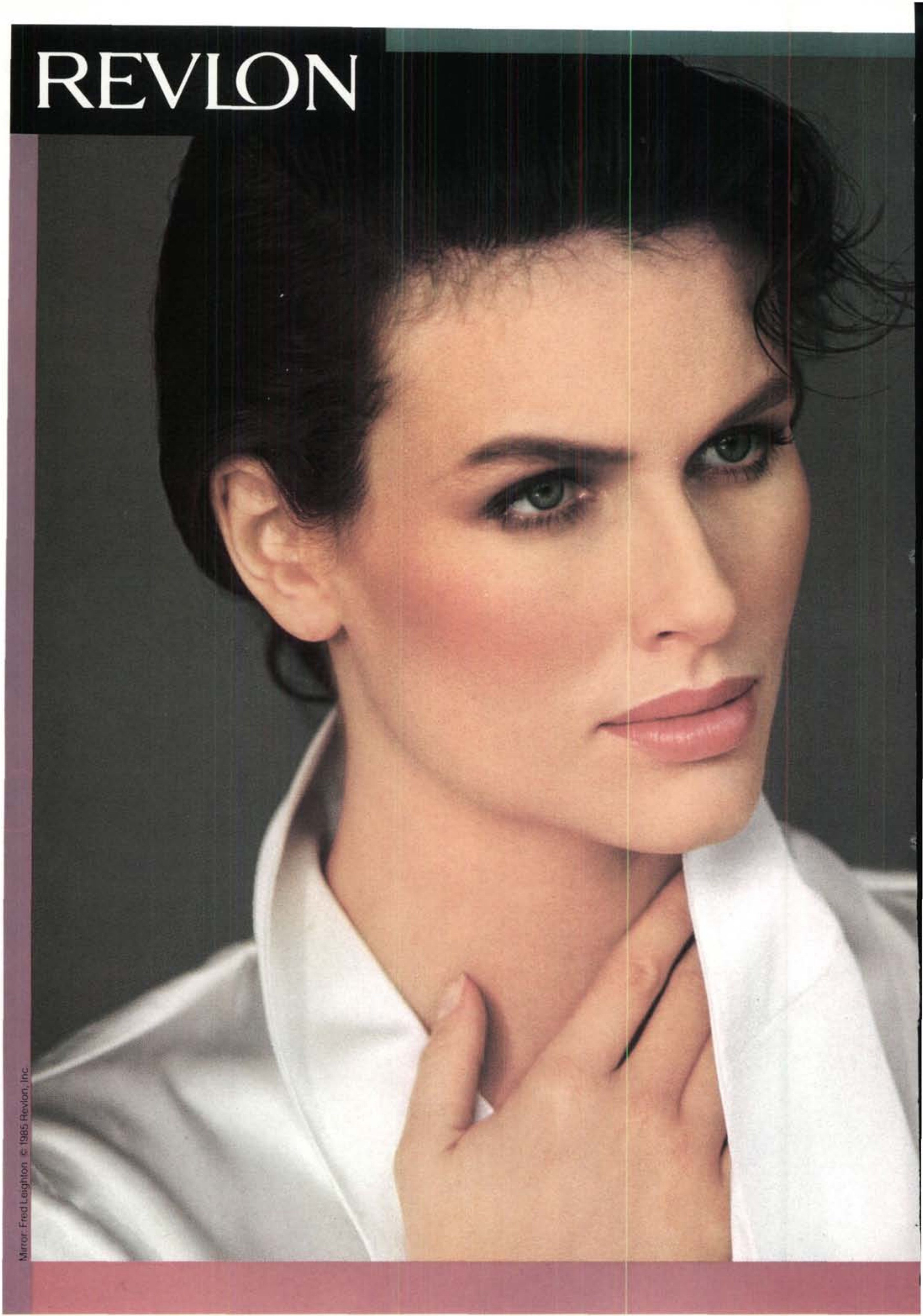
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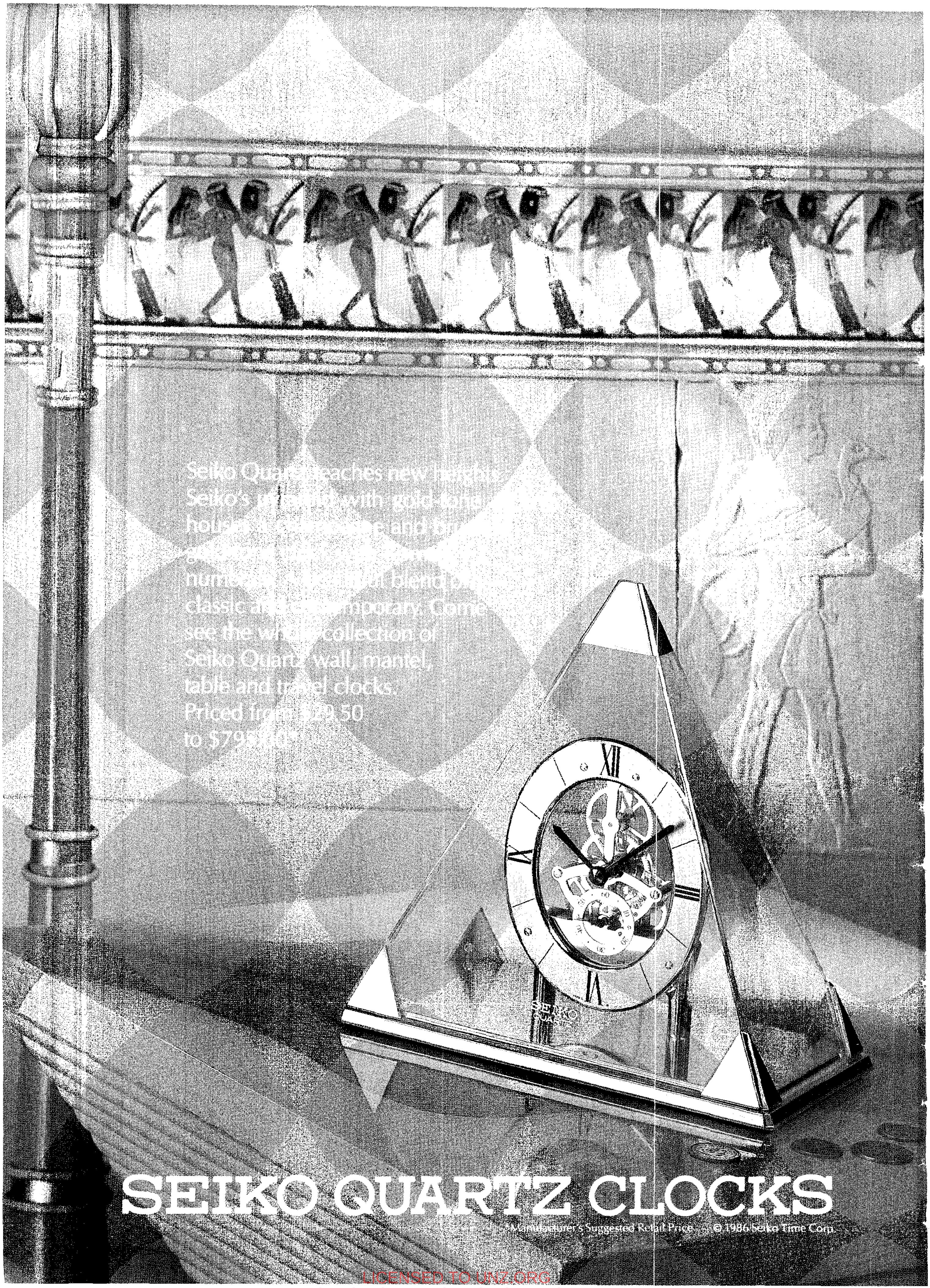

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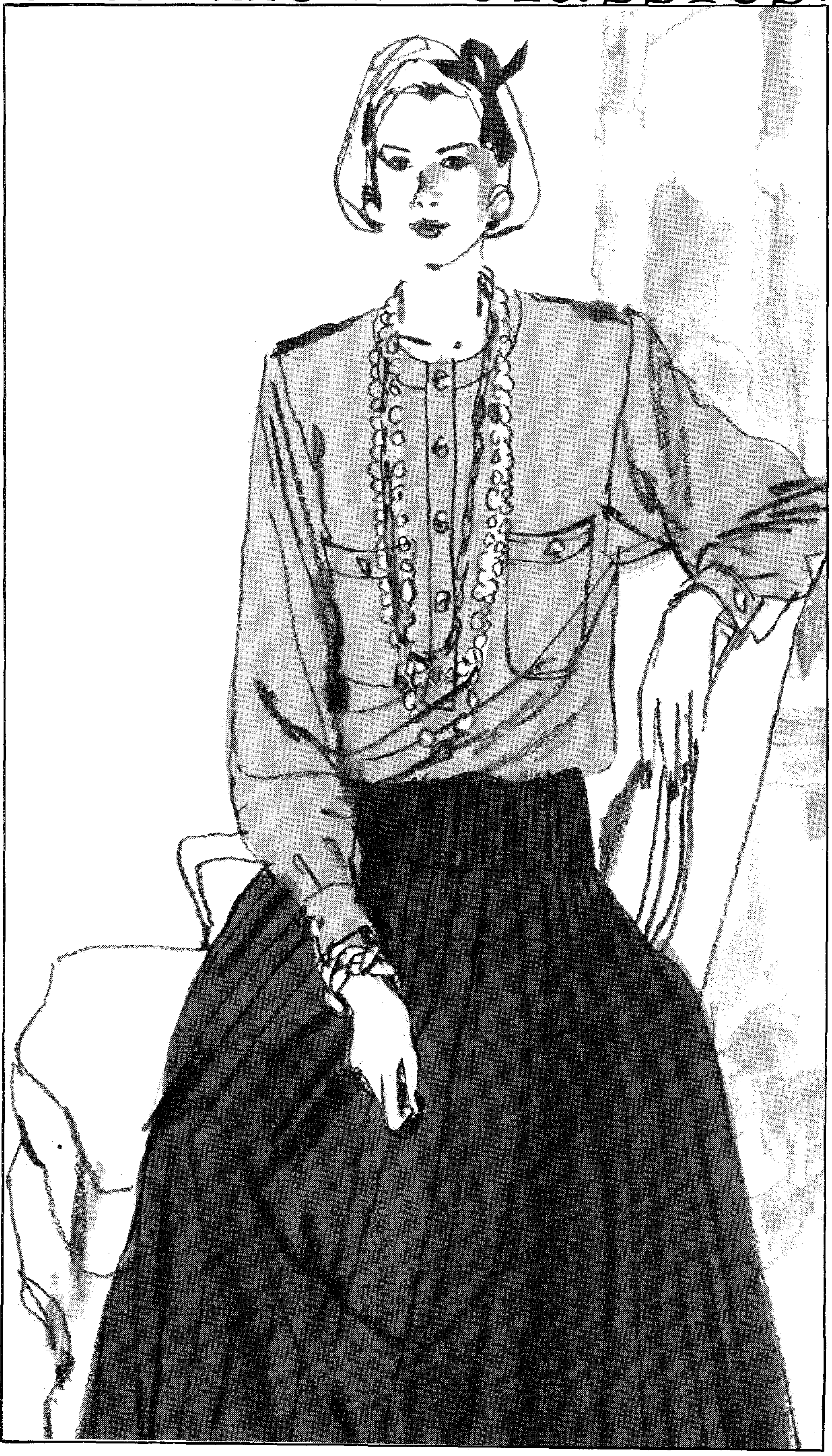

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**The Acting Company**—John Houseman's troupe presenting **ten by tennessee,** two bills of one-act plays by Tennessee Williams. "Auto-da-Fé," "The Strangest Kind of Romance," "A Perfect Analysis Given by a Parrot," "This Property Is Condemned," and "I Can't Imagine Tomorrow": Wednesday, June 4, and Friday, June 6, at 8; Saturday, June 7, at 2; and Sunday, June 8, Tuesday, June 10, Thursday, June 12, and Saturday, June 14, all at 8. . . . ¶ "The Lady of Larkspur Lotion," "Talk to Me Like the Rain," "Portrait of a Madonna," "The Unsatisfactory Supper," and "The Long Goodbye": Thursday, June 5, and Saturday, June 7, at 8; Sunday, June 8, at 3; Wednesday, June 11, and Friday, June 13, at 8; and Saturday, June 14, at 2. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/2/86.) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

**Aunt Dan & Lemon**—A debate on the nature of good and evil, by Wallace Shawn. The director is Max Stafford-Clark. With Pamela Reed and Pippa Pearthree. (11/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Benefactors**—A well-written, well-plotted comedy, often humorous and no less often sad. The irresistibly attractive cast consists of Glenn Close, Sam Waterston, Simon Jones, and Mary Beth Hurt. (1/6/86) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Big Deal**—A musical-comedy blunder by Bob Fosse, who wrote the book and so caused his skills as a choreographer and director to be rendered all but useless. (4/21/86) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**The Boys in Autumn**—Mark Twain didn't believe in an afterlife, but if he happens to have been wrong he must be furious, observing a grotesque work written by Bernard Sabath and purporting to tell us what happened to Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer in their old age. The two performers are George C. Scott and John Cullum. (5/12/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Chopin Playoffs**—A comedy by Israel Horovitz, presented by the American Jewish Theatre. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 15. For tickets, call 831-8603.)

**Cuba and His Teddy Bear**—Robert De Niro is a Hispanic drug dealer (cocaine), who is bringing up his teen-age son. Reinaldo Povod's first play is considerably better than promising; Mr. De Niro's performance is remarkable, and he is well supported by Burt Young, Ralph Macchio, and Paul Calderon. Bill Hart directed. (6/2/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, June 14.)

**Ensemble Studio Theatre**—A festival of one-act plays. "Vanishing Act," by Richard Greenberg; "Terry Neal's Future," by Roger Hedden; "The West Side Boys Will Rock You Anytime," by Shirley Kaplan; and "Comic Dialogue," by Alan Zweibel: Wednesday, June 4, at 7:30; Saturday, June 7, at 6 and 10; Sunday, June 8, at 7; and Monday, June 9, at 7:30. . . . ¶ "Dolores," by Edward Allan Baker; "Ma Rose," by Cassandra Medley; "Wash and Dry," by Shel Silverstein; and "Moonlight Kisses," by Stuart Spencer: Thursday and Friday, June 5-6, at 7:30; Sunday, June 8, at 3; Wednesday through Friday, June 11-13, at 7:30; and Saturday, June 14, at 6 and 10. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Closes Monday, June 16.)

**Equity Library Theatre**—The final production of the season is a revival of the 1964 musical **funny girl,** with a score by Jule Styne, lyrics by Bob Merrill, and a book by Isobel Lennart. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 8. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

**Goblin Market**—This musical, based on Christina Rossetti's erotic allegorical poem, has a charming score by Polly Pen, imaginative scenery by William Barclay, and good performances—singing and acting—by Terry Klausner and Ann Morrison. It may prove a little too fanciful for every taste, though. (4/28/86) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Golden Land**—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes an excellent singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

**The House of Blue Leaves**—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy with Swoosie Kurtz, John Mahoney, and Stockard Channing, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**I'm Not Rappaport**—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Light Opera of Manhattan**—Presenting Victor Herbert's **sweethearts.** (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

**Long Day's Journey Into Night**—O'Neill's masterpiece, well served by Jack Lemmon, Bethel Leslie, Peter Gallagher, and Kevin Spacey, in a production directed by Jonathan Miller. (5/12/86) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Loot**—Joe Orton's fierce and highly polished farce about all sorts of criminal activity in

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England in a too mild revival, but with considerable merriment, all the same. With Joseph Maher, Željko Ivanek, and Zoë Wanamaker, among other good actors. John Tillinger directed. (3/3/86) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Maggie Magalita**—A play by Wendy Kesselman, presented by the Lambs Theatre Company. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays at 11 A.M.; Wednesdays at 2; Thursdays at 11 and 8; Fridays at 8; and Saturdays at 2 and 8. Closes Saturday, June 14.)

**The Man Who Turned Into a Stick**—A play by Kobo Abe, translated from the Japanese by Donald Keene and starring Ernest Abuba. Presented by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 7.)

**Master Class**—Philip Bosco, Len Cariou, Werner Klemperer, and Austin Pendleton in a play by David Pownall. Previews Wednesday, June 4. Opens officially on Thursday, June 5, and will run through Sunday, July 6. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**The Mystery of Edwin Drood**—Charles Dickens died in the midst of writing the novel that has served as a basis for this jolly, silly musical, with charming songs by Rupert Holmes, an excellent cast headed by George Rose, and uninhibited direction by Wilford Leach. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**National Lampoon's Class of '86**—A revue created by Matty Simmons and other members of the magazine's editorial staff. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

**Negro Ensemble Company**—Gus Edwards' **louie and ophelia**, about the affair of a middle-aged Bronx couple—a mismatch from the start—is as humorous as it is disturbing. Love conquers all. In the leading roles, Elain Graham and Douglas Turner Ward could not be better. Mr. Ward directed. (5/26/86) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

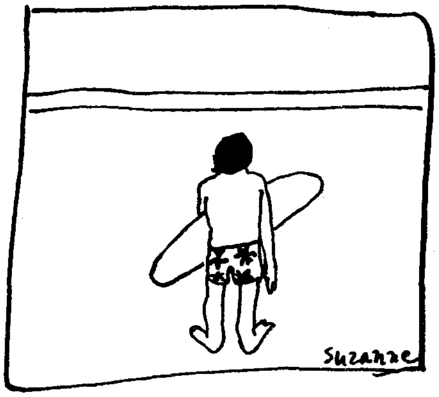
**The Nice and the Nasty**—A comedy by Mark O'Donnell. Preview Wednesday, June 4. Opens officially on Thursday, June 5, and will run through Sunday, June 15. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Nunsense**—A musical by Dan Goggin. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Olympus on My Mind**—A musical with a score by Grant Sturiale and book, lyrics, and direction by Barry Harman. (Actors' Outlet, 120 W. 28th St. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. For tickets, call 645-0783.)

**The Perfect Party**—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, and Charlotte Moore is very good. John Tillinger directed. (4/14/86) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Personals**—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)



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**The Petition**—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn breathe life into a tiresome play by Brian Clark about a testy British general in his ninth decade and his somewhat younger but dying wife. As she dies, they quarrel over banning the bomb and learn much about themselves that they ought to have learned half a century earlier. (5/5/86) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Professionally Speaking**—A cocky little revue that is sometimes entertaining, sometimes not. The subject of the jokes (some good, some not) is the rapacity or ineptitude or hypocrisy of doctors and lawyers and even teachers. Music and lyrics by Peter Winkler, Ernst Muller, and Frederic Block. Tony Tanner was the director. (6/2/86) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 832-2555. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe**—Lily Tomlin alone onstage but impersonating a remarkably varied cast of characters, provided for her by Jane Wagner. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Social Security**—An exceptionally attractive cast—Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Joanna Gleason, Kenneth Welsh, Olympia Dukakis, and Stefan Schnabel—in a comedy by Andrew Bergman, directed by Mike Nichols. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Song & Dance**—Bernadette Peters sings a lot and Christopher d'Amboise dances a lot, but their labors are fruitless—this is a musical without a story and almost without any characters. Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, lyrics by Don Black. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Stories About the Old Days**—A play by Bill Harris, with Abbey Lincoln. (Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Wednesdays at 3; Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

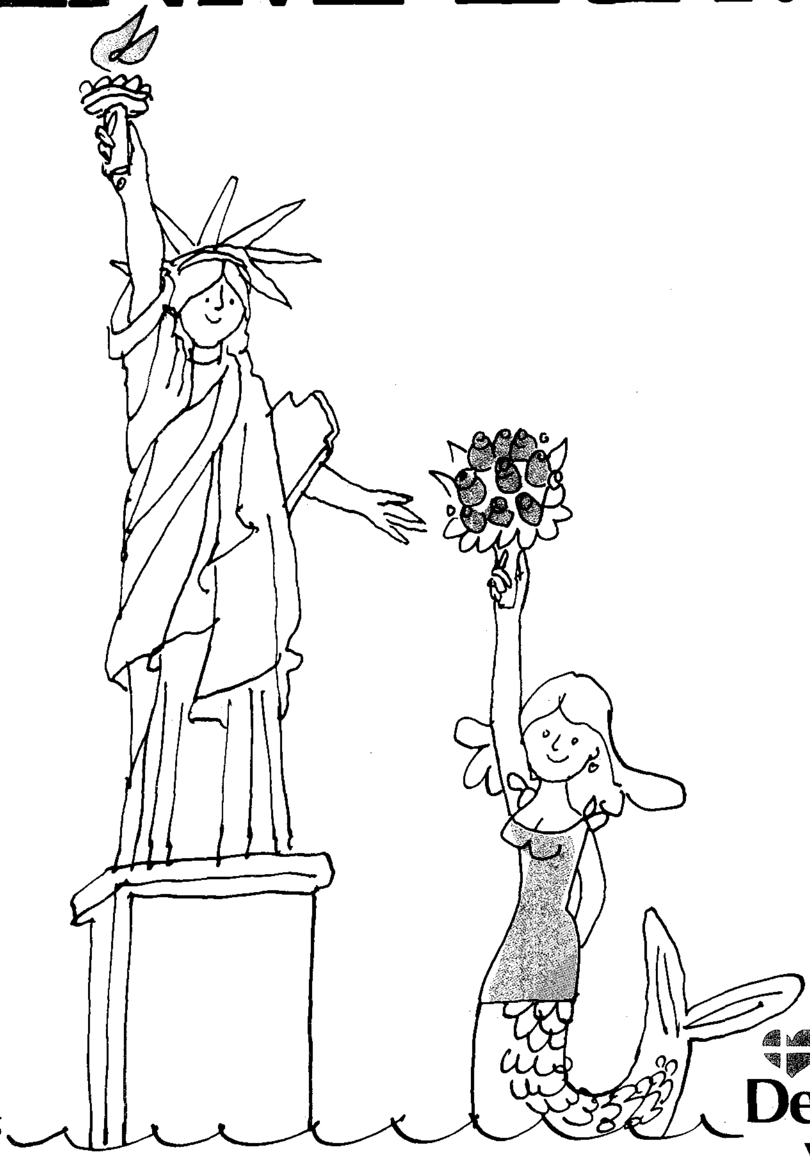
**Sweet Charity**—Debbie Allen, well assisted by a big cast, stars in a revival of a musical that has come to seem an American classic. Bob Fosse is the director and choreographer, Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields provided the songs, and the scenery is by Robert Randolph. Hurrah for them all. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Vienna: Lusthaus**—This evocation in dance, mime, acting, and music of turbulent Vienna before the First World War is often beautiful and always entertaining. It was created and directed by the imaginative Martha Clarke, with music by Richard Peaslee—the pair responsible for "The Garden of Earthly Delights" a couple of years ago. Witty text by Charles Mee, Jr. (5/5/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesdays at 7:30 and 9:30; Thursdays at 7:30; and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Women of Manhattan**—The performances of J. Smith-Cameron, Nancy Mette, and Jayne Haynes (the women) are fine, as are those of Keith Szarabajka and Tom Wright (a couple of their men), under Ron Lagomarsino's lively direction, and in Adrianne Lobel's clever setting. But the play, by John Patrick Shanley, is a very frail vessel indeed. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 15.)

**Long Runs**—**big river:** A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **biloxi blues:** The second comedy—"Brighton Beach Memoirs" was the first—in which we are invited to follow Neil Simon's years of growing up and becoming a writer. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cats:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 10,864 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **the foreigner:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 8.) . . . **42nd street:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us

# THIS TIME, DENMARK!



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a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

## MISCELLANY

**Spalding Gray**—A monologuist, presenting a final program: **SWIMMING TO CAMBODIA.** (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 22.)

**Dario Fo and Franca Rame**—Mr. Fo, Italy's foremost playwright, is also a magnificent performer—satirist, mimic, comedian, and clown. His one-man show **MISTERO BUFFO,** with Ron Jenkins as onstage translator (Wednesday, June 4, and Friday, June 6, at 8, and Saturday, June 7, at 9) alternates with Miss Rame's one-woman **TUTTA CASA, LETTO E CHIESA** (Thursday, June 5, at 8, and Saturday, June 7, at 5). (Joyce, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

**Forbidden Broadway 1986**—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

## DANCE

**New York City Ballet**—Wednesday evening, June 4: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Piccolo Balletto" (preview). . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 5: "Symphony in C," "Piccolo Balletto" (première), and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 6: "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 7: "Mozartiana," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 7: "Donizetti Variations," "Firebird," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 8: "Mozartiana," "Scotch Symphony," and "Piccolo Balletto." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 8: "Swan Lake," "Episodes," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 10: "Quiet City," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 11: "Songs of the Auvergne," "Episodes," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 12: "Piccolo Balletto," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Scotch Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 13: "Swan Lake," "Histoire du Soldat Suite," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 14: "Mozartiana," "Piccolo Balletto," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 14: "Histoire du Soldat Suite," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Gershwin Concerto." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 22.)

**American Ballet Theatre**—Wednesday matinée and evening, June 4, and Saturday matinée and evening, June 7: "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 5: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Murder," and "Francesca da Rimini." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 6: "Theme and Variations," "Sphinx," and "Requiem." . . . ¶ Monday evening, June 9: "Donizetti Variations," "Dim Lustre," and "Requiem." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 10, and Wednesday matinée and evening, June 11: "La Bayadère." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 12: "Donizetti Variations," "Pas de Deux," "Sphinx," and "Requiem." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 13: "Donizetti Variations," "Murder," and "Requiem." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 14: "Symphonie Concertante," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Requiem." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 14: "Donizetti Variations," "Pas de Deux," "Sphinx," and "La Sonnambula." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, July 5.)

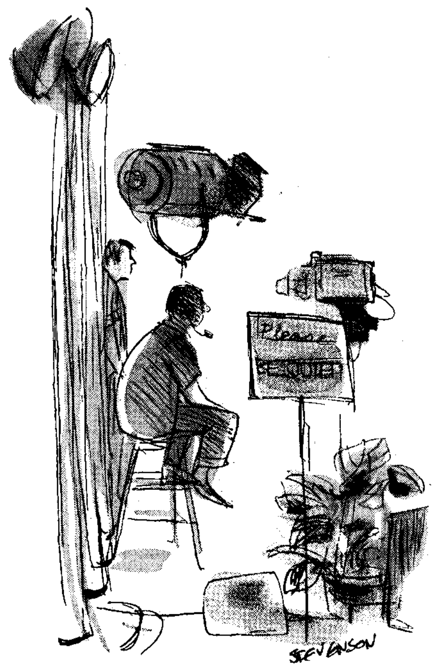
**Martha Graham Dance Company**—Wednesday evening, June 4: "Acts of Light," "Tangled Night" (première), and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 5: "Cave of the Heart," "Temptations of the Moon," and "Every Soul Is a Circus." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 6: "Song," "Heretic," "Plain of Prayer," and "Tangled Night." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 7: "Plain of Prayer," "Cave of the Heart," and "Part Real—Part Dream." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 7: "Diversion of Angels," five solo works, "Tangled Night," and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 8: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Tangled Night," "El Penitente," and "Diversion of Angels." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 10: "Every Soul Is a Circus," "Temptations of the Moon," and "Acts of Light." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 11: "Song," "Cave of the Heart," five solo works, and "Part Real—Part Dream." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 12: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Every Soul Is a Circus," "El Penitente," and "Tangled Night." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 13: "Every Soul Is a Circus," "Cave of the Heart," and "Appalachian Spring." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 14: "Every Soul Is a Circus," "Part Real—Part Dream," and "Acts of Light." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 14: "Appalachian Spring," "Tangled Night," and "The Rite of Spring." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, June 15.)

**New York Theatre Ballet** (formerly Balletfore)—"Ghost Stories," "Revisions," and "A Soldier's Tale." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, June 4, and Friday, June 6, at 8, and Sunday, June 8, at 2.)

**Louis Johnson Dance Theatre Ensemble**—With the Tony Booker Choir. (Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand Street. Thursday and Friday, June 5-6, and Sunday, June 8, at 7. For information about tickets, call 598-0400.)

**Douglas Dunn and Dancers**—In "Dances for Men, Women, and Moving Door," a new full-length work. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday, June 11, at 7:30; Thursday through Saturday, June 12-14, at 8; and Sunday, June 15, at 3. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

**Phyllis Lamhut Dance Company**—With the New York Paginini New Music Consort. The first three of eight performances. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. Thursday through Saturday, June 12-14, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)



## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Algonquin Hotel,** 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing singer, performs Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen in the Oak Room. Dining.

**Angry Squire,** 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautical bar and restaurant and music haunt with first-rate musicians on the weekends. Friday and Saturday, June 6-7, will be devoted to pianist **DON FRIEDMAN,** bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ,** and guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER,** and on the following Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, father-and-son guitarists **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI** will be present. The rest of the nights are given over to other combos. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

**Ballroom,** 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club, singing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts through Saturday, June 7, from six-thirty to eight-thirty. On Tuesday, June 10, **PEGGY LEE** will take charge of this intimate room; her shows will begin at nine Tuesdays and Wednesdays and at nine and eleven Thursdays through Saturdays.

**Blue Note,** 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Three electric violinists—**MICHAL URBANIAK, JOHN BLAKE,** and **DIDIER LOCKWOOD**—share the stand through Sunday, June 8; Monday, June 9, will belong to Mark Morganelli; and on Tuesday, June 10, blues saxophonist and singer **EDDIE (CLEANHEAD) VINSON,** blues singer **JIMMY WITHERSPOON,** and Roomful of Blues will all move in. Tuesdays through Sundays after the last set until four in the (yawn!) morning, Jazz Messenger Jean Toussaint will preside over a jam session. Music from nine. Dining.

**Bottom Line,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Wednesday, June 4, **WARREN ZEVON;** Friday and Saturday, June 6-7, **BUSTER POINDEXTER;** Tuesday and Wednesday, June 10-11, the Nylons, at eight only; Thursday, June 12, **JOHN HARTFORD** and Hot Rize; and Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, Steve Morse. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great, up-close view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. Pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** works with bassist **CALVIN HILL** through Saturday, June 7, and on Monday, June 9, pianist **FRED HERSCH** will join up with bassist **STEVE LA SPINA.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

**Carlos I,** 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—The bandstand in this nice-looking jazz club is a nook regally panelled in solid oak, making it look like a jewel box for jazz. **ERNESTINE ANDERSON** sings from it Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and twelve-thirty. Dining.

**Carlyle Hotel,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT,** the miracle on Madison Avenue, is back with his bundle of Porter, Coward, Gershwin, and Rodgers and Hart, and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** and bassist **BEVERLY PEER,** too. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ And over in the Bemelmans Bar you will find singer and pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** performing from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

**Fat Tuesday's,** 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-

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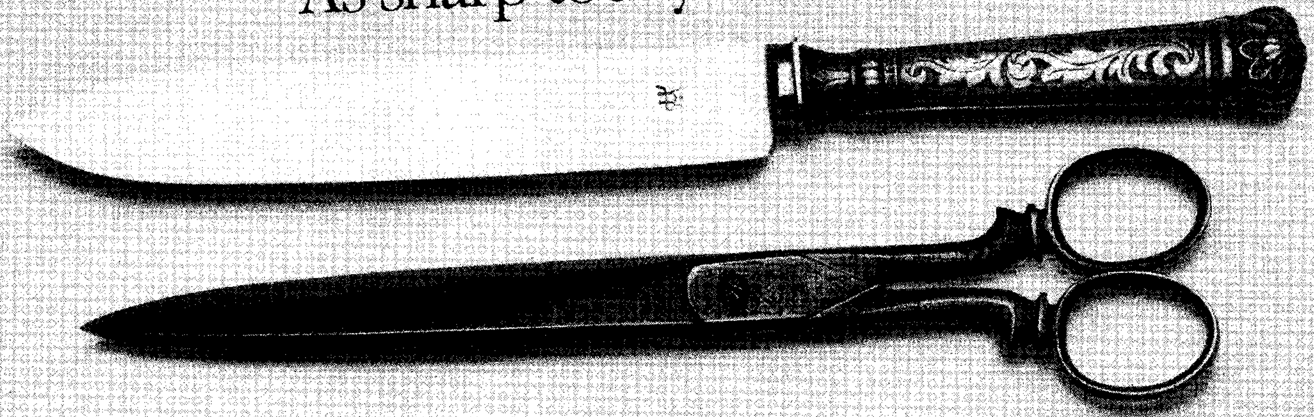

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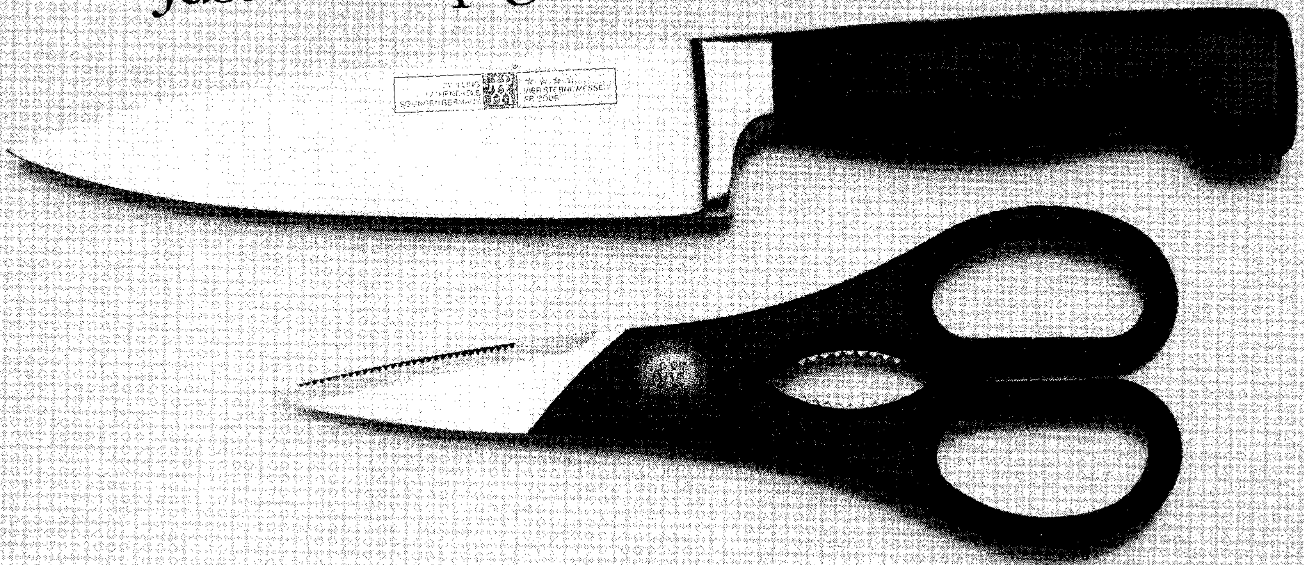

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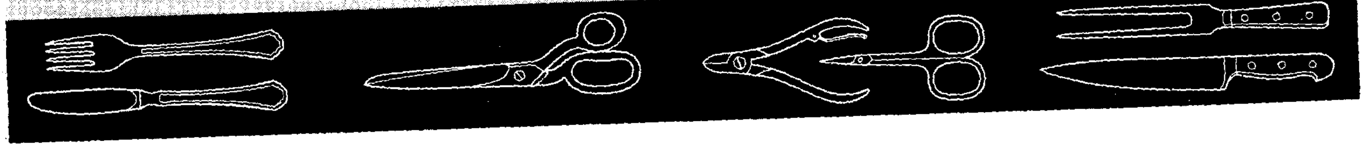

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7902)—Trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD** is in town with his quintet until Sunday, June 8, and on Tuesday, June 10, Norwegian saxophonist **JAN GARBAREK** will come in, along with bassist **EBERHARD WEBER.** Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays through Sundays at eight. Dining.

**FREDDY'S,** 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—The singers: **MICHELE BAUTIER** is here through Sunday, June 8, and on Tuesday, June 10, **CAROL SLOANE,** whose singing style sprang full blown from the brow of Ella, will come in. Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

**GREGORY'S,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, Alicia Sherman sings with Peter Madsen and Phil Bowler; Sundays and Mondays, Joe Derise sings and plays piano with accompaniment from bassist John Dooley; and Tuesdays guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE,** vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON,** and bassist **MICHAEL FLEMING** collaborate. All these groups begin about ten.

**HANRATTY'S,** 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy bar and back-room restaurant with a piano in it. **DICK WELLSTOOD,** who seems to play just whatever comes to his mind in seamless stride-piano-ese, is on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays, Amy Duncan owns the keyboard, and **DICK HYMAN** is the Monday guy. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

**KNICKERBOCKER SALOON,** 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to pianist **LOU LEVY** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** Tuesdays through Saturdays from about nine-thirty.

**LONE STAR CAFÉ,** 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Houston or Dallas. The folk, country, blues, and rock: Wednesday, June 4, and Monday, June 9, **JACO PASTORIUS;** Thursday, June 5, New Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN;** Friday, June 6, La Bamba & the Hubcaps; Saturday, June 7, the **JAMES COTTON BLUES BAND;** Tuesday and Wednesday, June 10-11, the Knee Tremblers and the Clintons; and Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, rockabillyist **ROBERT GORDON.** Music after nine. Dining.

**MICHAEL'S PUB,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **DOROTHY DONEGAN,** who bounces around the piano bench and whose hands ripple over the keys, is present with her trio until Saturday, June 7, and on Tuesday, June 10, **EDDIE CONDON'S GANG**—which consists of **RED BALABAN, ED POLCER,** and **TOM ANTIN,** plus visiting musicians such as **KENNY DAVERN** and **MAXINE SULLIVAN**—will take over. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On most Mondays, Woody Allen sits in on clarinet with a New Orleans-style outfit after nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**MIKELL'S,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The music scene here—jazz and rhythm and blues and Latin-jazz—is cooler than a Columbus Avenue gelato and the music hotter than a Columbus Avenue taco. The lineup: Wednesday, June 4, Daniel Wilensky; Thursday, June 5, Full Circle; Friday and Saturday, June 6-7, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS;** Sunday, June 8, **HUGH MASEKELA;** Monday and Tuesday, June 9-10, **MICHEL CAMILO'S** trio; Wednesday, June 11, Victor Lesser's band; Thursday, June 12, Julie Marshall; and Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, **NOEL POINTER.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

**RITZ,** 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock from the fifties to the eighties in a half-century-old ballroom. Friday, June 6, Mink DeVille and **JOE ELY;** Saturday, June 7, GBH, Agnostic Front, and Leeway; Sunday, June 8, the Outlaws and Blackfoot; Thursday, June 12, reggae-ist **BLACK UHURU,** backed by legendary drummer **SLY DUNBAR** and bassist **ROBBIE SHAKESPEARE;** and Friday, June 13, the Models. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

**SOUNDS OF BRAZIL,** 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian, Caribbean, and African music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, reggaeists, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. Wednesday and Thursday, June 4-5, trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA & KALAHARI;** Friday, June 6, **MIKATA;** Saturday, June 7, Tabou Combo; Tuesday through Thursday, June 10-12, singer **ASTRUD GILBERTO;** and Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, **LOREMIL MACHADO.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**SWEET BASIL,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**JAMES MOODY,** high priest of bebop and jazz-musician humor, leads his combo through Sunday, June 8, and on Tuesday, June 10, bassist **CHARLIE HADEN,** drummer **PAUL MOTIAN,** saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN,** and trumpeter **BAIKIDA CARROLL** will arrive. Mondays, pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** energizes his **ORCHESTRA,** which is made up of young starry-eyed players and established starry-eyed players such as **LOU SOLOFF, HOWARD JOHNSON, GEORGE ADAMS,** and **SHUNZO ONO.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

**TRAMPS,** 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A big-sounding small room, with mostly rock and roll, a melodically out-of-tune house piano, and very good intentions. The schedule: Wednesday, June 4, "The Last Words of Dutch Schultz;" Monday, June 9, Diane Scanlon; Tuesday, June 10, Kristi Rose; and Thursday, June 12, **JUMP STREET,** a lively ten-piece R. & B.-and-jazz outfit. Music after nine-thirty.

**VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa in the downstairs room on Monday, June 9, at nine, will be provided by **RAY BARRETTO,** the **CHICO MENDOZA** band, and trumpeter **TED CURSON,** the guest jazz soloist. . . . ¶ The Terrace Bar here is yet another worthy piano-bass platform. **LARRY WILLIS** works with a bassist nightly, except Mondays, after nine-thirty. In addition, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays Tuesdays with her combo.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this famous, unpretentious basement establishment, the standard for jazz clubs everywhere. Vibraharpist **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** heads up a quartet through Sunday, June 8, and on Tuesday, June 10, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** will come down the stairs with his quartet, which will feature saxophonist **MICHAEL BRECKER.** Monday night is still **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** night. Music after nine-thirty.

**WEST END,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University is just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of live jazz, comedy, and students. **DAKOTA STATON,** who sounds especially good when she sticks to bouncy, blues-tinged numbers, sings until Sunday, June 8, and on Wednesday, June 11, in comes Paris Hot Strings, a jazz trio led by Dixieland enthusiast Bill Spilka. Mondays and Tuesdays are comedy nights. Shows nightly from about nine.

**ZINNO,** 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists and bassists or guitarists and bassists in it. The piano-bass duos: Carol Britto and **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Saturday, June 7, and starting Monday, June 9, Jane Jarvis and **MILT HINTON.** And the guitar-bass duo: **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE** every Sunday. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

## JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**LYRICS AND LYRICISTS**—The final program in a series entitled "Broadway Songs of the Forties," this one featuring Sheldon Harnick as narrator. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Wednesday, June 4, at 8.)

**GEORGE WINSTON**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Friday and Saturday, June 6-7, at 8.

**DEPECHE MODE**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday through Sunday, June 6-8, at 8.

**NINTH ANNUAL NEW YORK WOMEN'S JAZZ FESTIVAL**—Sunday, June 8, from 2 to 9: Opening-day ceremonies, including performances by the UJC Big Apple Jazzwomen, with Sarah McLawler, and others. . . . ¶ Monday, June 9, at 8: Emike Mizoguchi, Shirley Crabbs, Janet Savage, and Sandy Patton. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 10, at 8:30, the Valerie Naranjo Percussion Quartet, and at 10, the Terri Lyne Carrington quintet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 11, at 8:30, the Mary Jane Williams quintet, and at 10, Fostina Dixon & Winds of Change. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 12, at 8:30, the Sumi Tonooka trio, and at 10, the Barbara Borden quintet. . . . ¶ Friday, June 13, at 9, the Ellen Seeling–Jean Fineberg Deuce, and at 10:30, Carmen Lundy. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 14, at 9:30 and 11: Abbey Lincoln. (Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

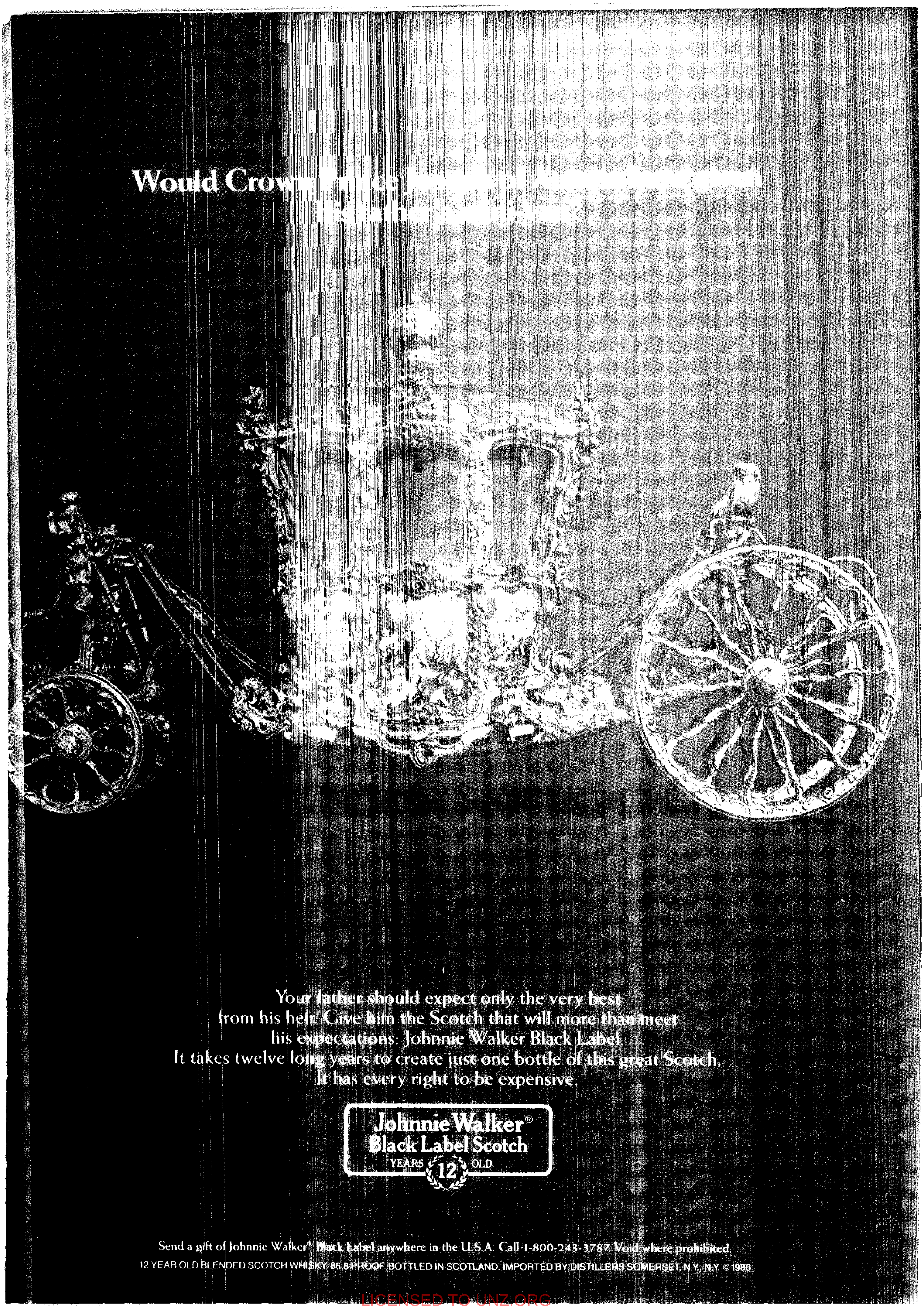
**VINTAGE JAZZ AT THE VINEYARD**—Buck Clayton, in a tribute to Billie Holiday. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Sunday, June 8, at 8.)

**ROBERTO CARLOS**—Radio City Music Hall. Friday, June 13, at 8.

**BARRY HARRIS JAZZ ENSEMBLE**—Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson conducting, with the Young Adults Jazz Chorus. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, June 13, at 8.)

**ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK**—Radio City Music Hall. Saturday and Sunday, June 14-15, at 8.

**IRVING PLAZA**—Friday, June 6: Bodeans and the Smithereens. . . . ¶ Friday, June 13: D.R.I. & C.O.C. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 14: Raunch



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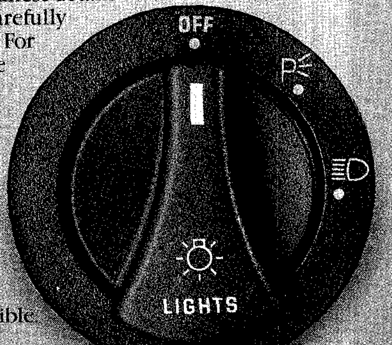

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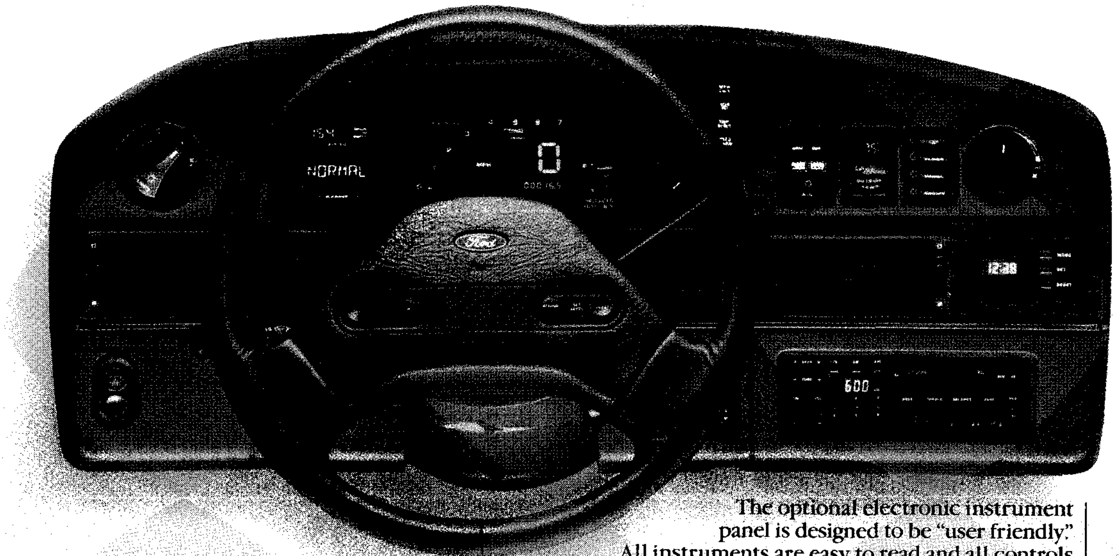

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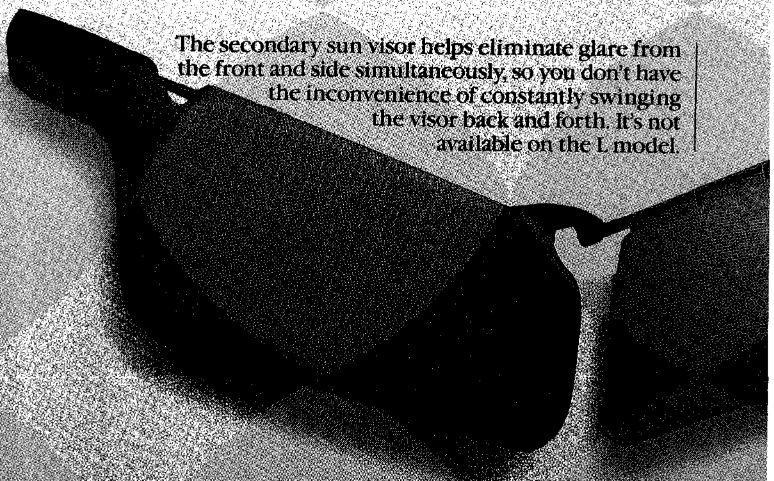

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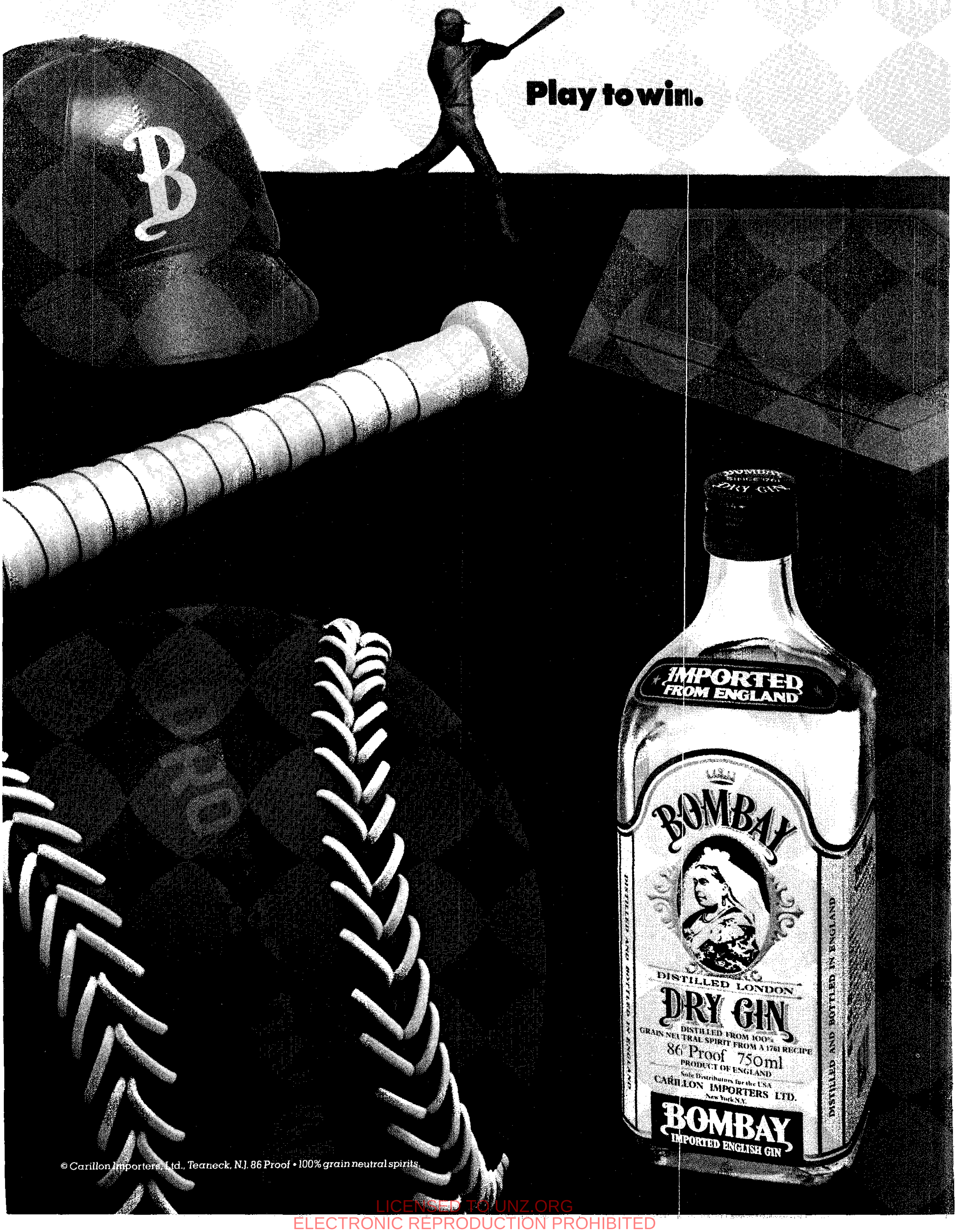
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Hands and Barrence Whitfield. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start after 10.)

**Jazz Center of New York**—Friday, June 6, at 9:30 and 11: Jimmy Heath quintet. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 7, at 9:30 and 11: Ricky Ford quintet. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

**Benefit Concert**—Andy Statman, Simon Shaheen, Jeffrey Werbock & Glen Velez, and Bahram Sadeghian & Shahla Nikfal in a benefit for the World Music Institute. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Sunday, June 8, at 7:30. For tickets, call 362-3366.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**Jean-Baptiste Camille Corot** (1796-1875) **and Eugène Delacroix** (1798-1863)—A loan show of paintings, drawings, and prints by each of these artists. Through June 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

**Ken Friedman**—Posterlike paintings inspired by Nordic myths, by a member of the Fluxus group. Through June 28. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Fernand Léger** (1881-1955) **and Picasso** (1881-1973)—Oils, mostly, hung informally. Through Friday, June 13. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays.)

**Matta**—Large pastel drawings inspired by Don Quixote. Through June 30. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays.)

**Odd Nerdrum**—Narrative paintings by a Norwegian artist who portrays people at the top of the world peering fearfully toward troubling developments in the lower latitudes. Also, bravura portraits and still-lifes. A two-gallery show. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St., through Friday, June 6. . . . ¶ Germans Van Eck, 420 West Broadway, through Saturday, June 7.)

**Georgia O'Keeffe** (1887-1986)—Paintings, pastels, drawings, and prints—more than forty works in all. Through Saturday, June 7. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

**John Singer Sargent** (1856-1925)—A benefit show of Impressionist paintings done in England and France in the eighteen-eighties. Through Saturday, June 14. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

**Tony Smith** (1912-80)—Abstract paintings from the fifties and sixties; also, bronzes cast in smaller sizes than the larger-scale originals. Through June 21. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

**Graham Snow**—Wall constructions by a British artist who has a penchant for the obelisks and architectural follies of his homeland. Through July 31. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

**Michael Tetherow**—Abstract paintings and related drawings. Through Saturday, June 14. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

**Willard Gallery Anniversary**—The gallery has mounted the works of artists it has sponsored since 1974, Lois Lane, Donald Sultan, Susan Rothenberg among them, in the second of two fiftieth-anniversary exhibits in memory of its founder, Marian Willard Johnson. Through June 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**Group Shows**—At the **rachel adler,** 58 E. 79th St.: Paintings and drawings from the twenties by such European artists as Grosz, Ozenfant, and Arp. Through Saturday, June 7. . . . ***center for african art,*** 54 E. 68th St.: "African Aesthetics: The Carlo Monzino Collection," comprising works in wood, mainly, but also in gold, ivory, bronze, stone, and terra-cotta, and including the famous "Black Venus." Through Sept. 7. (Open Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **hirschl & adler modern,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Four paintings by Joe Zucker from the early seventies (his cotton-ball period), a sculpture from the mid-seventies by Christopher Wilmarth, and three paintings from the sixties by Cy Twombly. Through June 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of about a hundred paintings and works on paper from the Princeton University Art Museum. These works—by Europeans and Americans—include a Degas "Dancers," Ammi Phillips's "The Girl in Pink," and Willem de Kooning's "Black Friday." Through June 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

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### GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

**Jean-Pierre Bertrand / Yasuo Kuniyoshi** (1889-1953)—An installation of steel-framed works containing sheets of paper that have been rubbed with lemon, honey, salt, or natural pigment. Through June 27. / Drawings from the twenties. Through June 19. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by Kuniyoshi are also at the Whitney Museum branch at Park Ave. and 42nd St.

**Norman Bluhm**—A two-gallery show of voluptuous abstract paintings. Through Saturday, June 14. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St., and 113 Greene St.)

**Louise Bourgeois**—New abstract sculptures. Through Saturday, June 7. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Roger Boyce**—Paintings on composition board, cut and colored so that cubes and rectangles of various colors seem to have crystallized on the gallery walls. Through Friday, June 13. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**Lisa Dinhofer**—Still-life scenes: bottles, marbles, plates, glasses, doilies, mats, etc. Through June 21. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Robert Hudson**—Sculptures made up of flea-market oddments (old carpetbeaters, for instance) and then cast in polychrome bronze. Through Friday, June 6. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Ellsworth Kelly**—The Blum Helman gallery is showing monochromatic paintings on shaped canvases at 20 W. 57th St., and six sculptures at 80 Greene St. Through Saturday, June 7.

**Henry Moore**—Sculptures, drawings, and prints. Through Saturday, June 14. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A single large bronze sculpture. Through Aug. 29. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**William Palmer**—Paintings from the early years of the artist's career, including a four-panel screen of Washington Square Park (1929). Through Saturday, June 7. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**Judy Pfaff**—The confines of the Solomon gallery are barely able to contain the exuberant wall constructions this artist has concocted of wire, wood, metal, plastic, greenery, stainless-steel bowls, branches, and vivid paint. The over-all title is "Apples & Oranges," but she has sneaked in a couple of pears, too. Through Saturday, June 7. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Picasso** (1881-1973)—Two exhibitions. Olympian doodles extracted from forty-five sketchbooks detailing the artist's day-to-day work. (He kept a hundred and seventy-five sketchbooks during his life.) Through Aug. 15. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A loan show of fifty drawings that are being shown in public for the first time. Through June 27. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . ¶ P.S.: Picasso is also represented at Perls (see above, under "Uptown") and at Pace-MacGill (see below, under "Photography").

**Leo Rabkin**—Handmade paper works that have been embossed with rows of small squares and colored with pastels. Through Saturday, June 7. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Bonnie Sklarski**—This artist's studies in geology are evident in the carefully detailed rock strata seen in her idyllic landscapes, which are sometimes populated by prehistoric people. Through June 18. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Jonathan Talbot**—Paper collages on a greeting-card scale. Through Saturday, June 14. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Antoni Tàpies**—New abstract paintings. Through Friday, June 6. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

**Group Show**—Works on paper, including prints, by Gustav Klimt, Egon Schiele, and Oskar Kokoschka. Through Sept. 12. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

### GALLERIES—SoHo

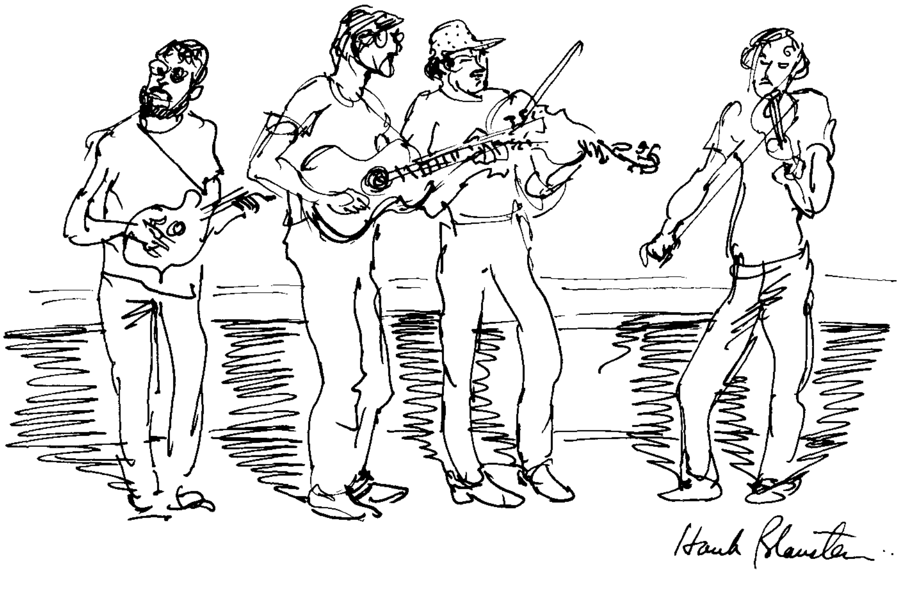
**Seymour Boardman and Richards Ruben**—Abstract Expressionist paintings by each. Through Saturday, June 14. (Shapolsky, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

**James Brooks / George Spaventa** (1918-78)—Abstract Expressionist works on paper. / Sculptures and drawings. Starts Thursday, June 5. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

**Rich Colicchio**—Oil paintings of the artist's heavy-lidded face seen in various situations—as the body of a bird, for instance, or as a bug, or starred and spangled like a flag. Through Saturday, June 7. (Bryers, 111 Greene St.)

**Rupert Deese**—Large, scholarly paintings, one dwelling on the beauty of a ship's propeller. Through June 18. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

**Joseph Kosuth**—A printed paragraph from a treatise by Freud, greatly enlarged and for



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some reason partially crossed out, has been turned into wallpaper, and makes a very stylish repeat pattern as it covers the expansive Castelli walls. Through Saturday, June 14. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

**Tadeusz Myslowski**—Grids of white-enamelled steel plates decorated with irregular black crosses—the artist's hallmark. Through Saturday, June 7. (Carpenter+Hochman, 420 West Broadway.)

**Marsha Pels / Joseph Haske**—Large-scale bronze sculptures. / Abstract acrylics. Through June 28. (Oscarsson Siegeltuch, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

**Martin Ramirez** (1885-1960)—Sixty-one drawings by an artist who was an institutionalized schizophrenic and whose obsession with trains comes through clearly. Through June 28. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

**Ce Roser**—Abstractions in oils. Through June 21. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

**Hunt Slonem / Philip Ayers**—Colorful paintings of tropical birds, goldfish, monkeys, etc. / Urban realist paintings. Through Saturday, June 7. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

**Hilda Steckel / James Pile**—Caricaturelike sculptures of sunbathers, bird-watchers, or swimmers done in ceramic and bronze, and scaled to three-quarter size. / Paintings of the adventures of a cartoon character, Arizona Kid, roaming the Southwest and New York. Through June 28. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

**Robert Therrien**—Paintings and sculptures that have a kind of stripped-down simplicity and, the artist says, a close kinship to the first snowman he made as a child. Through Saturday, June 14. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

**Anton van Dalen**—Stark, stylized paintings and drawings of street scenes of the lower East Side during the seventies and of the pigeons the artist raises on rooftops there now. Through Saturday, June 14. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **COWLES,** 420 West Broadway: Agnes Martin, Morris Louis, and Barnett Newman are among the ten artists represented in a show examining the use of the stripe motif in contemporary painting. Through July 11. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: A show entitled "The Northern Landscape: Flemish, Dutch, and British Drawings from the Courtauld Collections" contains some of the major exponents of the landscape genre between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth, among them Bruegel (Pieter, the Elder), Collaert, Constable, and Turner. Through July 26. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **ESMAN,** 70 Greene St.: Paintings by six young artists, plus abstract painted-wood sculptures, and collages by Tim Spelios. Through Saturday, June 7. . . . **GIBSON,** 568 Broadway: Sculptures by Tony Craig, Mario Merz, Lawrence Weiner, and others. Through July 31. . . . **SANDER,** 51 Greene St.: A whiff of Germany between the wars—paintings and drawings by Brockmann, Hoerle, Beckmann, Dix, and others, and photographs of artists by August Sander. Through Saturday, June 7.

## OTHER GALLERIES

**Antony Gormley**—Life-size lead figures, plus other sculptures of lead and terra-cotta. Through Tuesday, June 10. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

**Ti Shan Hsu**—Relief constructions (acrylics, tiles, modelling compound, ceramics, wood) that range in appearance from the façade of an old-fashioned radio to a landscape laid out on the hide of a Holstein cow. Through June 15. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

**Michael Kessler**—Squiggly microscopic organisms, enlarged so that one can tell how they look, are depicted in a series of paintings that often break loose from the picture plane and extend onto the frame. Through Sunday, June 8. (Wolff, 513 E. 6th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

**Christof Kohlhofer and Marilyn Minter**—Large canvases chockablock with incidents and images. In one, a group of penguins and an auto with its bright lights on are visible on a background decorated with Arabic lettering in gold leaf. Through June 15. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

**Charles Luce**—Mixed-medium constructions. Through June 22. (Stokker Stikker, 507 E. 6th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

**Allan McCollum**—Vase forms more than a foot high, cast in solid Hydrocal, painted in various solid colors, and arranged in groups of five, by an artist who guarantees that they have no utilitarian value. He is the man who invented "surrogate pictures." Through Sunday, June 8. (Cash-Newhouse, 170 Avenue B, near 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

**Edgar Negret**—Impressive but relatively small-scale sculptures by this Colombian artist who works exclusively in aluminum and paints it black, white, red, or yellow. Through June 28. (Humphrey, a new gallery, at 242 E. 5th St. Opens at noon.)

**Carl Palazzolo**—Abstract triptych paintings. Through Saturday, June 7. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

**Yolanda Shashaty**—Landscapes and seascapes. Through June 15. (Sragow, 436 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

**Michele Zalopany**—Outsize black-and-white charcoal drawings of people and places. Through Saturday, June 7. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

**Group Show**—"Images of the Unknown," an exhibit of artists who avow a spiritual motivation for their work—for example, three visionary paintings by Joseph Parker, a recluse who lives in the desert, and a room-size piece by Ann McCoy in which the walls, ceiling, everything is painted a very dark blue, to make a sanctuary for her paintings and bronze preternatural figures. Through June 15. (P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**Bill Brandt** (1904-83) / **Picasso** (1881-1973)—Vintage photographs of nudes. / Manipulated and cutout prints resembling his Cubist paintings. Also, portraits of the artist taken by his contemporaries—Man Ray, Irving Penn, Robert Capa. Through Aug. 1. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Burden Gallery, 20 E. 23rd St., has approximately a hundred vintage photographs by Mr. Brandt. Through Saturday, June 7. (Opens at 1.)

**Horst / Marina Schinz**—Photographs of flowers by each, in garden settings by Miss Schinz. Through Aug. 1. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

**Jean Pigozzi**—Photographs of everyday events in the artist's life. Through Saturday, June 14. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**John Thomson** (1837-1921)—Albumin prints and carbon prints of the Orient by a Scottish photographer. Through Aug. 3. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

**Group Shows**—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: More than a hundred prints of Africa by European photographers, dating from the mid-nineteenth century through the First World War. Through June 22. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . **PFEIFER,** 568 Broadway: Photographs used as part of three-dimensional objects—especially freestanding screens—by nine contemporary artists, among them Russell Drisch, Gerald Incandela, and Grace Knowlton. Through June 27.

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Note**—Tuesday, June 10, is the date set for the annual Museum Mile festivities, and six to nine are the hours during which visitors to upper Fifth Avenue may join the parade—free of charge except at the Metropolitan Museum—through the Metropolitan (82nd), Goethe House (83rd), YIVO Institute for Jewish Research (86th), the Guggenheim (89th), the National Academy of Design (89th), the Cooper-Hewitt (91st), the Jewish Museum (92nd), the International Center of Photography (94th), the Museum of the City of New York (104th), and El Museo del Bar-rio (104th). No shortage of street action, either.

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A chronological arrangement of the school of Nuremberg's Gothic and Renaissance works of art, including oversize carved-oak statues of Christ and the Virgin by Veit Stoss, Dürer's sketch for a chandelier in the shape of a dragon and the finished chandelier itself, and brass sculptures by Peter Vischer the Elder. Through June 22. . . . ¶ Japanese color woodblocks from a period that could be called post-Commodore Perry, in that the prints reflect the impression Westerners made on late-nineteenth-century Japanese artists. Lincoln Kirstein gave these prints to the museum. . . . ¶ A show of seventy works by Rodin. Through June 15. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive selection of prints by Jasper Johns. Through Aug. 19. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Recent work by Enzo Cucchi, including eight large paintings, a two-part sculpture, and drawings. . . . ¶ A show of approximately a hundred and twenty drawings and watercolors from the twenties by German realists. Both shows through July 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART,** Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Shaker design, exemplified by furniture, textiles, farming equipment, cooking utensils, etc., plus several watercolors done as religious tokens. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by Alex Katz, including paintings, wood and aluminum cut-outs, and collages. Through June 15. . . . ¶ An exhibit entitled "Sacred Images in Secular Art" includes paintings, sculptures, and photographs by a dozen contemporary artists, Italo Scanga, Audrey Flack, and Joel-Peter Witkin among them. Through July 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM,** Eastern Parkway—The Third Western States Exhibition: a hundred and twenty-seven works by forty-five artists, most of whom have not shown their art in our region before. Starts Friday, June 6. . . . ¶ A show of thirty-four paintings, drawings, and prints by Cézanne on loan from the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through July 14. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of contemporary native North American Indian objects, crafted, of course, according to traditional methods. Textiles, pottery, baskets, jewelry, and carvings. Starts Friday, June 6. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

**AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS,** Broadway at 155th St.—The annual show for new members of the Academy-Institute and for recipients of awards, among them Harrison E. Salisbury, Richard Diebenkorn, Mark di Suvero, Sam Shepard, Lore Segal, Richard Kenney, Frederick Busch, Robert A. Caro, and Morton Gould. Manuscripts, paintings, and sculptures. Through June 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

**COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A record of the career of dancer-choreographer Bronislava Nijinska. This record includes costumes designed for her by Natalia Gontcharova and Léon Bakst; set designs by Max Ernst and Joan Miró; and a musical score for her ballet "Le Baiser de la Fée" in the handwriting of Igor Stravinsky. The dancer herself is seen in photographs of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, among others. Through July 13. . . . ¶ A display of gold and silver objects by Hungarian metalsmiths which adorned the cathedrals and palaces of

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

that country from the ninth century to the nineteenth. Through Aug. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Frick Collection,** 1 E. 70th St.—A loan show of fifty drawings by Ingres, who bequeathed them to a museum in his birthplace, Montauban. Through June 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**Japan House,** 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese porcelains, first and foremost (but also Japanese-influenced wares from China and Europe), which were exported to England when a passion for Arita and Kakiemon gripped collectors there. These particular pieces are from Burghley House and most appear on its inventory lists dated 1688 and 1690. Through July 27. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings, watercolors, prints, and photographs that document British rule in India. Photographs by Beato, Frith, and Bourne are included. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**National Academy of Design,** 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Drawings and models by British architects, primarily, spanning three hundred years—from Inigo Jones to Sir Edwin Lutyens. The subjects are generically called country houses but are known individually as Hampton Court Palace, Blenheim, Castle Drogo, etc. Through June 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

**New York Public Library,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of English and American literary material that the Berg Collection has acquired over the past ten years—the typescript of Virginia Woolf's play, "Freshwater," correspondence between W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory, and a rare copy of Katherine Anne Porter's second novel, "Outline of Mexican Arts and Crafts," for instance. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 144 W. 125th St.—Contemporary artists Al Loving and Howardena Pindell are each represented by eighteen paintings and collages. Through Thursday, June 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

**The Kitchen,** 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Music. Wednesday, June 4: Details at 11, Sussan Deihim and Richard Horowitz, and Chris Cochrane; Thursday, June 5: Damage, Guy Klucevsek, and Myra Melford; Friday, June 6: Andrew Cyrille and Daniel Poncé, Ned Rothenberg, and David Linton; Saturday, June 7: Bosho, Paul Lemos and Joe Papa, and Deidre Murray and Fred Hopkins; Wednesday, June 11: Bhopal, Gwen Toth, and Bill Horvitz; Thursday, June 12: Bobby Previte Quintet, David Fulton, and Zeena Parkins; Friday, June 13: Carbon, Jason Hwang, and Emanon; Saturday, June 14: Force Field, Slap, and Percy Jones. (Evenings at 9.)

**Note**—Creative Time will open its summer program at the Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage, Front St. (Brooklyn), with a play by Matthew Maguire called "The Memory Theatre of Giulio Camilla." Starts Friday, June 6, and runs through June 29. (Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30; for tickets, call 619-1955.) . . . ¶ Also, installations by artists and architects, created for the theatre piece, will open the same day. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, noon to 3.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911, and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

**Horizons '86, Music as Theatre**—Leonard Slatkin conducting the New York Philharmonic in a program of music by Bernard Rands, Jacob Druckman, and John Corigliano; with Jan DeGaetani and Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-sopranos. The final concert in the series. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, June 4, at 8.)

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**Elise Tobin and Lyra**—A program of solo cello works and contemporary works for a viola da gamba/harpsichord trio that will include guest artist Judith Davidoff. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St. Wednesday, June 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**New York New Music Ensemble**—A program of works by William Thomas McKinley. With the Eroica Brass Quintet. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, June 5, at 8.)

**Concordia: A Chamber Symphony**—Marin Alsop conducting a program part classical and part jazz, with Steven Harlos, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, June 6, at 8.)

**Canticum Novum Singers**—Harold Rosenbaum directing a program of English music, with Walter Hilse, piano and organ. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, June 6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**New York Latvian Concert Choir and the Bronx Arts Ensemble Orchestra**—Andrejs Jansons directing a joint concert of Latvian choral and symphonic music, with Arthur Ozoliņš, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, June 7, at 2:30.)

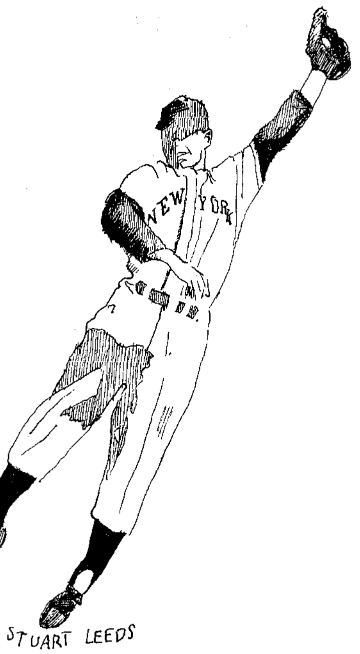
**Chinese Music Ensemble**—A program part classical and part modern, performed on traditional instruments. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, June 8, at 3.)

**Boys Choir of Harlem**—Walter J. Turnbull directing a benefit concert, with Yvonne Frazier, soprano; George Shirley, tenor; Hubert Laws, flute; and the Orchestra of St. Luke's. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, June 8, at 8.)

**Florilegium Chamber Choir and Orchestra**—JoAnn Rice directing, with Cheryl Bensman and Rosalind Rees, sopranos; Mark Bleeke, tenor; William Sharp, baritone; and John Franklin, bass. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, June 8, at 8.)

**Robert DeGaetano**—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, June 9, at 8.)

**Thomas Murray**—Organ. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Tuesday, June 10, at 8. For tickets, call 662-2133.)



**Young Concert Artists Twenty-fifth Anniversary Concert**—Among alumni artists performing in this benefit concert will be Marvis Martin, Richard Goode, Paula Robison, and Anthony Newman. With Hugh Wolff conducting the Y Chamber Symphony, and other guest artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, June 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 288-1511.)

**North/South Consonance**—Max Lifchitz conducting an ensemble, with Lynn Owen, soprano, and William Scribner, bassoon. Composers Richard Owen, Max Schubel, and Richard Cameron-Wolfe will be present. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. Tuesday, June 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**Newband**—A program of contemporary music. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, June 10, at 8.)

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—**Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Diego, Wednesday, June 4, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Monday through Wednesday, June 9-11, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh, Friday, June 13, at 7:35, and Saturday, June 14, at 1:35. . . . **Yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Friday, June 6, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, June 7-8, at 1:30.

**Crew**—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 5-7.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 7, starting at 5; varsity race at 6:30.)

**Golf**—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, June 5-8.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, Southampton. Thursday through Sunday, June 12-15.)

**Racing**—At **Belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, July 28. The Nassau County, Friday, June 6; the Belmont, Saturday, June 7; the Hempstead, Sunday, June 8; and the Mother Goose, Saturday, June 14. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:13, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11:01 and 1:19.) . . . **Garden State Park,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, June 14. The Vineland Handicap, Saturday, June 14. . . . **Monmouth Park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, June 6, through Saturday, Aug. 30.

**Trotting**—At **Roosevelt Raceway,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Monday, June 16. . . . **Saratoga Raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . **Meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 2.

## ET ALIA

**Walking Tour**—A conducted tour of the SoHo area, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, June 8, starting at the corner of Spring and Lafayette Sts., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

**Brooklyn Botanic Garden**—On Thursday, June 5, the Cranford Rose Garden will open for the season, with more than six thousand rosebushes representing seven hundred varieties. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 10:30 to 4:30.)

**Auctions**—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, June 8, from 1 to 5.)—Wednesday, June 4, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 5, at 10:15: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 5, at 2: Nineteenth-century sporting paintings. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 7, at 2: English furniture and decorations. . . . ¶ Monday, June 9, at 2, and Tuesday, June 10, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, June 6. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 12, at 10:15 and 2: Fabergé and other Russian works of art, *objets de vertu*, and silver. Exhibition starts Friday, June 6.

**Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit**—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, June 7-8, from noon until sundown.

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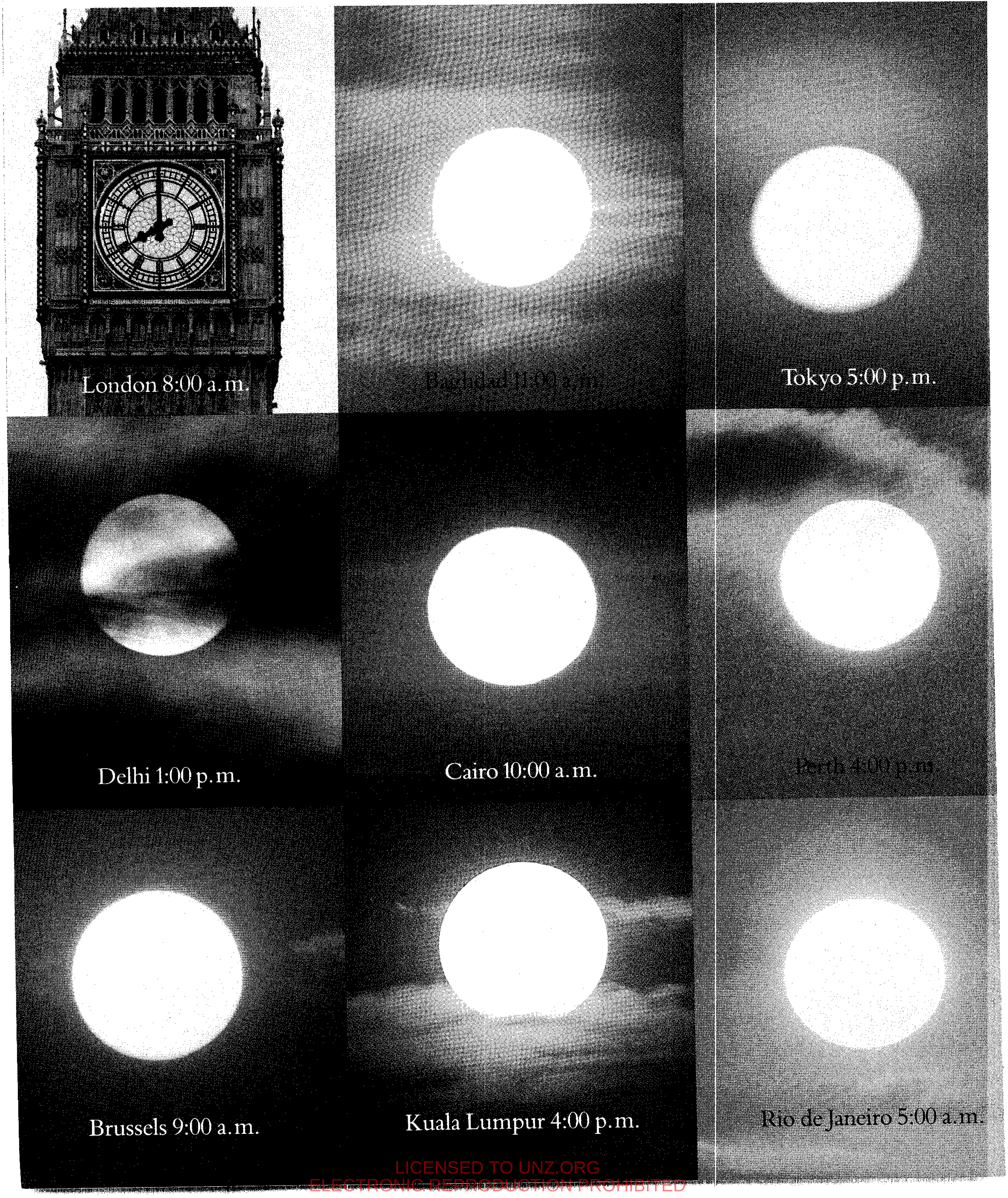
London 8:00 a.m.
Baghdad 11:00 a.m.
Tokyo 5:00 p.m.
Delhi 1:00 p.m.
Cairo 10:00 a.m.
Perth 4:00 p.m.
Brussels 9:00 a.m.
Kuala Lumpur 4:00 p.m.
Rio de Janeiro 5:00 a.m.

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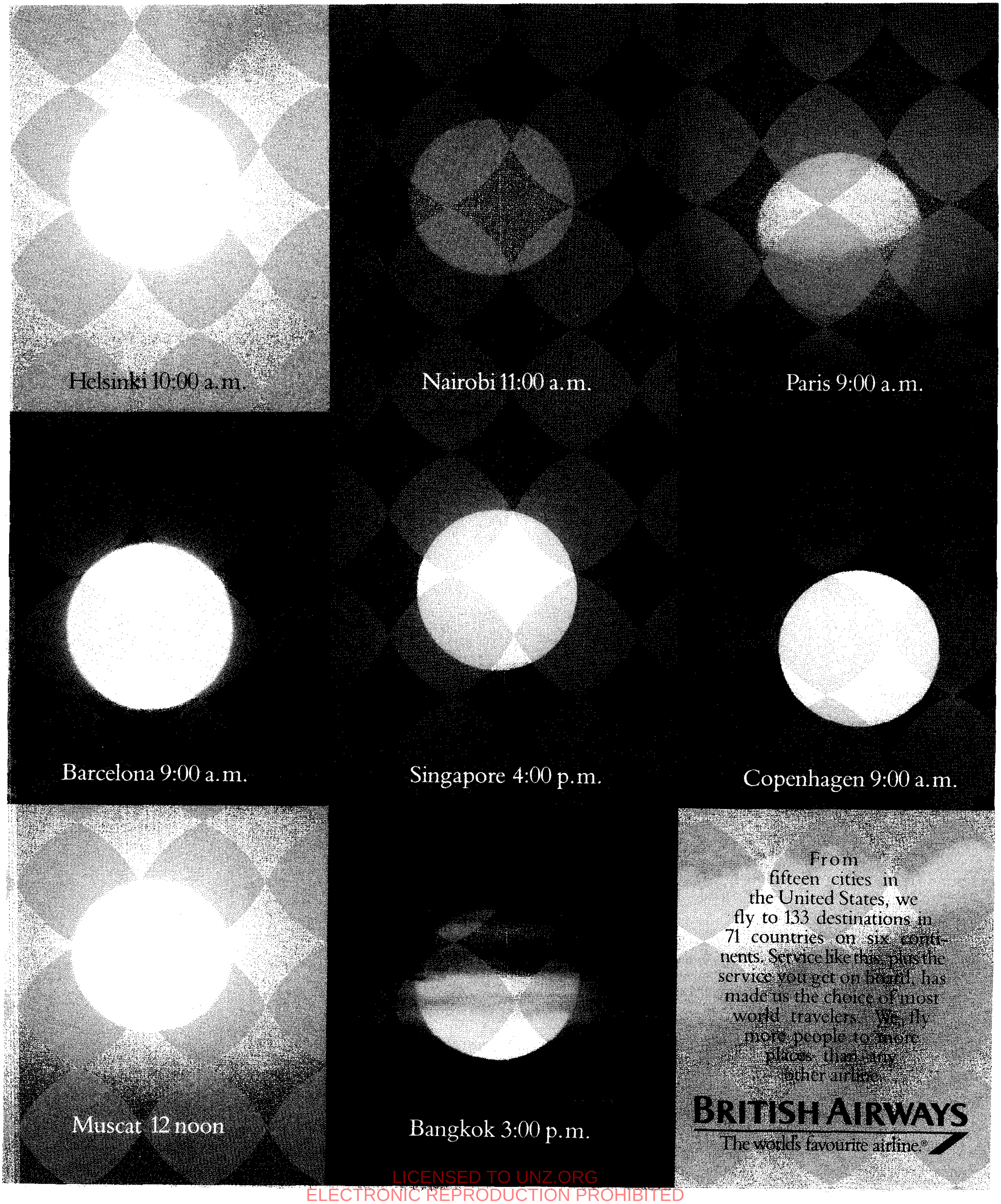
Helsinki 10:00 a.m.
Nairobi 11:00 a.m.
Paris 9:00 a.m.
Barcelona 9:00 a.m.
Singapore 4:00 p.m.
Copenhagen 9:00 a.m.
Muscat 12 noon
Bangkok 3:00 p.m.

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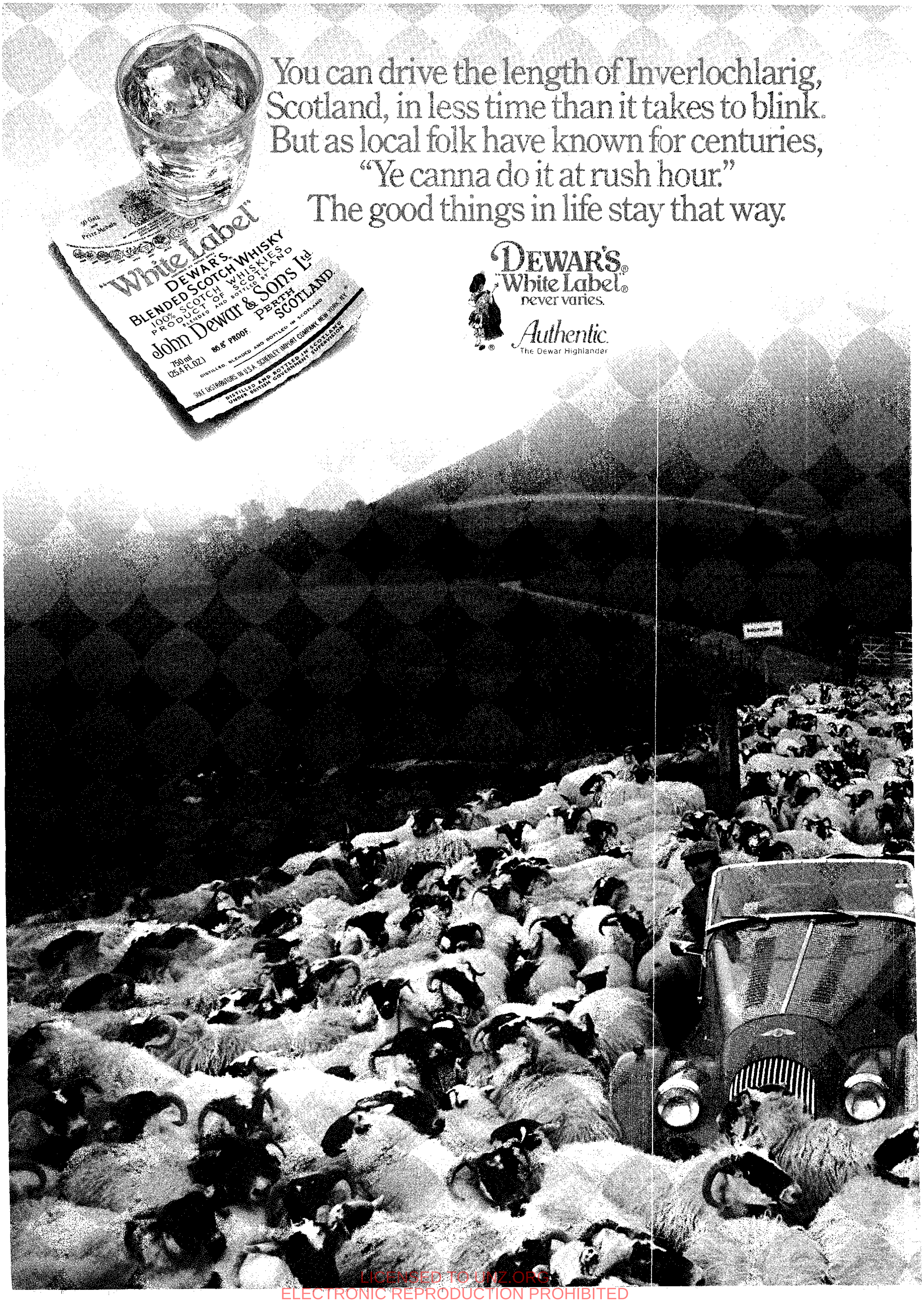
You can drive the length of Inverlochlarig, Scotland, in less time than it takes to blink.
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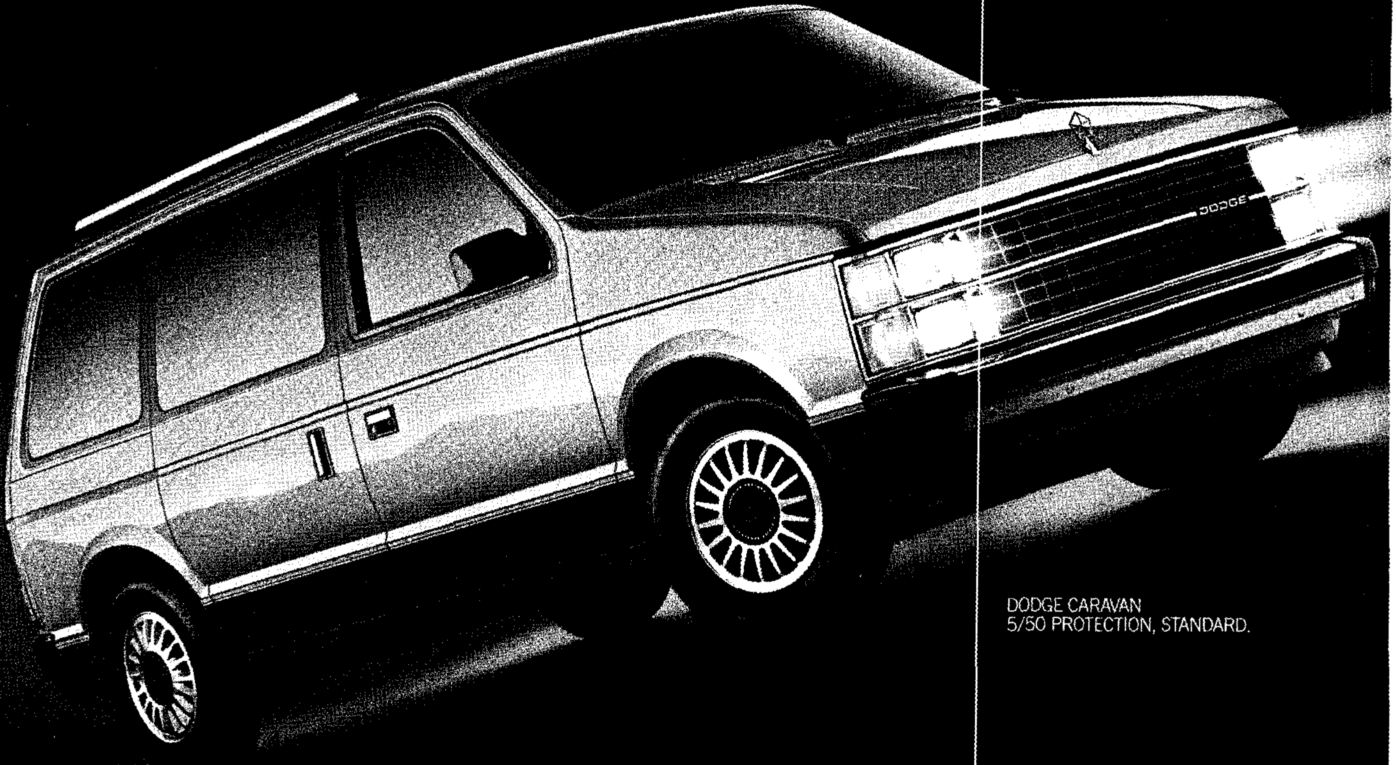

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Just two short years ago, Dodge Caravan carved a brand new niche in the American automotive marketplace. There was nothing quite like it and there still isn't. It's a combination economy car. Luxury car. Family sedan. Station wagon. And van. Evidently, it's just the right combination, because people keep buying them almost as quickly as we can build them.

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*Whichever comes first. Limited warranty on powertrain and outer body rust-through. Excludes leases. Restrictions apply. See copy at dealer.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

MAJESTIC THEATRE
NEW MIDNIGHT SHOW
Marsh

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| 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

### EAST SIDE

**Little Theatre,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through June 5: "Dreamchild" (†) and "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
From June 6: "Eléna et les Hommes" (†) and "Dreamchild" (†).

**New Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 5: "Echo Park" (directed by Robert Dornhelm), with Susan Dey and Tom Hulce.
From June 6: "SpaceCamp" (Harry Winer), with Kate Capshaw and Lea Thompson.

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone.

**Loews 34th Street Showplace,** 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Top Gun" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise and Kelly McGillis.
Theatre 2: "At Close Range" (James Foley), with Sean Penn and Christopher Walken.
Theatre 3: Through June 10: "Poltergeist II: The Other Side" (Brian Gibson), with JoBeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson. From June 11: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through June 5: "Jake Speed" (Andrew Lane), with Wayne Crawford.
From June 6: "Raw Deal" (John Irvin), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 12: "Demons."
From June 13: "At Close Range" (James Foley), with Sean Penn and Christopher Walken.

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through June 12: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone.
From June 13: "The Manhattan Project" (Marshall Brickman), with John Lithgow.

**Gotham Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through June 5: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).
From June 6: "SpaceCamp" (Harry Winer), with Kate Capshaw and Lea Thompson.

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through June 12: "Bliss" (Ray Lawrence).
From June 13: "Big Trouble" (John Cassavetes), with Peter Falk and Alan Arkin.

**Manhattan 1 and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through June 12: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†). From June 13: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 2: Through June 5: "Jake Speed" (Andrew Lane), with Wayne Crawford. From June 6: "Invaders from Mars" (Tobe Hooper), with Karen Black.

**Baronet and Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Letter to Brezhnev" (Chris Bernard).
Theatre 2: Through June 5: "Violets Are Blue" (†). From June 6: "Not Quite Paradise" (Lewis Gilbert).

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

**Cinema I and II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through June 12: "Big Trouble" (John Cassavetes), with Peter Falk and Alan Arkin. From June 13: "Mona Lisa" (Neil Jordan), with Bob Hoskins.
Theatre 2: "A Great Wall" (Peter Wang; in English and Mandarin).

**Gemini 1 and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 2: Through June 12: "At Close Range" (James Foley), with Sean Penn and Christopher Walken. From June 13: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

**Loews New York Twin 1 and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through June 5: "Ginger and Fred" (†). From June 6: "Raw Deal" (John Irvin), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: Through June 10: "Poltergeist II: The Other Side" (Brian Gibson), with JoBeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson. From June 11: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French).

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Sweet Liberty" (†).

**U.A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 12: "At Close Range" (James Foley), with Sean Penn and Christopher Walken.
From June 13: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.

**Loews Orpheum 1 and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Top Gun" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise and Kelly McGillis.
Theatre 2: "Poltergeist II: The Other Side" (Brian Gibson), with JoBeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 5: "Jake Speed" (Andrew Lane), with Wayne Crawford.
From June 6: "F/X" (†).

**R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 2: Through June 5: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg. From June 6: "Invaders from Mars" (Tobe Hooper), with Karen Black.

### WEST SIDE

**Film Forum 1 and 2,** 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through June 10: A program of nine documentaries and avant-garde short films that originally premièred at the film society Cinema 16. From June 11: "The Eyes of the Birds" (1982; directed by Gabriel Auer; in French), with Roland Amstutz.
Theatre 2: June 4: A program of twelve cartoons by Tex Avery. June 5: A program of twelve Daffy Duck cartoons from the forties and fifties. From June 6: "The Cosmic Eye" (Faith Hubley), a full-length animated film.

**Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through June 5: "Home of the Brave" (Laurie Anderson), with Anderson. From June 6: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 5: A program of animated short films. From June 6: To be announced.

**Waverly 1 and 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Signal 7" (Rob Nilsson).
Theatre 2: "Absolute Beginners" (†).

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Brazil" (†).

**R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through June 12: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†). From June 13: "The Manhattan Project" (Marshall Brickman), with John Lithgow.
Theatre 2: "Sweet Liberty" (†).

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch).
Theatre 2: Through June 12: "F/X" (†). From June 13 (tentative): "At Close Range" (James Foley), with Sean Penn and Christopher Walken.
Theatre 3: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 5: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†). From June 6: "Invaders from Mars" (Tobe Hooper), with Karen Black.

**23rd St. West Triplex,** 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through June 5: "Ronia, Robber's Daughter" (Tage Danielsson; in Swedish); and "9½ Weeks" (Adrian Lyne), with Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger. From June 6: "Raw Deal" (John Irvin), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: "Desert Bloom" (Eugene Corr), with Jon Voight and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 3: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Femmes de Personne" (Christopher Frank; in French), with Marthe Keller, Philippe Léotard, and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

**57th St. Playhouse,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Absolute Beginners" (†).

**New Carnegie,** 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"On the Edge" (Rob Nilsson), with Bruce Dern and John Marley.

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through June 12: "F/X" (†).
From June 13: "The Manhattan Project" (Marshall Brickman), with John Lithgow.

**Loews Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through June 10: "Desert Bloom" (Eugene Corr), with Jon Voight and JoBeth Williams.
From June 11: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

**Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3,** B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Vagabond" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 5: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†). From June 6: "Tea in the Harem" (Mehdi Charef; in French).
Theatre 3: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).

**Cinema Studio 1 and 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Ran" (†).
Theatre 2: "What Happened to Kerouac?" (Richard Lerner and Lewis MacAdams), a documentary.

**Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2,** B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hard Choices" (Rick King).

**Loews 84th Street Sixplex,** B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "At Close Range" (James Foley), with Sean Penn and Christopher Walken.
Theatre 2: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 3: Through June 5: "Sweet Liberty" (†). From June 6: "SpaceCamp" (Harry Winer), with Kate Capshaw and Lea Thompson.
Theatre 4: "Poltergeist II: The Other Side" (Brian Gibson), with JoBeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.
Theatre 5: "Top Gun" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise and Kelly McGillis.
Theatre 6: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.

**Olympia Quad,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 2: Through June 5: "Demons." From

June 6: "Raw Deal" (John Irvin), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Theatre 3: Through June 5: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (1984; Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley; and "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (Jack Sholder). From June 6: "Invaders from Mars" (Tobe Hooper), with Karen Black.

Theatre 4: Through June 5: "Jake Speed" (Andrew Lane), with Wayne Crawford. June 6-12: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†). From June 13: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.

## TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Theatres,** B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 3: "8 Million Ways to Die" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 5: "F/X" (†). From June 6: "SpaceCamp" (directed by Harry Winer), with Kate Capshaw and Lea Thompson.
Theatre 5: Through June 5: "Absolute Beginners" (†). From June 6: "Raw Deal" (John Irvin), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 6: Through June 5: "Legend" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Cruise. From June 6: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

**Embassy 1,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Jake Speed" (Andrew Lane), with Wayne Crawford.

**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (1984; Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley; and "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (Jack Sholder).
Theatre 3: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 5: "Wise Guys" (†). From June 6: "Say Yes."

**Loews Astor Plaza,** B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Top Gun" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise and Kelly McGillis.

**Loews State 1 and 2,** B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Sweet Liberty" (†).
Theatre 2: "Poltergeist II: The Other Side" (Brian Gibson), with JoBeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.

**Movieland,** B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through June 5: "Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.
From June 6: Theatre temporarily closed.

**New Embassy 49th Street,** Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

**R.K.O. Century National Twin,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 12: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg. From June 13: "The Manhattan Project" (Marshall Brickman), with John Lithgow.

**R.K.O. Century Warner Twin,** B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 2: Through June 5: "Cobra." From June 6: "Invaders from Mars" (Tobe Hooper), with Karen Black.

**U. A. Twin 1 and 2,** B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through June 12: "At Close Range" (James Foley), with Sean Penn and Christopher Walken. From June 13: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.
Theatre 2: Through June 12: "Demons." From June 13: "At Close Range."

## REVIVAL HOUSES

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 5: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.
June 6-7: "Amadeus" (1984; directed by Miloš Forman), with F. Murray Abraham and Tom Hulce.
June 8: "The China Syndrome" (†) and "Three Days of the Condor" (†).

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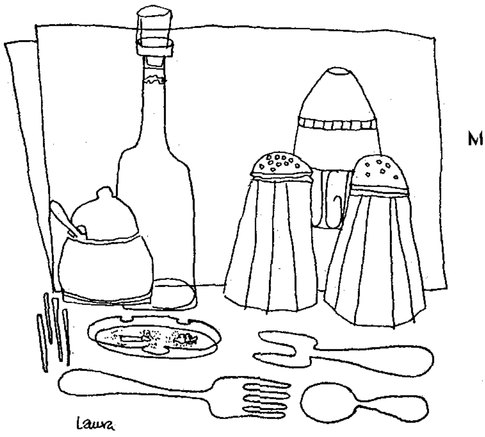
June 9-10: "Room at the Top" (†); and "Madame Rosa" (1978; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret.
June 11-12: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "I Vitelloni" (†).
June 13-14: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
June 4: "Catch-22" (1970; Mike Nichols), with Alan Arkin; and "A Safe Place" (1971; Henry Jaglom), with Tuesday Weld, Orson Welles, and Jack Nicholson.
June 5-7: "The Long, Hot Summer" (1958; Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Anthony Franciosa, and Orson Welles; and "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles.
June 8-9: "Compulsion" (†) and "The Kremlin Letter" (†).
June 10-11: "The Immortal Story" (1968; Orson Welles), with Jeanne Moreau; "I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname" (1968; Michael Winner), with Orson Welles and Oliver Reed; and "Get to Know Your Rabbit" (1972; Brian De Palma), with Tom Smothers and John Astin.
June 12-14: "Jane Eyre" (1944; Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles; and "Chimes at Midnight" ("Falstaff;" 1967; Orson Welles), with Welles, Keith Baxter, John Gielgud, Margaret Rutherford, and Jeanne Moreau.

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
June 4: "Ragtime" (1981; Miloš Forman), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr.; and "Welcome to Hard Times" (1967; Burt Kennedy), with Henry Fonda and Janice Rule.
June 5: "Private Parts" (1973; Paul Bartel), with Ayn Ruymen; and "Eating Raoul" (1982; Paul Bartel), with Bartel and Mary Woronov.
June 6-7: "Crime Wave" (1985; Sam Raimi).
June 8: "La Traviata" (1981; Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Plácido Domingo; and "The Medium" (†).
June 9: A program of cartoons.
June 10: "The Philadelphia Story" (†) and "Adam's Rib" (†).
June 11: "Inserts" (†); and "The Red Kimono" (1926; Dorothy Reid; a silent film).
June 12: "La Balance" (1983; Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard; and "I Married a Shadow" (1983; Robin Davis).
June 13-14: "Death Sentence" (1985; Witold Orzechowski); and "The Return" (Witold Orzechowski).

**Thalia SoHo,** 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
June 4: "Shanghai Express" (1932; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Warner Oland, and Anna May Wong; and "The Blue Angel" (1929; Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Janning, and Hans Albers.
June 5: A program of cartoons.
June 6-7: "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" (1935; Stuart Walker), with Claude Rains, Valerie Hobson, Heather Angel, Douglass Montgomery, and David Manners; and "Emlyn Williams as Charles Dickens."
June 8: "The Roof" (1957; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Gabriella Pallotti; and "Angelo" (1951; Francesco de Robertis; in Italian).
June 9: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (1983; Terry Jones); and "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman.
June 10: "Women of the Night" (1948; Kenji Mizoguchi); and "Tokyo After Dark" (1959; Norman Herman), with Michi Kobi and Richard Long.
June 11: "La Bête Humaine" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin; and "Maria Chapdelaine" (1935; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Madeleine Renaud and Jean Gabin.
June 12: A program of cartoons.
June 13-14: "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll; and "Sabotage" ("The Woman Alone;" 1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
June 4: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955; Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish; and "Home from the Hill" (1960; Vincente Minnelli), with Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker, George Hamilton, and George Peppard.
June 5: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Pépé le Moko" (1937; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.
June 6-7: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.
June 8: "And Then There Were None" (1945 †) and "Dead of Night" (†).
June 9: "October" (†); and "Potemkin" (1925; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film).
June 10: "Charlie Chan's Murder Cruise" (1940; Eugene Forde) and "Charlie Chan in Panama" (1940; Norman Foster), both films with Sidney Toler as Chan.
June 11: "Up the River" (1930; John Ford), with Spencer Tracy, Humphrey Bogart, and Warren Hymer; and "Judge Priest" (1934; John Ford), with Will Rogers and Stepin Fetchit.
June 12: "Targets" (1968; Peter Bogdanovich), with Boris Karloff; and "Saint Jack" (†).
June 13-14: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.



## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art,** Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)
**Theatre 1:** June 5 at 2:30 and 6: "Zero for Conduct" (1933; directed by Jean Vigo; in French); and "Vampyr" (1932; Carl Th. Dreyer; in German, with Danish subtitles). . . . ¶ June 6 at 2:30: "Gold of Naples" (1954; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian, with English subtitles), with De Sica, Sophia Loren, and Totò. . . . ¶ June 6 at 6: "Days of Love" (1954; Giuseppe De Santis; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni and Marina Vlady. . . .

¶June 7 at 2: "Love and Larceny" (1959; Dino Risi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman. . . . ¶June 7 at 5: "The Great War" (1959; Mario Monicelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman, Alberto Sordi, Bernard Blier, and Silvana Mangano. . . . ¶June 8 at 2: "The Fascist" (1961; Luciano Salce; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Ugo Tognazzi. . . . ¶June 8 at 5: "The Big Deal on Madonna Street" (1958; Mario Monicelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, Renato Salvatori, and Totò. . . . ¶June 9 at 2:30: "The Great War." . . . ¶June 9 at 6: "Love and Larceny." . . . ¶June 10 at 2:30: "The Big Deal on Madonna Street." . . . ¶June 10 at 6: "The Fascist." . . . ¶June 12 at 2:30 and 6: "I Was Born, But . . ." (1932; Yasujiro Ozu; a Japanese silent film, with English intertitles). . . . ¶June 13 at 2:30: "Divorce—Italian Style" (1961; Pietro Germi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni. . . . ¶June 13 at 6: "Mafioso" (1962; Alberto Lattuada; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Sordi. . . . ¶June 14 at 2: "The Easy Life" (1962; Dino Risi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Catherine Spaak. . . . ¶June 14 at 5: "Fifteen from Rome" (1963; Dino Risi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Ugo Tognazzi and Vittorio Gassman.

**THEATRE 2:** June 5 at 3 and 6:30: "A Man When He Is a Man" (1983; Valeria Sarmiento), a documentary. . . . ¶June 6 at 3: "Tabu" (1931; F. W. Murnau and Robert Flaherty). . . . ¶June 6 at 6:30: "The Toll Gate" (1920; Lambert Hillyer; a silent film), with William S. Hart and Anna Q. Nilsson. . . . ¶June 7 at 2:30: "Elephant Boy" (1937; Robert Flaherty and Zoltán Korda), with Sabu. . . . ¶June 7 at 5:30: "Tabu." . . . ¶June 8 at 2:30: "Liebelei" (1932; Max Ophuls), with Paul Hoerbiger. . . . ¶June 8 at 5:30: "Letter from an Unknown Woman" (1947; Max Ophuls), with Joan Fontaine, Louis Jourdan, and Mady Christians. . . . ¶June 9 at 3: "Never Fear" ("Young Lovers;" 1950; Ida Lupino), with Sally Forrest, Keefe Brasselle, and Hugh O'Brian. . . . ¶June 9 at 6:30: A program of films by Adam Zucker, who will be present. . . . ¶June 10 at 3: "Caught" (1948; Max Ophuls), with Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Ryan, and James Mason. . . . ¶June 10 at 6:30: "Letter from an Unknown Woman." . . . ¶June 12 at 3 and 6:30: "Tears Fall Twice" (1985; Julia Robinson) and "Dance of Tears" (1984; Jean Daniel Bloesch), both documentaries. . . . ¶June 13 at 3: "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, Orson Welles, and Trevor Howard. . . . ¶June 13 at 6:30: "Never Fear." . . . ¶June 14 at 2:30: "Caught." . . . ¶June 14 at 5:30: "The Third Man."

**WHITNEY MUSEUM,** Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A retrospective of videotapes by Gary Hill: Program I, consisting of eight short works, showing Tuesdays at 1:15 and 5:15; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30; and Sundays at 12:15 and 4:30. . . . Program II, consisting of seven short works, showing Tuesdays at 2:30 and 6:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 1:30. . . . Program III, consisting of "Why Do Things Get in a Muddle? (Come on Petunia)" (1984) and "URA ARU (the backside exists)" (1985-86), showing Tuesdays at 4; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 11:15 and 3:45; and Sundays at 3. Closed Mondays.

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS**—Colin MacInnes's 1959 novel—an inventive, slangy, poetic celebration of youth and jazz and London, and a cry of disgust at the way teen-agers, who didn't emerge as a group with money to spend until the fifties, are already being commercialized and corrupted—has been turned into a stylized, widescreen musical by Julien Temple. Whether because of the fast-cutting style that Temple developed from his work in rock videos or because of the generally undistinguished choreography, it's peculiarly unlyrical and ephemeral. The film has a glossy immediacy, and you can feel the flash and determination that went into it. What you don't feel is the tormented romanticism that made English adolescents in the seventies swear by the novel the way American kids had earlier sworn by "The Catcher in the Rye." David Bowie, James Fox, Ray Davies, Anita Morris, and Sade provide entertaining moments; Lionel Blair, Bruce Payne, and Graham Fletcher-Cook come through with glints of humor. But the two central teen-age characters—Colin (Eddie O'Connell) and the girl he loves, Suzette (Patsy Kensit)—seem generic. Musical arrangements by Gil Evans. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/2/86.) (Waverly, and 57th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶Criterion Theatres; through June 5.)

**ADAM'S RIB** (1949)—George Cukor directed this "uncinematic" but often witty comedy about the battle of the sexes. Katharine Hepburn, thin, nervous, and high-strung, keeps pecking away at Spencer Tracy, who is solid, imperturbable, and maddeningly sane. They are married lawyers on opposing sides in a court battle involving equal rights for women: i.e., does Judy Holliday have the right to shoot her two-timing husband, Tom Ewell, in order to protect her home against Jean Hagen? The script, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, is lively and ingenious. As a composer neighbor of the married lawyers, David Wayne airily upstages the two stars. (Thalia; June 10.)

**AND THEN THERE WERE NONE** (1945)—The Agatha Christie murder mystery and play "Ten Little Indians" gathers together a group of characters and then ticks them off to the nursery rhyme. Ten people are invited to spend a weekend on an island by a host none of them knows; on arrival they are notified by phonograph that their host, in absentia, is going to punish them for various crimes they have committed, and they start keeling over like plague victims. This René Clair version never had much life in it to start with, despite the cast—Judith Anderson, Roland Young, Walter Huston, Mischa Auer, Barry Fitzgerald, Louis Hayward, and C. Aubrey Smith. The efforts at sprightly, stylish comedy don't gain much momentum. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 8.)

**BRAZIL**—Terry Gilliam, of the Monty Python troupe, presents a retro-futurist fantasy—a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we're heading. The title refers to pop escapism of the past—what you can only dream about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state "somewhere in the twentieth century." Visually, it's an original, bravura piece of moviemaking. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. Yet Gilliam's vision is an organic thing on the screen—and that's a considerable achievement. With Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson. The script is by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown. (2/10/86) (8th St. Playhouse.)

**THE CHINA SYNDROME** (1979)—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator named Kimberly Wells. She has been used by TV for her looks, and has endlessly talked brightly about trivia while serious things are going on around her. She gets her chance to be as committed as she wants to be when she learns that a nuclear power station in Southern California appears likely—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who discovers the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (Cinema Village; June 8.)

**THE COLOR PURPLE**—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (Criterion Theatres.)

**COMPULSION** (1959)—Based on the famous case of two Chicago Raskolnikovs, Loeb and Leopold, brilliant students but miserably sloppy murderers. The movie has a stylish, jazz-age format, but the script can't make up its little bit of mind—is it an exploitation of thrills and decadence, or a piece of crime research, or an attack on capital punishment? There's only one remarkable performance—Dean Stockwell as Judd Steiner (i.e., Nathan Leopold). Orson Welles, as a spokesman for humanity and humility, is a terrible humbug, and the oration he's called upon to deliver is just blather. With Bradford Dillman, Diane Varsi, Richard Anderson, E. G. Marshall, and Martin Milner. Richard Fleischer directed, from Richard Murphy's script, based on Meyer Levin's play. (Regency; June 8-9.)

**DEAD OF NIGHT** (1945)—Michael Redgrave plays a schizophrenic ventriloquist tormented by his dummy, and his overpowering performance—a small work of art—lifts this five-part movie above the elegant, sophisticated entertainment it aspired to be. The stories in this English production are meant to accumulate in intensity, until the trap closes in the surreal climax—an encompassing ghost story. The film proceeds through these five episodes: Antony Baird and Miles Malleson in "Room for One More;" Sally Ann Howes in the murdered-child sequence (good material poorly done); Googie Withers and Ralph Michael in the story of the mirror that reflects the crime of an earlier century; Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne in the golfers' story (which is pretty awful); Michael Redgrave as the ventriloquist, with Hartley Power as his rival and Frederick Valk as the psychoanalyst; then the nightmarish summation. Directed by Robert Hamer (the mirror story), Basil Dearden, Charles Crichton, and Alberto Cavalcanti (the ventriloquist sequence). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 8.)

**DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS**—Jokes you can't explain may be the best kind, and the director Paul Mazursky is a master of them. When he gets rolling here, you're not responding to single jokes—it's the whole gestalt of the movie that's funny. Nick Nolte plays the shaggy, smelly drifter who attempts suicide and is rescued by a self-made millionaire (Richard Dreyfuss). Taken into the millionaire's guest cabaña, the bum is decked out in silk lounging robes; he's soon lord of the sunshine manor. As Dreyfuss's creamy-skinned, pampered wife, Bette Midler is more seductive than in her other screen roles, and she has a warped charm. Her eyes are pixillated; she's ready for anything. As a record-producer neighbor, Little Richard uses the maniacal energy that went into his singing; he has a bursting presence—you look at him and laugh. Peppy and pleasurable, this is one of the most sheerly beautiful comedies ever shot. With Elizabeth Peña, Tracy Nelson, Evan Richards, Donald F. Muhich, and Mazursky himself as a curly-haired accountant. (2/10/86) (D. W. Griffith, and Embassy. . . . ¶Quad Cinema; through June 5.)

**DREAMCHILD**—Coral Browne plays Lewis Carroll's Alice in 1932, just before her eightieth birthday, when she sails to New York to speak at the Lewis Carroll centenary celebration. Disoriented by the voyage and exhilarated by New York City, she experiences a

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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second childhood; her mind wanders back to 1862, when the young Reverend Charles Dodgson (Ian Holm) had attempted to entertain her and her sisters by spinning his nonsense tale. It's only now that the elderly Alice grasps how deeply tormented he was and that he loved her. And with New York jogging her out of her confining Victorian primness, she sees how narrow her life has been. Written by Dennis Potter and directed by Gavin Millar, the picture is a curio, but it's very enjoyable, and in some scenes it achieves levels of feeling that movies rarely get near. Nothing in Coral Browne's other screen performances suggests the frailty and beauty she brings to her Alice, and Ian Holm's performance is wonderful. With Amelia Shankley as Alice at ten, Jane Asher, Peter Gallagher, Nicola Cowper, and six Lewis Carroll–Tenniel creatures from Jim Henson's Creature Shop. (10/21/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre.)

**8 Million Ways to Die**—A macho fantasy about cops and robbers, coke and hookers. Jeff Bridges plays Scudder, a narcotics detective for the L.A. County Sheriff's Department, and the film, directed by Hal Ashby, has an overlush pictorial exoticism, as if being coked out comes with the territory. The film is permeated with druggy dissociation: plot points don't connect, as though they don't matter, the actors often sound as if they're making up their lines, and Ashby seems less interested in the thriller aspect of the material than in men in a semi-stupor challenging each other. With Rosanna Arquette, Alexandra Paul, Andy Garcia, and Randy Brooks. (5/19/86) (Criterion Theatres.)

**Eléna et les Hommes** (1956)—Jean Renoir made this love-carnival film, set in France in the eighteen-eighties, in color and with an expensive international cast—Ingrid Bergman, Mel Ferrer, and Jean Marais. The first American audiences couldn't judge it properly, because it was released here in a botched, dubbed version called "Paris Does Strange Things;" Marais spoke in a gravelly baritone so far from his own voice that people laughed. Ferrer seemed weak even for Ferrer, and the picture had little besides Bergman's astonishing, ripe beauty to recommend it. The French version has considerably more, although it is far from a success. With Pierre Bertin, Elina Labourdette, Magali Noel, Jean Richard, and Juliette Greco. Cinematography by Claude Renoir; music by Joseph Kosma. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting June 6.)

**F/X**—Robert Mandel directed this ingenious suspense film about a movie special-effects wizard (Bryan Brown) who lets himself be bamboozled by a couple of men from the Justice Department's Witness Relocation Program; they hire him to stage the fake assassination of a Mafia boss (Jerry Orbach), so that this gangster can give evidence against his associates and be relocated without fear of reprisals. Bryan Brown underplays niftily, and he's joined by a second hero—swaggering Brian Dennehy, as a rogue cop. He grabs the movie in his choppers and shakes it up. Despite the film's high body count, it's not the kind of thriller that leaves a viewer feeling debauched. With Diane Venora, Joe Grifasi, and Jossie deGuzman. (2/24/86) (Criterion Theatres; through June 5. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Cinema 3; through June 12. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; starting June 6.)

**Ginger and Fred**—This Fellini movie is about two mediocre dancers (played by Giulietta Masina and Marcello Mastroianni)—small-timers, curiosities—who, in the nineteen-forties, entertained Italian vaudeville audiences by imitating the Astaire-Rogers numbers. Now they are being reunited, in Rome, for an appearance on a Christmas TV Special. This situation serves as a pretext for Fellini to vent his disgust at TV. He appears to be condemning TV for being a green slime that's absorbing everything, and denouncing it, too, for passing him by. With Franco Fabrizi and Frederick Ledebur. The script is by Fellini, Tonino Guerra, and Tullio Pinelli. In Italian. (4/21/86) (Loews New York Twin; through June 5.)

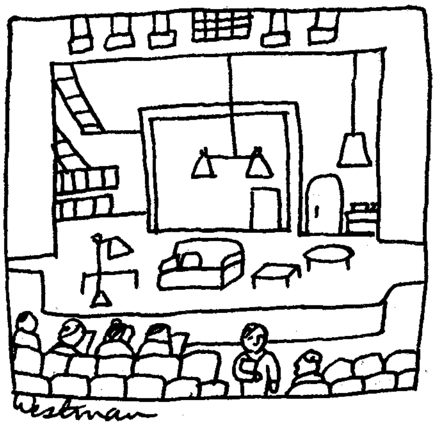
**Hannah and Her Sisters**—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen. It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies is gone. With Max von Sydow, Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. (2/24/86) (Beekman, Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; through June 5.)

**Inserts** (1976)—The action takes place on one set, which represents a house in Hollywood around 1930, where The Boy Wonder (Richard Dreyfuss), a once-famous director whose genius burned out, now shoots stag movies. The picture should be more fun than it is; the plot devices don't add up to much, and writer-director John Byrum likes his own worst lines so much that they're repeated. As the stag-movie star, Veronica Cartwright flings herself into her role in the dissolute, romantic manner of Jeanne Eagels. She's a grownup talent in a kid's show. (Thalia; June 11.)

**Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling**—Richard Pryor produced, directed, and is the star of this semi-autobiographical movie, which opens with Jo Jo the cokehead comedy star preparing to free-base and bursting into flame. Then, as he lies swathed in bandages in the burn ward, he thinks back over how he got there. But Pryor doesn't have the skills to tell his story in this form. As a standup entertainer, he sees the crazy side of his sorrows; he transforms pain and chaos into comedy. As a moviemaker, he's a novice presenting us with clumps of unformed experience. It isn't even raw; the juice has been drained away. With E'lon Cox, Carmen McRae, and Diahnne Abbott. (5/5/86) (R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Manhattan, and R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin; through June 12. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; June 6-12.)

**Kiss of the Spider Woman**—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through June 5.)

**The Kremlin Letter** (1970)—John Huston's film, saying that the methods of spying for the West are as casually gross as for the Russians, which would be a point easy enough to agree with if the movie weren't itself lazy-spirited about extending the good actors in the cast and the fine line of Huston's career. The thriller pummels you to keep you in your seat, but you might consider staying unbruised altogether. (Regency; June 8-9.)



**The Medium** (1951)—With the technical assistance of Alexander Hammid, Gian Carlo Menotti directed this film version of his opera; it is still the only opera ever put on film by its composer. The story is a Grand Guignol thriller about a swindling charlatan of a medium who, in the middle of a fake séance, feels a ghostly hand on her throat; visually menacing, it's like an extended episode from "Dead of Night" with music. The roles are expertly handled by the American contralto Marie Powers, as the shrewd, blowsy brute of a woman; the fourteen-year-old Italian coloratura Anna Maria Alberghetti; and Leo Coleman, as the mute gypsy. (Thalia; June 8.)

**My Beautiful Laundrette**—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

**October** (1927; also called "Ten Days That Shook the World")—Eisenstein followed "Potemkin" with this epic celebrating the ten days in 1917 during which the Bolsheviks overthrew the Kerensky government. It continues his striking experimental methods—the violent juxtapositions, the use of visual symbols to communicate abstract ideas, and the concept of the masses as hero. The movie also occupies a niche in the history of political falsification: the Soviet government commissioned the film for the tenth anniversary of the Revolution, but it was not shown. Trotsky was one of the main characters in Eisenstein's original version, and Trotsky at the time was organizing demonstrations against the Communist Party; Eisenstein had to spend five months reëditing the work to dislodge Trotsky from his place in the making of the Revolution. Even this edited version was later banned, as "formalist." Maybe because of the pressures Eisenstein experienced, the film lacks excitement, and it may leave you cold. Silent. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 9.)

**The Philadelphia Story** (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, shaping it for her tense patrician beauty and her eccentricities, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway (in 1939) and on the screen. As Tracy Lord, a snow maiden and a phony, she gets her comeuppance. The priggish, snooty Tracy is contemptuous of everyone who doesn't live up to her high standards (and that includes her father, played by John Halliday, and her ex-husband, played by Cary Grant); in the course of the action, she slips from those standards herself, learns to be tolerant of other people's lapses, and discovers her own "humanity." Shiny and unfelt and smart-aleck-commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining. There isn't much real wit in the lines, and there's no feeling of spontaneity, yet the engineering is so astute that the laughs keep coming. This is a paste diamond with more flash and sparkle than a true one. The director, George Cukor, has never been more heartlessly sure of himself. With James Stewart, Ruth Hussey, John Howard, and Roland Young. (Thalia; June 10.)

**Ran**—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Cinema Studio.)

**Room at the Top** (1958)—It's the familiar story of the bright, ambitious boy from the provinces who wants to make good in the big city. The movie is about class, money, and power—and about how sex, which is used to get them, traps the user. Joe (Laurence Harvey) is an aggressive young parvenu who wants to break through the class structure and get into the establishment. Simone Signoret is magnificent as the older woman whom he loves yet sacrifices to his ambition. Her sensuality is contrasted with the virginal shallowness of Heather Sears, as the rich girl he marries. With Donald Wolfit, Hermione Baddeley, Raymond Huntley, Donald Houston, and Ambrosine Philpotts. Directed capably, and with great emotional tact, by Jack Clayton, from Neil Paterson's adaptation of the John Braine novel. (Cinema Village; June 9-10.)

**A Room with a View**—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. The movie is more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

**Saint Jack** (1979)—A film made by Peter Bogdanovich and set in 1971 in Singapore, where an American called Jack Flowers, played by Ben Gazzara, scrapes together a stingy living promoting business for a Chinese ship chandler's firm; off duty, he is a pimp with dreams of running the poshest whorehouse in the world. Denholm Elliott, as an accountant, acts with focus and alertness. The script is by Howard Sackler, Paul Theroux, and Bogdanovich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 12.)

**Sweet Liberty**—Alan Alda is the writer, the director, and the star of this satirical comedy about moviemaking. He plays a history professor whose Pulitzer Prize-winning book on the American Revolution is to be filmed during the summer in the area where the events he wrote about took place—in and around the fictional college town of Sayeville, North Carolina, where he teaches. Alda's conception of this professor—as smug and insecure but basically a representative of solid, enduring values—casts a pall over the proceedings; still, if you don't expect too much and just ride along with the movie's conventionality there are enough enjoyable scenes to put you in a good mood. The fun comes from the Hollywood contingent of show folk who invade the community: Michael Caine as the skirt-chaser star, Michelle Pfeiffer as the leading lady who believes in staying "in character" as fully as possible, Bob Hoskins as the vulgarian screenwriter, and Saul Rubinek as the wily director. And it comes from Lois Chiles as the college president's wife—the star's first local conquest. Also with Lise Hilboldt and Lillian Gish. Cinematography by Frank Tidy; the film was shot on Long Island, around Sag Harbor and Southhampton. (6/2/86) (Loews Tower East, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Loews State. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through June 5.)

**Three Days of the Condor** (1975)—The director, Sydney Pollack, doesn't have a knack for action pulp; he gets some tension going in this expensive spy thriller, but there's no real fun in it. Robert Redford plays a New York-based researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network within the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway as a photographer who shoots bare, wintry scenes and is meant to be half in love with death. Also with Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. The script by Lorenzo Semple, Jr., and David Rayfiel was adapted from James Grady's "Six Days of the Condor." (Cinema Village; June 8.)

**The Trip to Bountiful**—Geraldine Page gives a controlled, all-out performance as Carrie Watts, an old-age pensioner who wears seat-sprung housedresses and lives in a tiny apartment in Houston with her sad, defeated son and his shrill wife, who keeps picking on her. The movie—a weeper—is about Carrie's longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Directed by Peter Masterson, from Horton Foote's adaptation of his 1953 teleplay, it's a "spiritual" picture—a tribute to the decency of the common people who endure by doing the best they can. The camera is meant to be the mirror of Carrie's soul, but we look in that mirror for so long that finally all we see is Geraldine Page acting. The movie is intended to be a hymn, but all Foote and Masterson can do is give some of the characters a limp, anesthetized grace. With John Heard, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford. (1/13/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

**Vagabond**—Agnès Varda wrote and directed this scrupulously hardheaded film about an eighteen-year-old girl on the road, a deliberately homeless drifter who lives on handouts, thefts, a little prostitution, and the occasional odd job. At the opening, her frozen body is discovered in a ditch in the countryside. Varda presents the movie as a documentary investigating how this happened. The characters are the sullen, suspicious, vacant-eyed young girl (played immaculately by Sandrine Bonnaire) and the witnesses to her last weeks. The purity and boldness of Varda's approach may call Robert Bresson to mind, but we see the closed-off girl strictly from the outside, and this factual, objective view isn't enough. With Macha Méril. In French. (5/19/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

**Violets Are Blue**—A slim, undeveloped movie in which Sissy Spacek, as a globe-trotting photojournalist, is a vaporous figure standing in for all the women who got into what they once thought were the glamorous occupations and find themselves shading thirty-five or forty and alone. Can this modern woman go back to her home town (Ocean City, Maryland) and retrieve the man she left behind? That is, can she have everything—the excitement of her work and the solidity represented by Kevin Kline as the editor of the local paper? And does this man really want to ditch his responsibilities—which include a wife (Bonnie Bedelia) and a son (Jim Standiford)—and become a risk-taker? All the director, Jack Fisk, can accomplish is to keep the movie lightweight and pretty. (5/5/86) (Coronet; through June 5.)

**I Vitelloni** (Originally released in the U.S. as "The Young and the Passionate;" an idiomatic translation of the title would be something like "Adolescent Slobs." 1953)—Frustrated small-town boys with big ideas, the central characters cadge off their parents, loaf, and dream of women, riches, and glory. The director, Federico Fellini, observes the farce of their lives without condescension; his tone is satirical, yet warm and accepting—the distinctive Fellini tone, in his first fully confident piece of direction. With Franco Fabrizi, Alberto Sordi, Leopoldo Trieste, and Franco Interlenghi. Screenplay by Fellini and Ennio Flaiano. In Italian. (Cinema Village; June 11-12.)

**Wise Guys**—Danny DeVito, as the bumptious Italian Harry, and Joe Piscopo, as the Jewish simpleton Moe, are the two clownish underdogs who come out on top in this Mafia burlesque—a broad, slapstick farce, set in Newark and spattered with boyish gross-out humor. The directing, by Brian De Palma, is canny and smooth, but this musty genre calls for fresh jokes and sharp, colorful personalities, and that's not what he's working with. With Dan Hedaya, Captain Lou Albano, and, in brief appearances, Harvey Keitel, Ray Sharkey, Patti LuPone, Julie Bovasso, and Anthony Holland. The cinematography is by Fred Schuler. (5/19/86) (Embassy; through June 5.)

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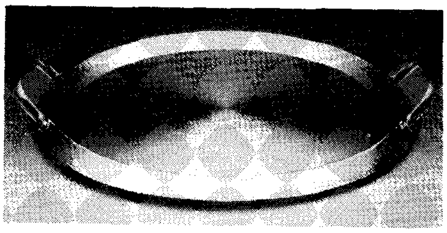

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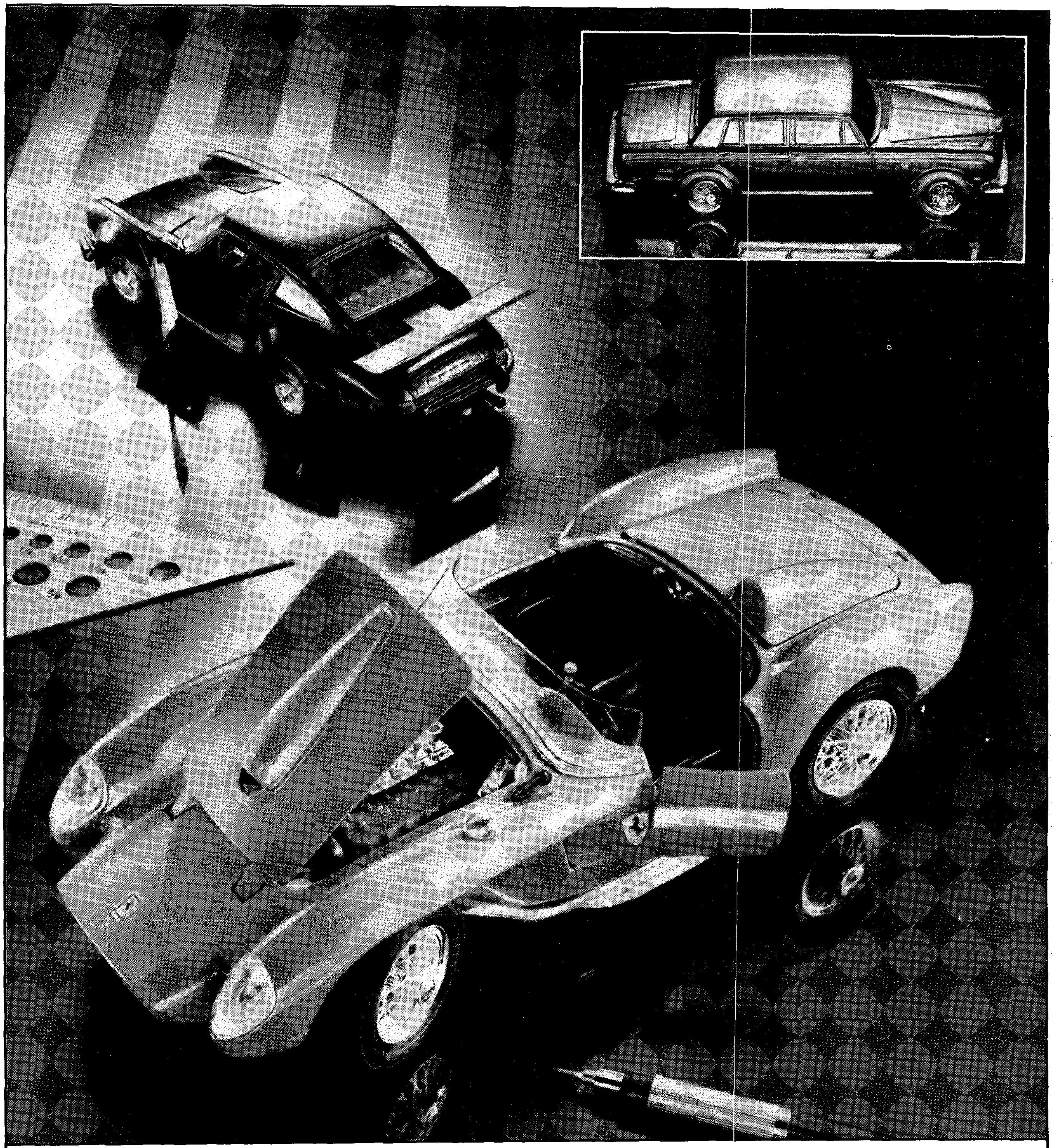

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STYLE

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

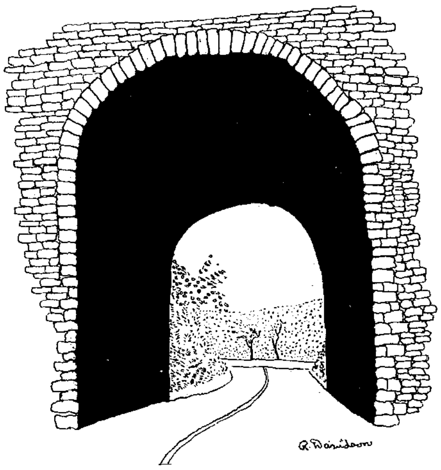
## *Notes and Comment*

You are the town and We are the clock.
We are the guardians of the gate in the rock.
The Two.
On your left and on your right
In the day and in the night,
We are watching you.

Wiser not to ask just what has occurred
To them who disobeyed our word;
To those
We were the whirlpool, we were the reef,
We were the formal nightmare, grief
And the unlucky rose.

THUS Auden, speaking in the language of our day about what the Greeks used to call the Fates, who spun out the threads of human lives and severed them when their time was up. That time often came, the Greeks believed, when someone forgot his mortal limitations and started to act as if he thought he was a god. There was in the nature of things, the Greeks believed, a balance, or proportion, or moral harmony, that the overreaching, arrogant man upset, for he was forgetful of his human nature—meaning, above all, his mortal nature, which was the basis of his common humanity with others. Death was the correction. Death was the reminder of the common humanity that the arrogant man had thought he could rise above.

Auden's Two came to mind with the news that Americans are boycotting Europe this summer. They are doing it, of course, because they don't want to be blown up at some airport or discothèque by the agents of Colonel Muammar Qaddafi, who has been presumed to have such plans since the United States' recent bombing attack on Libya, in which his adopted daughter was killed and two of his sons were injured. Afterward, President Reagan, when he was asked whether the raid, in which bombs had fallen at Qaddafi's living compound, had been intended to kill Qaddafi, answered that it hadn't, but added that if Qaddafi *had* been killed no tears would have been shed—an only slightly circuitous manner of speaking, which can only leave the world thinking: They tried but missed. Secretary of State Shultz used more bluntly threatening language when, after the heads of Western states and Japan at the summit conference in Tokyo condemned Libya for supporting terrorism, he said, "You've had it, pal." Meanwhile, polls show, the public has continued to strongly support a belligerent policy. No one is obliged to volunteer to be the victim of terrorist attacks (though in this case it's possible that the fears of those cancelling their plane reservations to Europe are out of proportion to the actual level of danger), but the combination of enthusiasm for military action and extreme personal caution when it comes to facing the consequences is not attractive. Having, as we believe, turned Europe into a danger zone, we now shun the place, leaving the Europeans to pay whatever price is to be paid.



There is an itch in this country, evident in our cinematic and television fare as well as in our politics, to lash out violently at some enemy somewhere, but little readiness, it seems, to acknowledge the risks of being lashed back at that are inherent in such an operation. It's as if we wished to assert immunity to what, after all, are the laws of human existence—immunity to our mortal nature. We are ready to kill but not to die, as if we thought that the violence we visit on foreign countries really was a television program or a movie. That may be the modern form of the arrogance that the Greeks warned against: to forget that the world in the television news and the world of our lives are one and the same, and that the people dying on the screen are as real as those of us who sit in comfort watching them. And that could be our way of falling into the trap that The Two warn us against when they say, "But don't make the mistake of believing us dead." For then:

We're afraid in that case you'll have a fall;
We've been watching you over the garden wall
For hours:
The sky is darkening like a stain;
Something is going to fall like rain,
And it won't be flowers.

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## *Award*

MRS. OTTO (ELOISE O'MARA) SPAETH, conscientious, rocklike, outspoken citizen of Manhattan and East Hampton, is eightyish, looks sixtyish, and has sharp eyes—especially for paintings, which she collects and cares about with deep but controlled and ladylike fervor. As a trustee and honorary chairman of the Archives of American Art, among other formal and informal roles in the art world, she hovers over records of what artists create and also over their doings before, while, and after they create. (Mrs. Spaeth is the "Aunt Eloise" written about in these pages by Anthony Bailey, who, as a small boy, was among the British children evacuated to the United States during the Second World War and was taken care of by Mrs. Spaeth and her late husband.) Early this year, Mrs. Spaeth was invited by Francis J. Greenburger, a thirty-seven-year-old real-estate entrepreneur around town, who had just set up a foundation named for himself that would give annual awards to artists "of extraordinary merit who have not yet achieved wide public recognition," to be one of five leading figures on the art scene who were to choose five artists for the awards. The five selectors and the artists chosen this first time out were: an artist, Robert Motherwell, who chose the abstract painter Anthony Terenzio (sixty-three years old); an art dealer, André Emmerich, who chose the abstract sculptor Willard Boepple (forty); a museum director, Thomas Messer, of the Guggenheim, who chose the Expressionist painter Rosemarie Koczy (forty-seven); an art critic, Clement Greenberg, who chose the color-field painter Darby Bannard (fifty-one); and Mrs. Spaeth, who chose the realist painter John Register (forty-seven). The Greenburger Foundation then arranged to present the awards—of five thousand dollars each, along with an Oscar-like bronze abstract sculpture—at a reception and dinner party at the Guggenheim, to be attended by the five selectors, the five artists, Mr. Greenburger, and a couple of hundred guests of all these people. (An exhibition of the work of the five artists will be held from June 25th to July 12th at Ruth Siegel Ltd., a gallery at 24 West Fifty-seventh Street.) Mrs. Spaeth's guests included her son, Otto Spaeth, Jr., and his wife, Ann, with whom she arrived at the Guggenheim. They sat down at a table on the second tier, near a bar that had been set up for the occasion. Mr. Spaeth asked his mother, who looked trim and elegant in a chic tangerine-red raw-silk dress and black satin pumps, whether she had with her a copy of her forthcoming presentation speech, the original of which she had lost about an hour earlier. Fortunately, she had one. She nervously unclenched a hand, showing him a folded sheet of paper, and quickly closed her hand over it again. "I just hate getting on my feet and talking," she said.

The selectors and their guests, holding drinks, moved in on the table, greeting her, engulfing her.

The photographer Renate Ponsold, who is Robert Motherwell's wife, came over and remarked that she had been at the Guggenheim just a few weeks earlier for the opening of the Jack Youngerman show. "I photographed him," she said.

Another Motherwell guest, the poet Stanley Kunitz, came over and said, "Even though I'm a poet, I like painting."

"My portrait of Jack Youngerman was on his catalogue," Renate Ponsold said.

"Poets don't have all this," Stanley Kunitz said. "They have what they call festivals."

Mrs. Spaeth nodded companionably to the Motherwell guests. "I'm the fourth speaker," she said to her son as she consulted the evening's program. "I have to wait till these big brains speak."

Mr. Messer, suave and cheerful, came over, kissed Mrs. Spaeth's hand, and said he was delighted to see her. She tried to laugh, and said she was struggling with her speech. Mr. Greenburger, who has a gray beard and had on a bright-red bow tie, came over, looking rather mesmerized by the art-world turnout, and said that he was fascinated by the "underrecognized" artists and was happy to be getting them some attention. Mrs. Spaeth said something in a low voice about giving encouragement to such artists, and added that she hated to use the phrase "giving encouragement."

Ann Spaeth asked her mother-in-law how she had happened to find John Register.

Three summers ago, Mrs. Spaeth said, when she was in charge of art at the Guild Hall, in East Hampton, not far from where John Register, now a Californian, then lived, the late Jimmy Ernst had mentioned the artist's name to her, told her he had a beautiful studio in a converted barn in Wainscott, and said she ought to go there and have a look at the studio and the paintings. So she had gone and looked and been impressed. "I'm furious with myself—why didn't I buy him before everybody else learned about him?" she added. Her son smiled and patted her hand—the one holding the speech. "His paintings rarely have figures in them," Mrs. Spaeth said. "He paints a lonely road with no figures on it. I compare his paintings with Edward Hopper's, as everybody does, but I find more dissimilarity than similarity between them. Hopper's figures often appear wooden to me. I feel that Register doesn't want figures."

George Hofmann, a Hunter College professor of art, who is Mr. Greenburger's art adviser, came over and said there was a problem with the award sculpture figures. "They were supposed to be bronze hollow cast, but they came out on the weighty side," he said. "With its marble base, the thing weighs a ton. Tell your artist not to drop it on anybody's foot."

"I will tell him," Mrs. Spaeth said.

The guests were crowding Mrs. Spaeth's table now, and she had to crane her neck to see who was addressing her.

"Art is commodity," Stanley Kunitz said. "Poetry is survival. There's no money in poetry."

"My portrait is on *his* new book, too," Renate Ponsold said to Mrs. Spaeth.

"The acoustics here are terrible," someone told Mrs. Spaeth, and she tightened her grip on the speech.

"Register's paintings have my favorite pools, but his pools are not derivative, they're his own," someone else said.

"I'm just no good at speaking," Mrs. Spaeth said to her son. "I get too nervous."

"You got any conceptual questions?" someone asked someone standing behind Mrs. Spaeth.

John Register and his wife, Catherine, a handsome, suntanned, athletic-looking couple, came over and greeted Mrs. Spaeth, and she told them she hoped she would do justice to Mr. Register in her speech.

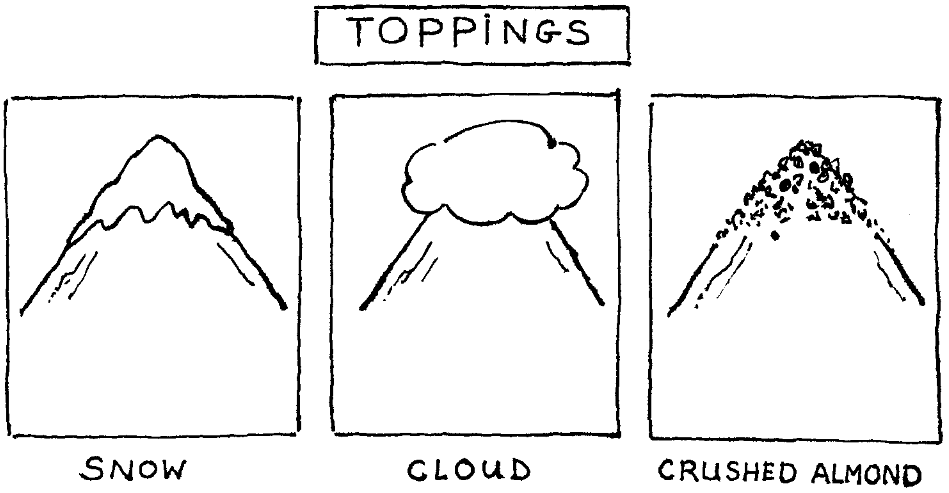
Mr. Register's dealer, Martin Müller, of the Modernism Gallery in San Francisco, told Mrs. Spaeth she would be great, and said, "I'm a big, big fan of his."

Cliff Einstein, a Register guest, came over and said he had a John Register painting in his living room, in Brentwood, Los Angeles. "I go downstairs sometimes in the middle of the night and sit there looking at it," he said. "It's called 'Cadillac Hotel.' Four chairs in a room looking out at the ocean."

His wife, Mandy Einstein, said, "Sometimes he plays Paul Simon's 'Old Friends' while he's looking at it."

Cliff Einstein said, "We had the Los Angeles County Museum Art and Architecture Tour go through our house. Eight hundred people. The Register was their favorite painting."

After a splendid dinner, on the main floor of the rotunda, the selectors presented the awards to the underrecognized artists. Mrs. Spaeth, once she had stood up, spoke clearly and with confidence. She said that John Register's paintings have the same sense of loneliness that permeates Hopper's, with the difference that when we look at a Register we feel as if the painter were waiting for us, the viewers, to step into his canvas. She quoted from a book about Register in which he says, "I want the paintings to have a kind of universality for people to look at, and I don't want my own technique to interfere with what the paintings have to say." Everybody applauded as John Register accepted his award; and neither he nor any of the other artists dropped the sculpture award on anybody's foot.



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## *Anarchy Without Malice*

A FRIEND writes:

Most bicyclists in New York City obey instinct far more than they obey the traffic laws, which is to say that they run red lights, go the wrong way on one-way streets, violate crosswalks and sidewalks, and terrify innocents, because it just seems easier that way. Cycling in the city, and particularly in midtown, is anarchy without malice: anarchy as a way around the usual obstacles, anarchy that seems at once graceful and suicidal, anarchy in quest of the improbable. ("Hmm. That double-parked delivery truck twenty yards ahead, that taxi I hear coming up behind me on the right—I wonder if . . .") It is cheap and thrilling, and it enables a person to journey from Point A to Point B without being held hostage by the M.T.A.

One morning, around ten-fifteen, I rode my bicycle through a red light at Sixth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street, and put on the brakes in plenty of time to avoid striking Officer Louis Guilano, of the New York City Police Department. He was standing in the bicycle lane, near the northwest corner—opposite Chahine Sportswear, which is between Ho's Kitchen (Chinese Fast Food) and Empire Fruits. I was in complete control of myself and my bicycle as I glided through the intersection. For an instant, as Officer Guilano motioned for me to stop, I thought about going limp, for dramatic effect, but I decided against that, because I had no desire to fall over and injure myself. Knowing that I was guilty, guilty, guilty was injury enough. Officer Guilano was shaking his head. I thought: I hope this is less intimidating than my experience with Officer Garcia—let's call him—of the Beverly Hills Police Department.

A couple of years ago, in Beverly Hills, I transgressed a red light on Santa Monica Boulevard. I was in the middle of an early-morning jog at the time—about eight-thirty on a Sunday—and my brother was with me. Officer Garcia happened to drive by in his patrol car just as we happened to run through the red light. He hit us with a little siren and then got on the bullhorn: "*Pull over!*"

Because Officer Garcia had a very convincing voice, we hopped right up on the sidewalk. If the next words out of his bullhorn had been "*All right, you two, get out of those shoes!*" we would have been pleased but not surprised. We would have thought that we had at last landed roles in a TV police-action drama. Instead, however, Officer Garcia hopped up on the sidewalk with us and spent about five minutes elaborating on how we struck him as a pair of complete knuckleheads. He put a lot of emphasis on how his day would have been spoiled if a speeding car had come along just in time to dismantle us.

"You guys go out for a little jog and you think just because you're pedestrians you can run red lights," he said. "Meanwhile, when you wind up spread all over Santa Monica Boulevard *I'm* the one has to call up your wives and tell 'em you've been turned into *cat pizza*."

My brother and I looked at each other. Neither of us had ever heard of cat pizza. Then my brother delivered a monologue about how we were from out of town—not such a clever tactic, I thought, since it gave Officer Garcia a chance to ask whether they had stoplights where we came from. Because my brother always enjoys the last word, things soon deteriorated far enough for it to look about fifty-fifty whether Officer Garcia was going to radio for a backup and haul us downtown to be booked.

I mention all this because Officer Guilano, even though he did slap me with a sixty-dollar summons—roughly half the cost of my bicycle—struck me as a completely regular guy. He was a Sylvester Stallone semi-lookalike who seemed far less excitable than either Rambo or Officer Garcia. His partner stood on the opposite side of Sixth Avenue, doing equally impressive police work. When Officer Guilano asked for an ID, I fished inside my knapsack for my wallet and realized that I had left it at home. I did have my library card with me, and thought about showing him that, but I didn't want to risk having it confiscated. Finally, I came up with a business card.

Officer Guilano was apologetic. As he sat in his patrol car and wrote out the summons, he said, "Mayor Koch wants me to do this, O.K.? He's been hearing a lot of complaints. You understand, right?" While Officer Guilano and I chatted, his partner was interrogating another perpetrator—a grad-student type on a twelve-speed Panasonic who wore khakis, a light-green dress shirt, and a knitted blue tie. He seemed to be spelling his last name for the officer: "Young. Y-o-u-n-g."

I asked Officer Guilano, "How do you know whether people are telling you their real names?"

He said, "Well, they really do, that's all. They just do."

I saw that he had several summons copies in the back of his summons book, and I asked how many summonses he'd written that day.

"About ten so far," he said. "I need to get fifteen."

"That's your quota?"

"It's not a quota. They just told me to write fifteen."

He gave me the summons, I folded it neatly and put it in my shirt pocket, we thanked each other, and I continued up Sixth Avenue. After two blocks, I caught up with Young, my fellow-anarchist.

"Nice day," I said as we rode along side by side.

He smiled.

"Sixty dollars," I said. "I can't believe it."

"I got one for the same thing last year," Young said. "Running a red light."

"Is that what it cost then?" I asked. "Sixty bucks?"

"It didn't cost anything," he said. "I never paid it."

"How'd you manage that?"

"I didn't give them my real address."

"And today?"

He smiled, shrugged, and said, "Today, same thing."

"A phony address or a phony name?" I asked, and I think I heard him reply "Both," but it was hard to tell. He was pedalling uptown, the wind was carrying his voice in that direction, and he was pulling away, cruising through another red light.

## *The Fourth Channel*

TELEVISION, by definition, is the box in the living room that does not live up to its potential. We make sure our set is stored away from direct sunlight, and we always operate it (like all other major appliances) within its recommended temperature range, and yet it's only once in a while that it makes us profoundly happy or sad or amused or uplifted (and even then what does it is usually the Mets). We realize that we are echoing the most ancient of modern clichés. In recent years, though, people seem to have made less of an issue of it—not because television has improved but because people have stopped hoping it might improve. Television used to be a teen-ager who stole cars to go joyriding, but now he's thirty-five and runs a chop shop. It messed with our head, then, to visit the Museum of Broadcasting, on Fifty-third Street, late last month for a series of programs honoring Britain's Channel 4, a national network that was chartered early in this decade by the government to "innovate in form and content." On Channel 4's schedule:

- "About Time," a series of documentaries, made in collaboration with the novelist and critic John Berger, that looks at such matters as "the connections between the inner rhythms of our bodies and the outer rhythms of the universe."
- "Max Headroom," a wildly popular science-fiction fantasy "set in a nowhere land somewhere in the future where television is the only growth industry." Max is the world's first computer-generated television host.
- "Hill Street Blues," "Cheers," "St. Elsewhere," and American football.
- "The Tube," which in our opinion is the planet's best rock-and-roll show.
- "26 Bathrooms," a tour of "a multitude of British bathrooms, from the most elaborate to the most austere."
- Peter Brook's film version of "Carmen."
- "Alter Image," an arts magazine made on videotape which deals with Dada poetry, a reclining nude sculptured from ten tons of telephone directories, and other things.

Ten per cent of the British television audience, on average, is tuned in to Channel 4. The demographics can't be beat—the viewers are young, well educated, well paid. Companies advertise records, clothes, books, and other products not usually heard about on the airwaves. It is a success. How is this possible?

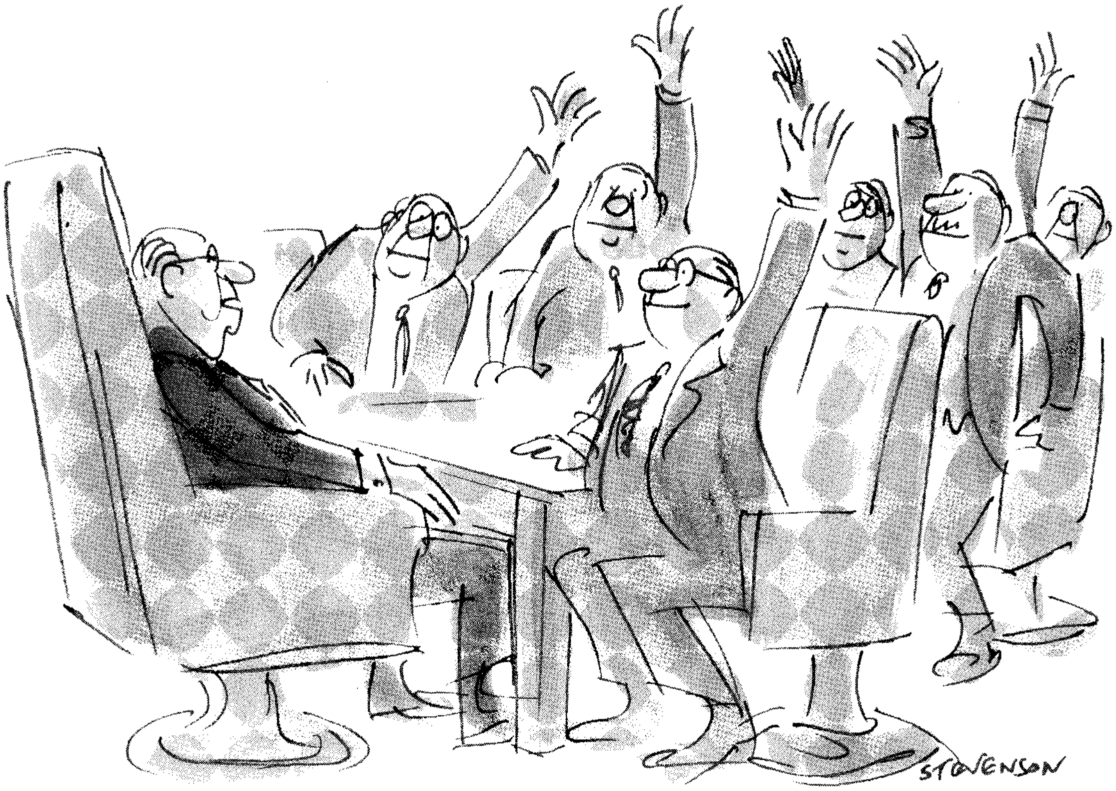
*Love's Old Sweet Song*

"The channel was born, really, out of nearly twenty years of debate," Jeremy Isaacs, the network's chief executive, told a seminar audience at the museum. "The debate was over whether there was any point in having a fourth channel. . . . We already had one British Broadcasting Corporation channel trying to be popular and another for different interests, and also a hugely successful and profitable commercial channel, ITV, with a monopoly on advertising. But there was a button on the TV set which, if pushed, showed nothing and which one day might show something." The government considered the argument of the BBC for an educational channel, the request by ITV for a second commercial network under its control, and the demands of British advertisers for a second wholly independent commercial network, which would break the ITV monopoly and, presumably, lower the cost of advertising. Finally, following the work of a committee led by Lord Annan, the government concluded that the BBC should retain its monopoly on the license fee paid by TV viewers and ITV its monopoly on advertising revenues, the rationale being that these guaranteed funds resulted in the best programming and thus were in the public interest. But ITV was so hugely profitable that it was asked (at the moment when its license was up for renewal) to put aside almost fourteen per cent of its revenues to fund the fourth channel. In return, it would get the right to sell advertising time on the new network. (Channel 4 is already largely self-supporting.) The government also decided that Channel 4, instead of producing all its own programs, should try to commission works from independent producers, many of whom were, in Isaacs' words, "the delightful, invaluable salt-of-the-earth bunch of would-be program-makers who couldn't be bothered working for the boring old BBC or who grew their hair too long or who were rude to somebody once and were not going to be allowed back or who just had ideas to offer that were quite different." Fifteen commissioning editors were hired, each was given a sum of money to disburse, and, like a publishing house assembling its fall list, they set to work funding programs.

The commissioning editor hired to handle arts programming, Michael Kustow, had—like many of his colleagues at the network—never worked in television before. "I'd been at the National Theatre of Great Britain, and then literary manager of the American Repertory Theatre, in Cambridge, Massachusetts," Mr. Kustow told us. "But I have a weakness for starting new things." He also has an English fondness for television. "Whereas movies are the great popular American art form, since the war television has been the popular culture of the British," he said. "The fact is, British TV was pretty good TV even without Channel 4. It occupies a different place in people's lives as a result of the quality of the BBC. Also, there's not too much of it. Even now, there are only four channels—not this bewildering apparent choice you have in this country. What we've tried to do is build a TV channel like every other, with news and imported American dramas and a lot of comedy and rock and roll. We have all the things TV should have, but we've tried to innovate in each genre. The big sports on British TV were cricket and soccer and, recently, snooker. We put on American football not only because it's colorful and spectacular but because it tells people a good deal about America. And now there are Super Bowl parties all around the country." What's more, because the channel's schedule is deliberately disorderly, with many of the least accessible programs at the most accessible hours, football might be followed by Susan Sontag talking about Pina Bausch.

Mr. Isaacs said something that seemed to us important: "Any organization that aspires to creativity must be not just a purveyor of mass messages but a channel of communication that begins *somewhere*, with the creative idea, the creative word, the creative image in the mind of the individual filmmaker."

And Mr. Kustow said something worth noting, too: "Besides entertainment, we offer pleasure."



*"All in favor of a cap on our liability?"*

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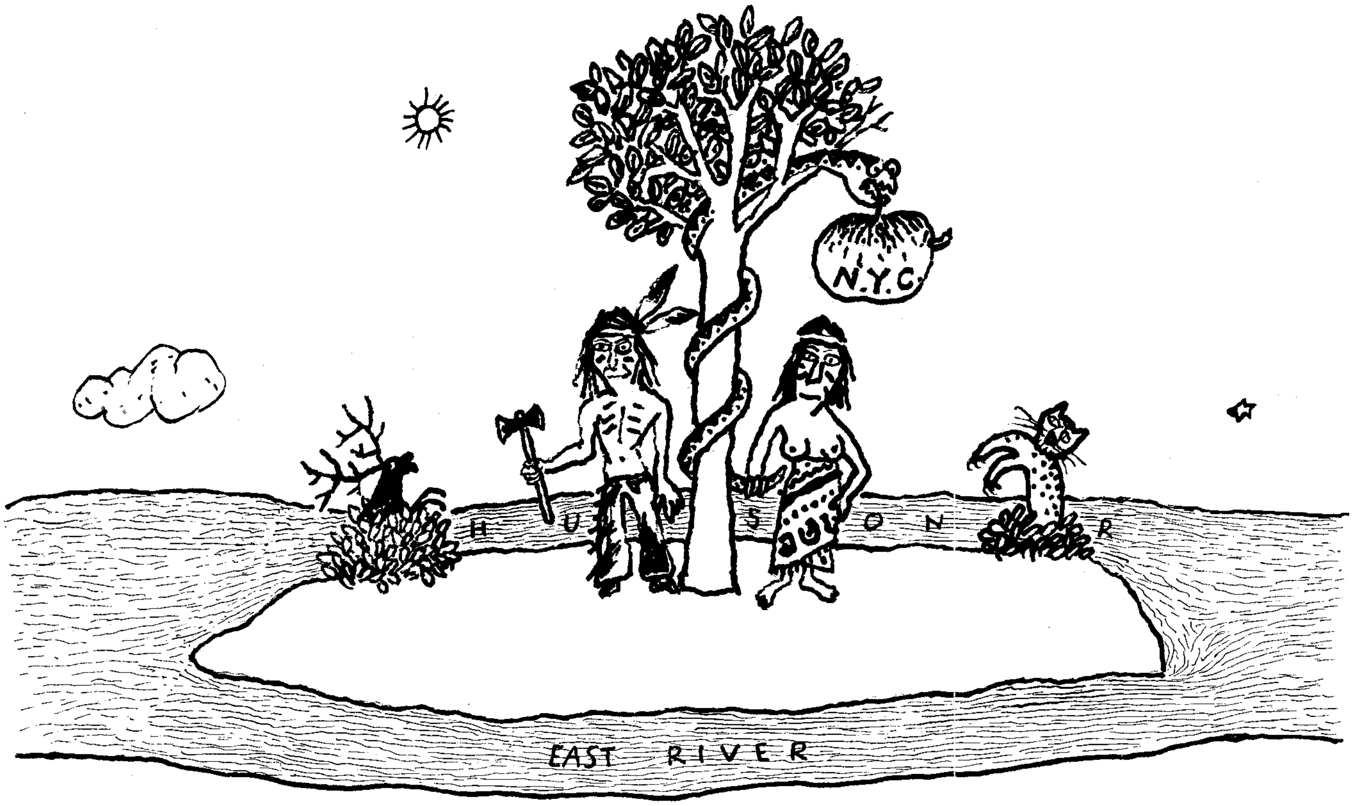
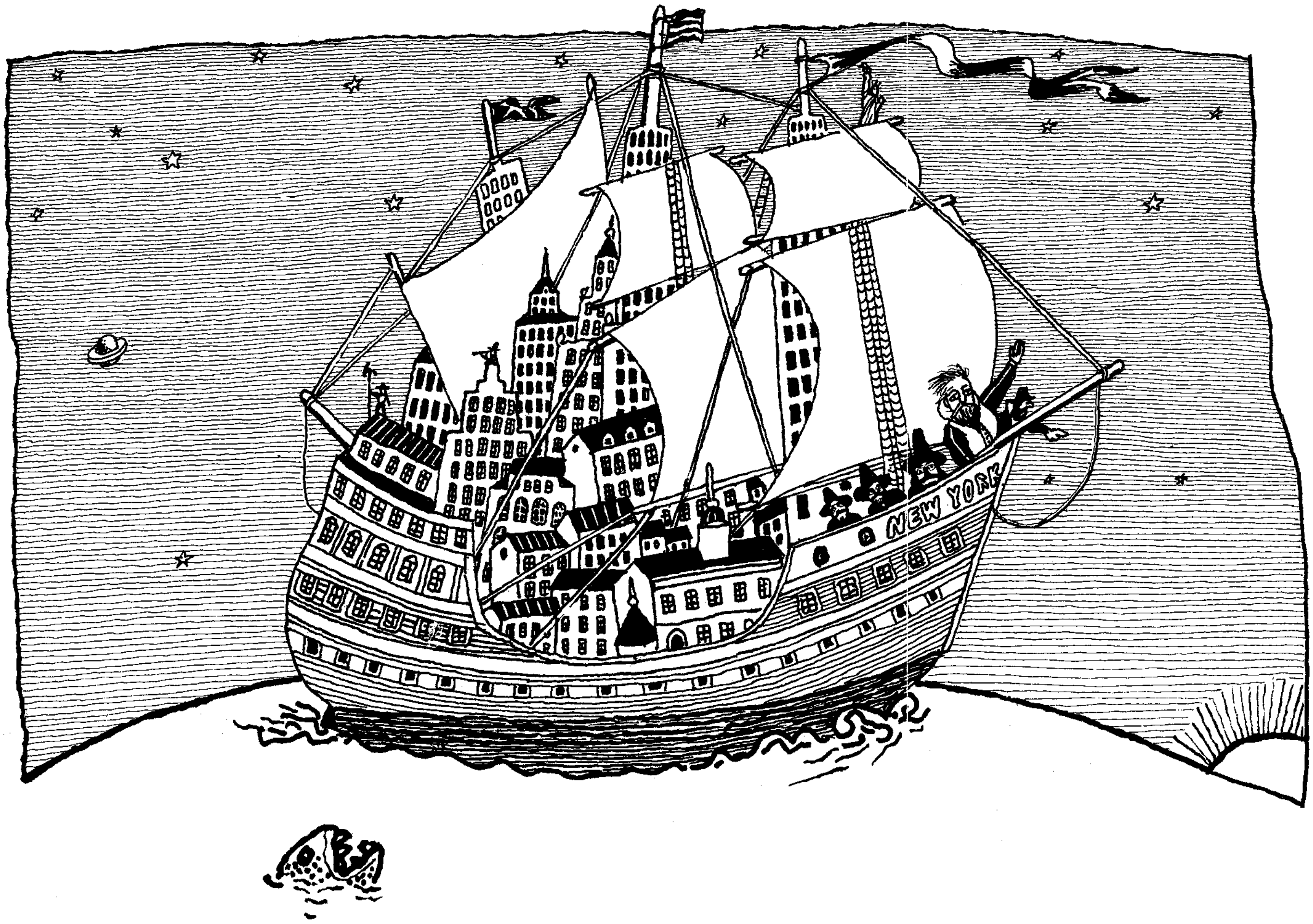
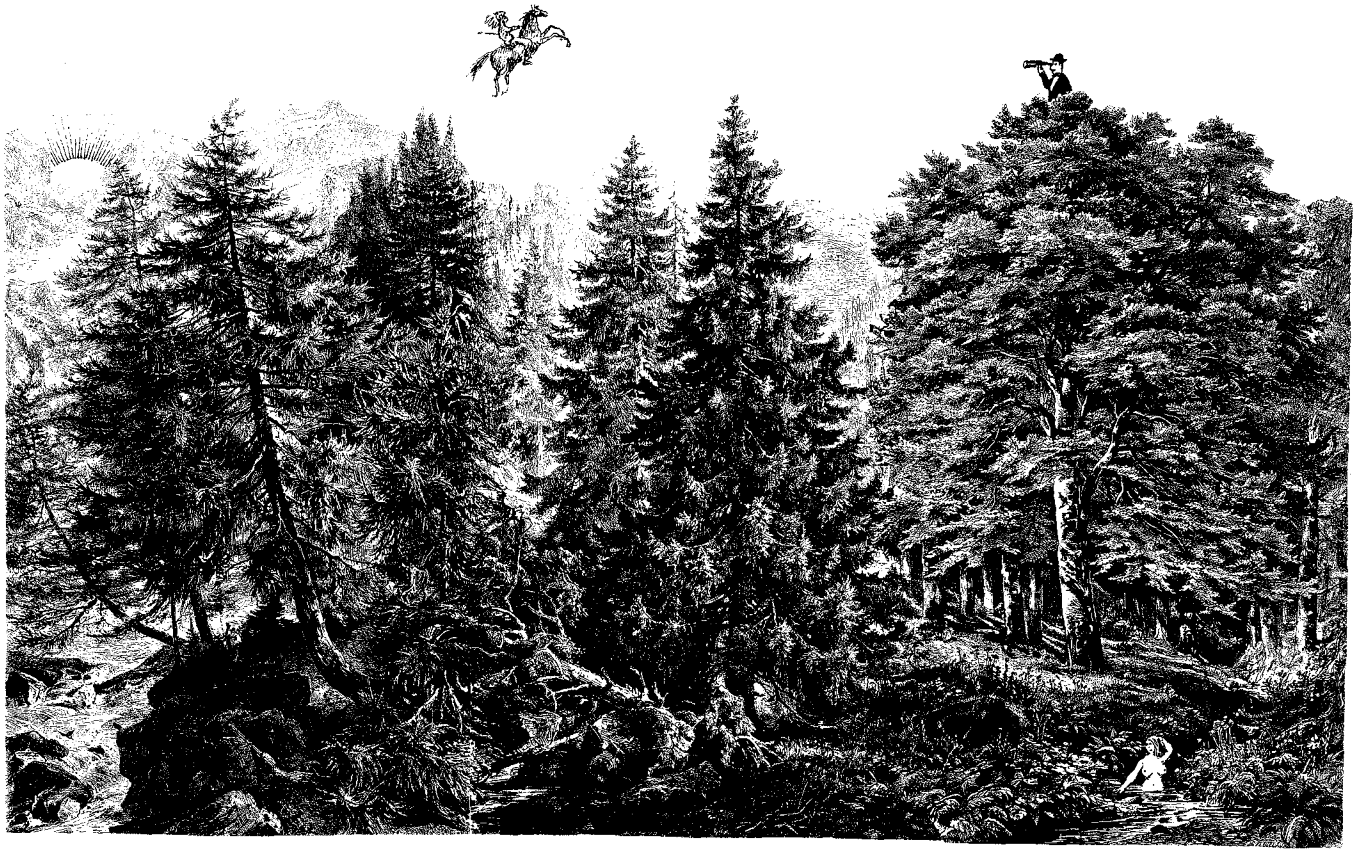
# MANHATTAN


N.Y.C.
H U D S O N R
EAST RIVER

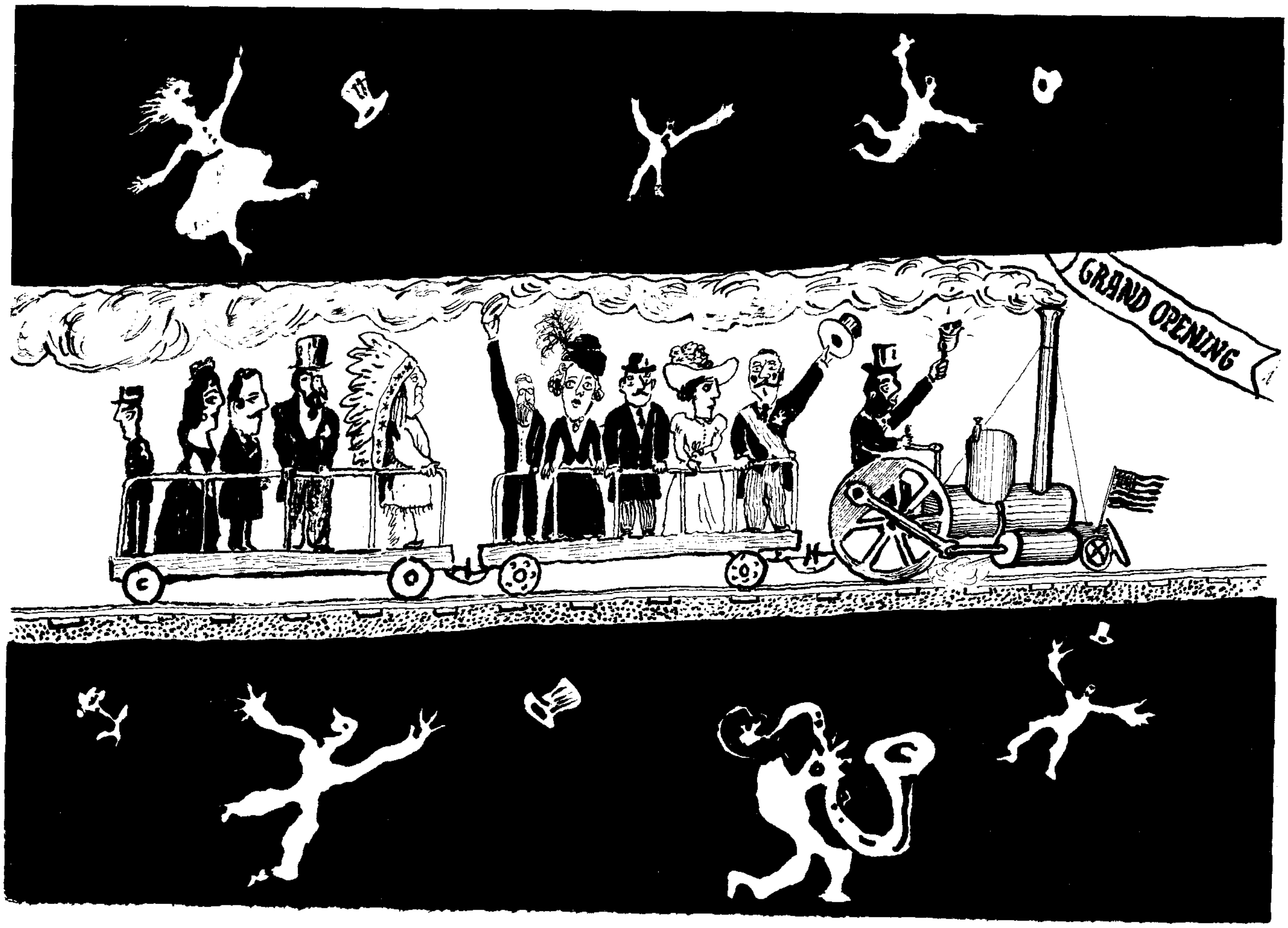
*First Citizens*



*White Men*

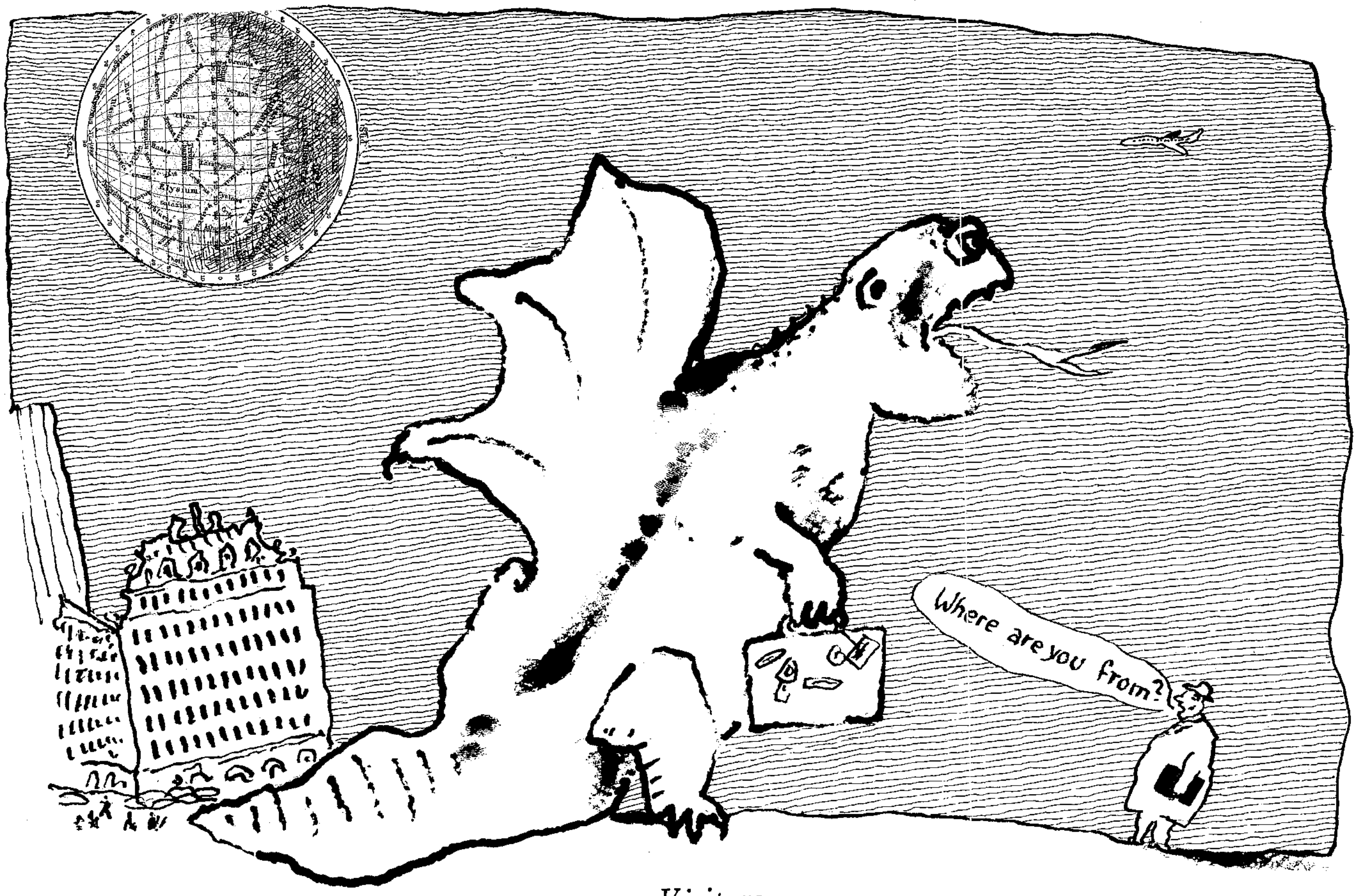


Central Park

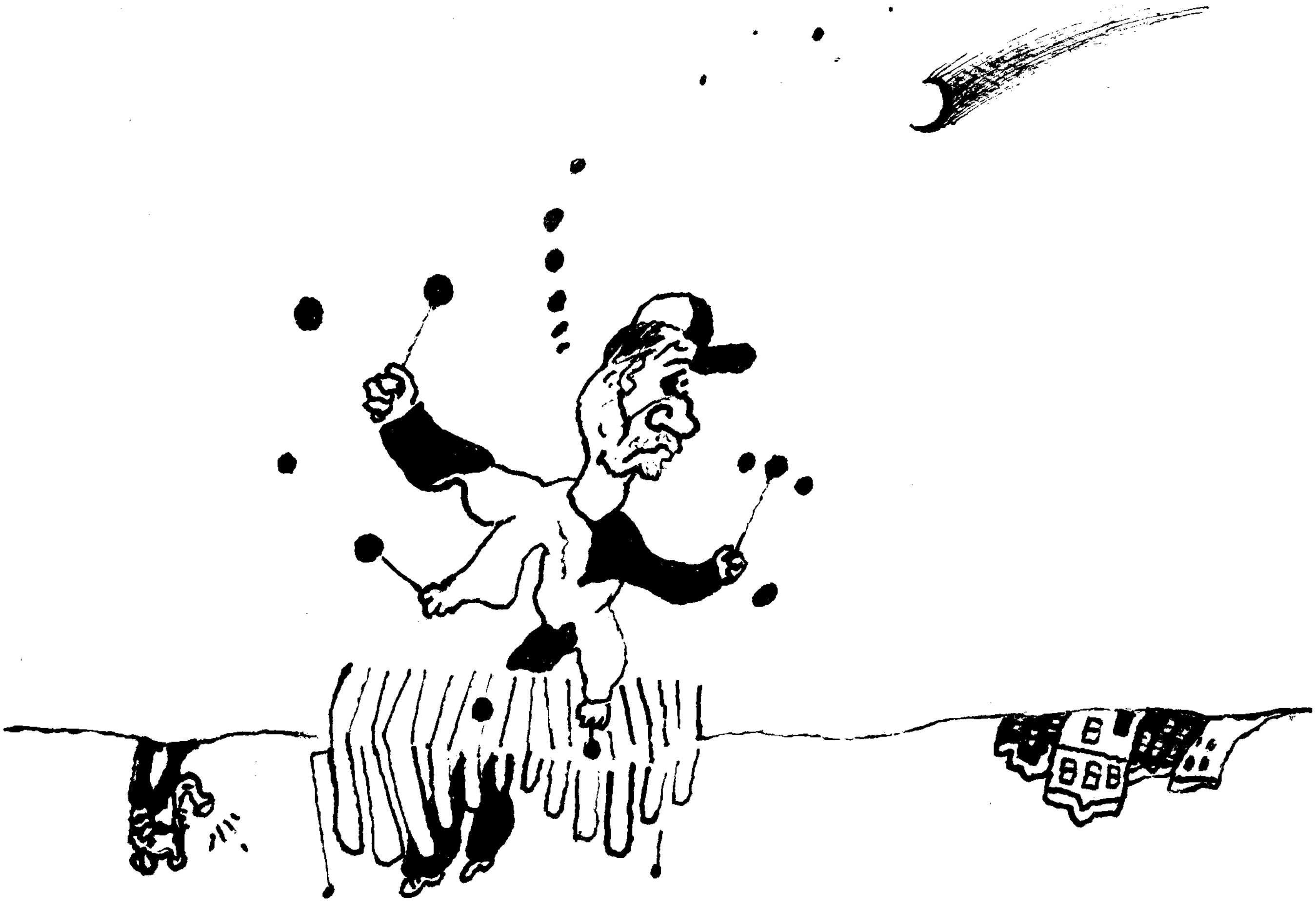


GRAND OPENING

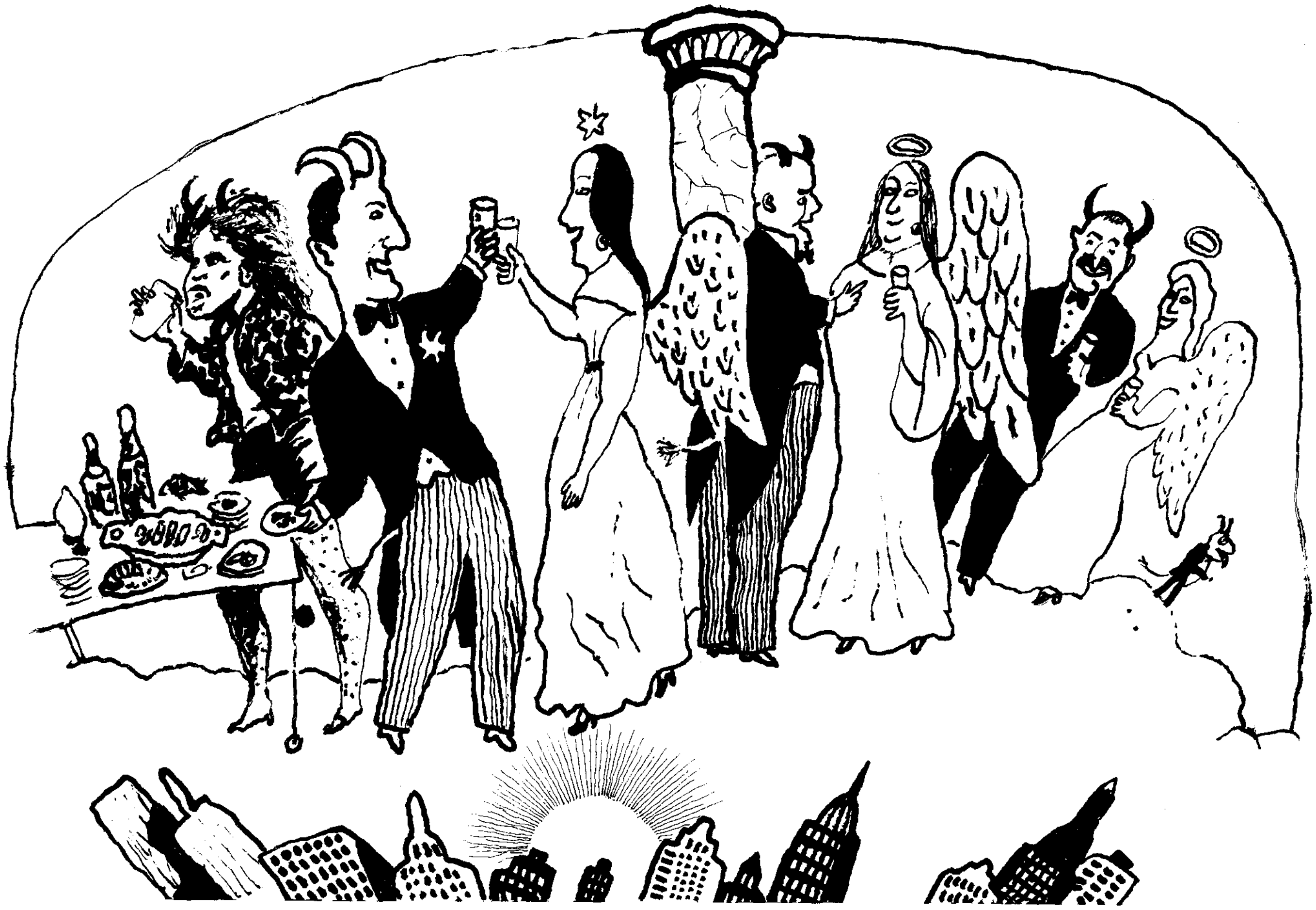
Mass Transit


Where are you from?

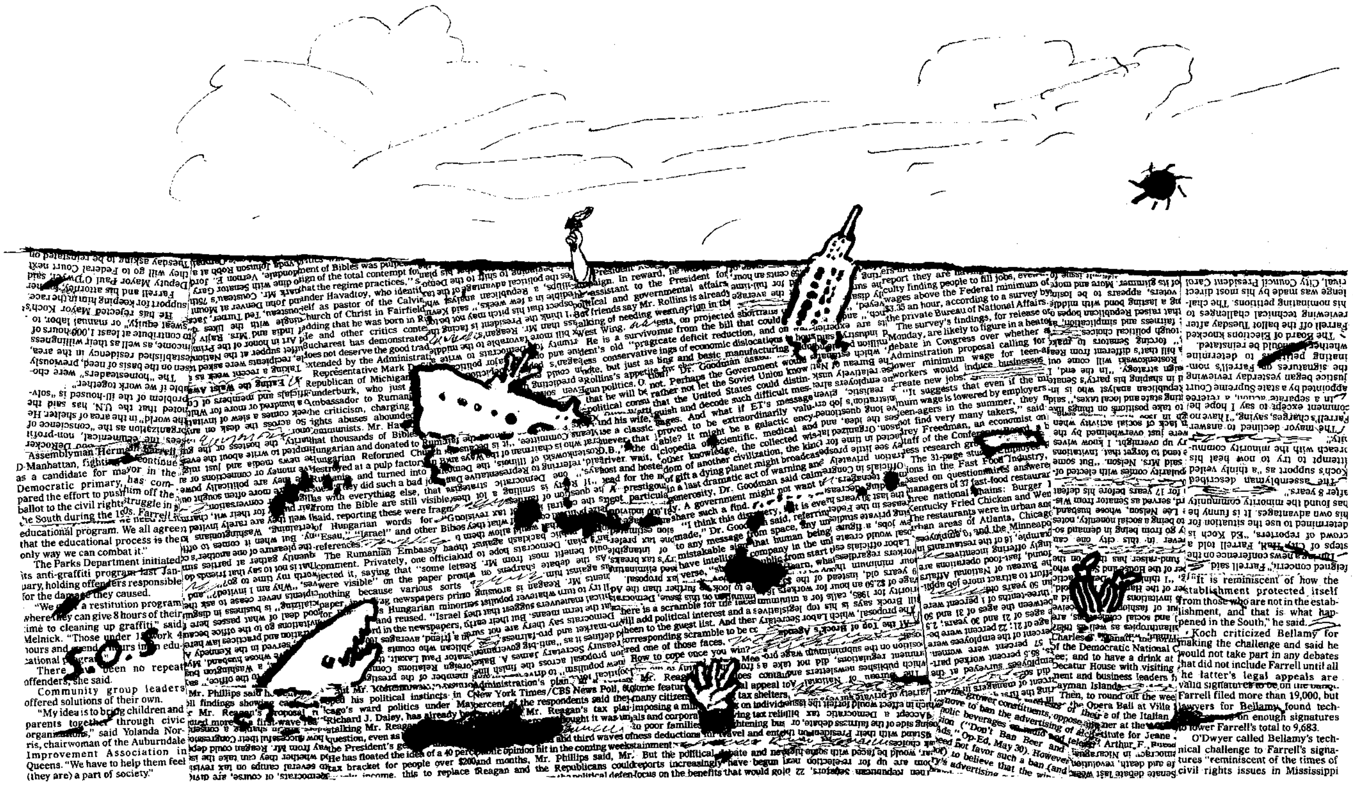
*Visitors*



*Street Music*



*Gathering*



—ANDRZEJ CZECZOT

*The Sea*

# ELEPHANT

I KNEW it was a mistake to let my brother have the money. I didn't need anybody else owing me. But when he called and said he couldn't make the payment on his house, what could I do? I'd never been inside his house—he lived a thousand miles away, in California; I'd never even *seen* his house—but I didn't want him to lose it. He cried over the phone and said he was losing everything he'd worked for. He said he'd pay me back. February, he said. Maybe sooner. No later, anyway, than March. He said his income-tax refund was on the way. Plus, he said, he had a little investment that would mature in February. He acted secretive about the investment thing, so I didn't press for details.

"Trust me on this," he said. "I won't let you down."

He'd lost his job last July, when the company he worked for, a fibre-glass-insulation plant, decided to lay off two hundred employees. He'd been living on his unemployment since then, but now the unemployment was gone, and his savings were gone, too. And he didn't have health insurance any longer. When his job went, the insurance went. His wife, who was ten years older, was diabetic and needed treatment. He'd had to sell the other car—her car, an old station wagon—and a week ago he'd pawned his TV. He told me he'd hurt his back carrying the TV up and down the street where the pawnshops did business. He went from place to place, he said, trying to get the best offer. Somebody finally gave him a hundred dollars for it, this big Sony TV. He told me about the TV, and then about throwing his back out, as if this ought to cinch it with me, unless I had a stone in place of a heart.

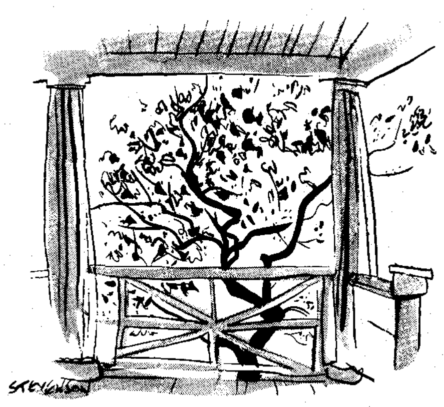
"I've gone belly up," he said. "But you can help me pull out of it."

"How much?" I said.

"Five hundred. I could use more, sure, who couldn't?" he said. "But I want to be realistic. I can pay back five hundred. More than that, I'll tell you the truth, I'm not so sure. Brother, I hate to ask. But you're my last resort. Irma Jean and I are going to be on the street before long. I won't let you down," he said. That's what he said. Those were his exact words.

We talked a little more—mostly about our mother and her problems—but, to make a long story short, I sent him the money. I had to. I felt I had to, at any rate—which amounts to the same thing. I wrote him a letter when I sent the check and said he should pay the money back to our mother, who lived in the same town he lived in and who was poor and greedy. I'd been mailing checks to her every month, rain or shine, for three years. But I was thinking that if he paid her the money he owed me it might take me off the hook there and let me breathe for a while. I wouldn't have to worry on that score for a couple of months, anyway. Also, and this is the truth, I thought maybe he'd be more likely to pay her, since they lived right there in the same town and he saw her from time to time. All I was doing was trying to cover myself some way. The thing is, he might have the best intentions of paying me back, but things happen sometimes. Things get in the way of best intentions. Out of sight, out of mind, as they say. But he wouldn't stiff his own mother. Nobody would do that.

I spent hours writing letters, trying to make sure everybody knew what could be expected and what was required. I even phoned out there to my mother several times, trying to explain it to her. But she was suspicious over the whole deal. I went through it with her on the phone step by step, but she was still suspicious. I told her the money that was supposed to come from me on the first of March and on the first of April would instead come from Billy, who owed the money to me. She'd get her money, and she didn't have to worry. The only difference was that Billy would pay it to her those two months instead of me. He'd pay her the money I'd normally be sending to her, but instead of him mailing it to me and then me having to turn around and send it to her he'd pay it to her directly. On any account, she didn't have to worry. She'd get her money, but for those two months it'd come from him—from the money he owed me. My God, I don't know how much I spent on phone calls. And I wish I had fifty cents for every letter I wrote, telling him what I'd told her and telling her what to expect from him—that sort of thing.



But my mother didn't trust Billy. "What if he can't come up with it?" she said to me over the phone. "What then? He's in bad shape, and I'm sorry for him," she said. "But, son, what I want to know is, what if he isn't able to pay me? What if he can't? Then what?"

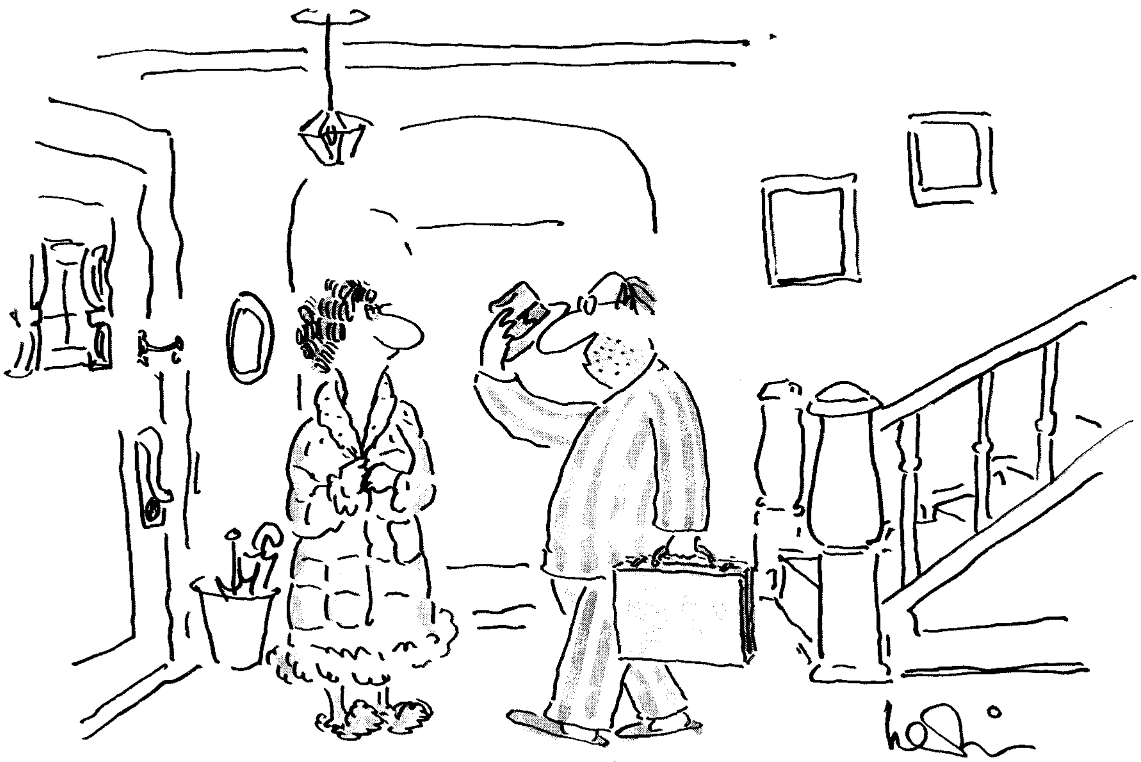
"Then I'll pay you myself," I said. "Just like always. If he doesn't pay you, I'll pay you. But he'll pay you. Don't worry. He says he will, and he will."

"I don't want to worry," she said. "But I worry anyway. I worry about my boys, and after that I worry about myself. I never thought I'd see one of my boys in this shape. I'm just glad your dad isn't alive to see it."

In three months my brother gave her fifty dollars of what he owed me and was supposed to pay to her. Or maybe it was seventy-five dollars he gave her. There are conflicting stories—two conflicting stories, his and hers. But that's all he paid her of the five hundred—fifty dollars or else seventy-five dollars, according to whose story you want to listen to. I had to make up the rest to her. I had to keep shelling out, same as always. My brother was finished. That's what he told me—that he was finished—when I called to see what was up, after my mother had phoned, looking for her money.

My mother said, "I made the mailman go back and check inside his truck, to see if your letter might have fallen down behind the seat. Then I went around and asked the neighbors did they get any of my mail by mistake. I'm going crazy with worry about this situation, honey." Then she said, "What's a mother supposed to think?" Who was looking out for her best interests in this business? She wanted to know that, and she wanted to know when she could expect her money.

So that's when I got on the phone to my brother to see if this was just a simple delay or a full-fledged collapse. But, according to Billy, he was a



"*After my business breakfast, I'll be going directly to the office.*"

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goner. He was absolutely done for. He was putting his house on the market immediately. He just hoped he hadn't waited too long to try and move it. And there wasn't anything left inside the house that he could sell. He'd sold off everything except the kitchen table and chairs. "I wish I could sell my blood," he said. "But who'd buy it? With my luck, I probably have an incurable disease." And, naturally, the investment thing hadn't worked out. When I asked him about it over the phone, all he said was that it hadn't materialized. His tax refund didn't make it, either—the I.R.S. had some kind of lien on his return. "When it rains it pours," he said. "I'm sorry, brother. I didn't mean for this to happen."

"I understand," I said. And I did. But it didn't make it any easier. Anyway, one thing and the other, I didn't get my money from him, and neither did my mother. I had to keep on sending her money every month.

I WAS sore, yes. Who wouldn't be? My heart went out to him, and I wished trouble hadn't knocked on his door. But my own back was against the wall now. At least, though, whatever happens to him from here on, he won't come back to me for more money—seeing as how he still owes me. Nobody would do that to you. That's how I figured, anyway. But that's how little I knew.

I kept my nose to the grindstone. I got up early every morning and went to work and worked hard all day. When I came home I plopped into the big chair and just sat there. I was so tired it took me a while to get around to unlacing my shoes. Then I just went on sitting there. I was too tired to even get up and turn on the TV.

I was sorry about my brother's troubles. But I had troubles of my own. In addition to my mother, I had several other people on my payroll. I had a former wife I was sending money to every month. I had to do that. I didn't want to, but the court said I had to. And I had a daughter with two kids in Bellingham, and I had to send her something every month. Her kids had to eat, didn't they? She was living with a swine who wouldn't even *look* for work, a guy who couldn't hold a job if they handed him one. The time or two he did find something, he overslept, or his car broke down on the way in to work, or else he'd just be let go, no explanation, and that was that.

Once, long ago, when I used to think like a man about these things, I threatened to kill that guy. But that's neither here nor there. Besides, I was drinking in those days. In any case, the bastard is still hanging around.

My daughter would write these letters and say how they were living on oatmeal, she and her kids. (I guess he was starving, too, but she knew better than to mention that guy's name in her letters to me.) She'd tell me that if I could just carry her until summer things would pick up for her. Things would turn around for her, she was sure, in the summer. If nothing else worked out—but she was sure it would; she had several irons in the fire—she could always get a job in the fish cannery that was not far from where she lived. She'd wear rubber boots and rubber clothes and gloves and pack salmon into cans. Or else she might sell root beer from a vending stand beside the road to people who lined up in their cars at the border, waiting to get into Canada. People sitting in their cars in the middle of summer were going to be thirsty, right? They were going to be crying out for cold drinks. Anyway, one thing or the other, whatever line of work she decided on, she'd do fine in the summer. She just had to make it until then, and that's where I came in.

My daughter said she knew she had to change her life. She wanted to stand on her own two feet like everyone else. She wanted to quit looking at herself as a victim. "I'm not a victim," she said to me over the phone one night. "I'm just a young woman with two kids and a son-of-a-bitch bum who lives with me. No different from lots of other women. I'm not afraid of hard work. Just give me a chance. That's all I ask of the world." She said she could do without for herself. But until her break came, until opportunity knocked, it was the kids she worried about. The kids were always asking her when Grandpop was going to visit, she said. Right this minute they were drawing pictures of the swing sets and swimming pool at the motel I'd stayed in when I'd visited a year ago. But summer was the thing, she said. If she could make it until summer, her troubles would be over. Things would change then—she knew they would. And with a little help from me she could make it. "I don't know what I'd do without you, Dad." That's what she said. It nearly broke my heart. Sure I had to help her. I was glad to be even halfway in a position to help her. I had a job, didn't I? Compared to her and everyone else in my family, I had it made. Compared to the rest, I lived on Easy Street.

I sent the money she asked for. I sent money every time she asked. And then I told her I thought it'd be simpler if I just sent a sum of money, not a whole lot, but money even so, on the first of each month. It would be money she could count on, and it would be *her* money, no one else's—hers and the kids'. That's what I hoped for, anyway. I wished there was some way I could be sure the bastard who lived with her couldn't get his hands on so much as an orange or a piece of bread that my money bought. But I couldn't. I just had to go ahead and send the money and stop worrying about whether he'd soon be tucking into a plate of my eggs and biscuits.

My mother and my daughter and my former wife. That's three people on the payroll right there, not counting my brother. But my son needed money, too. After he graduated from high school, he packed his things, left his mother's house, and went to a college back East. A college in New Hampshire, of all places. Who's ever heard of New Hampshire? But he was the first kid in the family, on either side of the family, to even *want* to go to college, so everybody thought it was a good idea. I thought so, too, at first. How'd I know it was going to wind up costing me an arm and a leg? He borrowed left and right from the banks to keep himself going. He didn't want to have to work a job and go to school at the same time. That's what he said. And, sure, I guess I can understand it. In a way, I can even sympathize. Who likes to work? I don't. But after he'd borrowed everything he could, everything in sight, including enough to finance a junior year in Germany, I had to begin sending him money, and a lot of it. When, finally, I said I couldn't send any more, he wrote back and said if that was the case, if that was really the way I felt, he was going to deal drugs or else rob a bank—whatever he had to do to get money to live on. I'd be lucky if he wasn't shot or sent to prison.

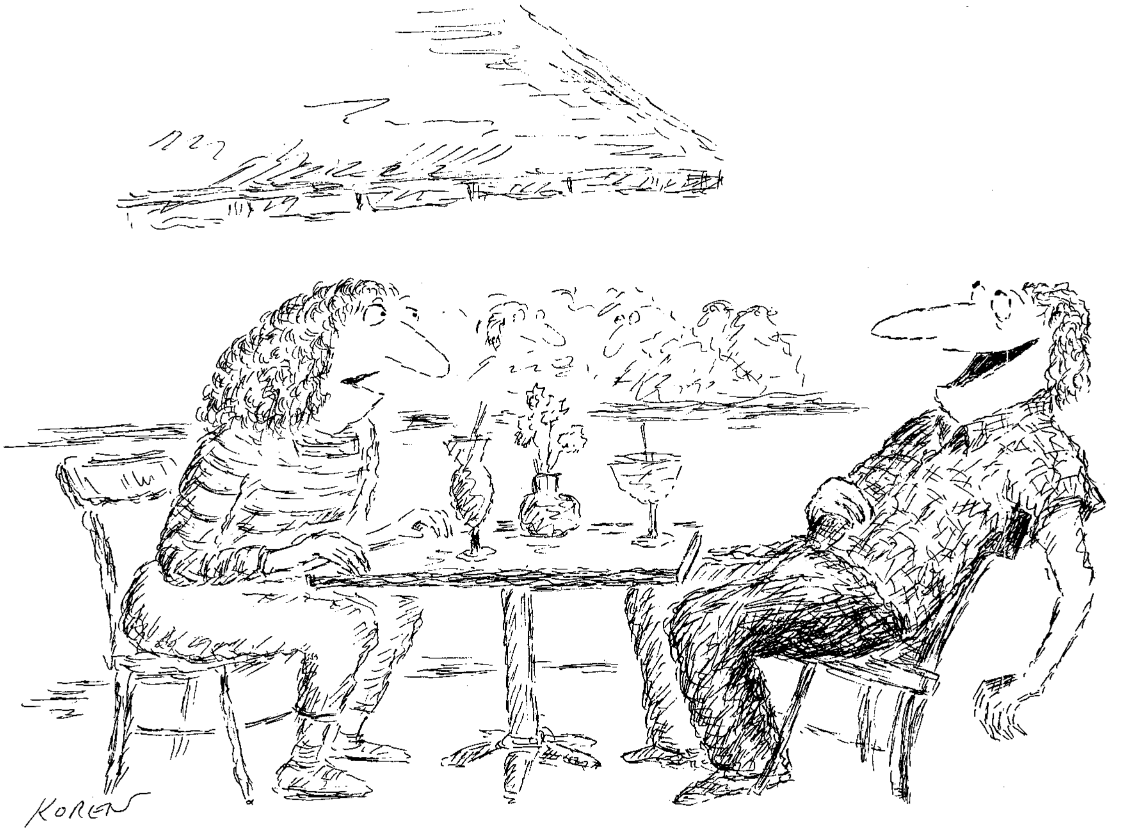
I wrote back and said I'd changed my mind and I could send him a little more after all. What else could I do? I didn't want his blood on my hands. I didn't want to think of my kid being packed off to prison, or something even worse. I had plenty on my conscience as it was.

That's four people, right? Not counting my brother, who wasn't a regular yet. I was going crazy with it. I worried night and day. I couldn't sleep over it. I was paying out nearly as much money every month as I was bringing in. You don't have to be a genius, or know anything about economics, to understand that this state of affairs couldn't keep on. I had to get a loan to keep up my end of things. That was another monthly payment.

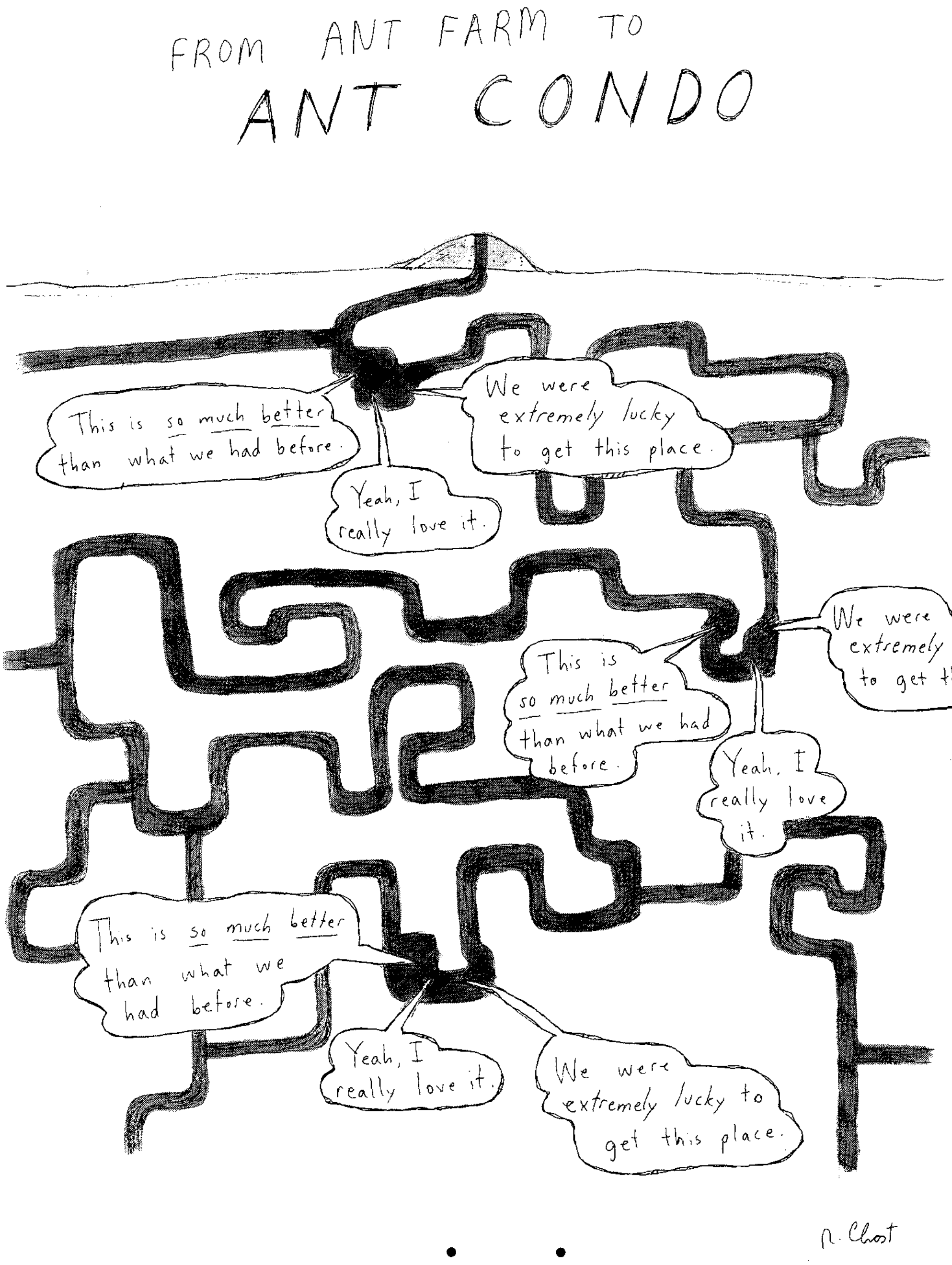
So I started cutting back. I had to quit eating out, for instance. Since I lived alone, eating out was something I liked to do, but it became a thing of the past. And I had to watch myself when it came to thinking about movies. I couldn't buy clothes or get my teeth fixed. The car was falling apart. I needed new shoes, but forget it.

Once in a while I'd get fed up with it and write letters to all of them, threatening to change my name and telling them I was going to quit my job. I'd tell them I was planning a move to Australia. And the thing was, I was serious when I'd say that about Australia, even though I didn't know the first thing about Australia. I just knew it was on the other side of the world, and that's where I wanted to be.

But when it came right down to it, none of them really believed I'd go to Australia. They had me, and they knew it. They knew I was desperate, and they were sorry and they said so. But they counted on it all blowing over before the first of the



*"Matthew, I'm having a lot of trouble with what you've just said."*


FROM ANT FARM TO
ANT CONDO
This is so much better than what we had before.
We were extremely lucky to get this place.
Yeah, I really love it.
We were extremely lucky to get this place.
This is so much better than what we had before.
Yeah, I really love it.
This is so much better than what we had before.
Yeah, I really love it.
We were extremely lucky to get this place.
R. Chast

month, when I had to sit down and make out the checks.

After one of my letters where I talked about moving to Australia, my mother wrote that she didn't want to be a burden any longer. Just as soon as the swelling went down in her legs, she said, she was going out to look for work. She was seventy-five years old, but maybe she could go back to waitressing, she said. I wrote her back and told her not to be silly. I said I was glad I could help her. And I was. I was glad I could help. I just needed to win the lottery.

My daughter knew Australia was just a way of saying to everybody that I'd had it. She knew I needed a break and something to cheer me up. So she wrote that she was going to leave her kids with somebody and take the cannery job when the season rolled around. She was young and strong, she said. She thought she could work the twelve-to-fourteen-hour-a-day shifts, seven days a week, no problem. She'd just have to tell herself she could do it, get herself psyched up for it, and her body would listen. She just had to line up the right kind of baby-sitter. That'd be the big thing. It was going to require a special kind of sitter, seeing as how the hours would be long and the kids were hyper to begin with, because of all the Popsicles and Tootsie Rolls, M&M's, and the like that they put away every day. It's the stuff kids like to eat, right? Anyway, she thought she could find the right person if she kept looking. But she had to buy the boots and clothes for the work, and that's where I could help.

My son wrote that he was sorry for his part in things and thought he and I would both be better off if he ended it once and for all. For one thing, he'd discovered he was allergic to cocaine. It made his eyes stream and affected his breathing, he said. This meant he couldn't test the drugs in the transactions he'd need to make. So, before it could even begin, his career as a drug dealer was over. No, he said, better a bullet in the temple and end it all right here. Or maybe hanging. That would save him the trouble of borrowing a gun. And save us the price of bullets. That's actually what he said in his letter, if you can believe it. He enclosed a picture of himself that somebody had taken last summer when he was in the study-abroad program in Germany. He was standing under a big tree with thick limbs hanging down a few feet over his head. In the picture, he wasn't smiling.

My former wife didn't have anything to say on the matter. She didn't have to. She knew she'd get her money the first of each month, even if it had to come all the way from Sydney. If she didn't get it, she just had to pick up the phone and call her lawyer.

THIS is where things stood when my brother called one Sunday afternoon in early May. I had the windows open, and a nice breeze moved through the house. The radio was playing. The hillside behind the house was in bloom. But I began to sweat when I heard his voice on the line. I hadn't heard from him since the dispute over the five hundred, so I couldn't believe he was going to try and touch me for more money now. But I began to sweat anyway. He asked how things stood with me, and I launched into the payroll thing and all. I talked about oatmeal, cocaine, fish canneries, suicide, bank jobs, and how I couldn't go to the movies or eat out. I said I had a hole in my shoe. I talked about the payments that went on and on to my former wife. He knew all about this, of course. He knew everything I was telling him. Still, he said he was sorry to hear it. I kept talking. It was his dime. But as he talked I started thinking, *How are you going to pay for this call, Billy*? Then it came to me that *I* was going to pay for it. It was only a matter of minutes, or seconds, until it was all decided.

I looked out the window. The sky was blue, with a few white clouds in it. Some birds clung to a telephone wire. I wiped my face on my sleeve. I didn't know what else I could say. So I suddenly stopped talking and just stared out the window at the mountains, and waited. And that's when my brother said, "I hate to ask you this, but—" When he said that, my heart did this sinking thing. And then he went ahead and asked.

This time it was a thousand. A thousand! He was worse off than when he'd called that other time. He let me have some details. The bill collectors were at the door—the door! he said—and the windows rattled, the house shook, when they hammered with their fists. *Blam, blam, blam*, he said. There was no place to hide from them. His house was about to be pulled out from under him. "Help me, brother," he said.

Where was I going to raise a thousand dollars? I took a good grip on the receiver, turned away from the window, and said, "But you didn't pay me back the last time you borrowed money. What about that?"

"I didn't?" he said, acting surprised. "I guess I thought I had. I wanted to, anyway. I tried to, so help me God."

"You were supposed to pay that money to Mom," I said. "But you didn't. I had to keep giving her money every month, same as always. There's no end to it, Billy. Listen, I take one step forward and I go two steps back. I'm going under. You're all going under, and you're pulling me down with you."

"I paid her *some* of it," he said. "I did pay her a little. Just for the record," he said, "I paid her something."

"She said you gave her fifty dollars and that was all."

"No," he said, "I gave her seventy-five. She forgot about the other twenty-five. I was over there one afternoon, and I gave her two tens and a five. I gave her some cash, and she just forgot about it. Her memory's going. Look," he said, "I promise I'll be good for it this time, I swear to God. Add up what I still owe you and add it to this money here I'm trying to borrow, and I'll send you a check. We'll exchange checks. Hold on to my check for two months, that's all I'm asking. I'll be out of the woods in two months' time. Then you'll have your money. July 1st, I promise, no later, and this time I *can* swear to it. We're in the process of selling this little piece of property that Irma Jean inherited a while back from her uncle. It's as good as sold. The deal has closed. It's just a question now of working out a couple of minor details and signing the papers. Plus, I've got this job lined up. It's definite. I'll have to drive fifty miles round trip every day, but that's no problem—hell, no. I'd drive a hundred and fifty if I had to, and be glad to do it. I'm saying I'll have money in the bank in two months' time. You'll get your money, all of it, by July 1st, and you can count on it."

"Billy, I love you," I said. "But I've got a load to carry. I'm carrying a very heavy load these days, in case you didn't know."

"That's why I won't let you down on this," he said. "You have my word of honor. You can trust me on this absolutely. I promise you my check will be good in two months, no later. Two months is all I'm asking for. Brother, I don't know where else to turn. You're my last hope."

I did it, sure. To my surprise, I still had some credit with the bank, so I borrowed the money, and I sent it to him. Our checks crossed in the mail. I stuck a thumbtack through his check and put it up on the kitchen wall next to the calendar and the picture of my son standing under that tree. And then I waited.

I kept waiting. My brother wrote and asked me not to cash the check on the day we'd agreed to. Please wait a while longer is what he said. Some things had come up. The job he'd been promised had fallen through at the last minute. That was one thing that came up. And that little piece of property

## IN A JAR

Now, with all my knowledge, honorable newts,
I approach the jar in which you live
And see how you float up vertically to the surface
Showing your bellies of vermilion color,
Color of flame, that makes you akin
To the alchemist's salamander living in fire.
Perhaps that's the reason why I caught you
In a pond between pines when white April clouds race,
And carried you to town, proud of my trophy.
You vanished so long ago, I ponder the moment
When you lived unaware of hours and years.
I address you, I give you existence—
Even a name and a title in the princedom of grammar—
To protect you by inflection from nothingness,
Myself no doubt held by powers who observe me
And transfer me to some grammatical hyper-form,
While I wait with the hope that they'll seize me and carry me up
So that I last like an alchemist's salamander in fire.

—Czeslaw Milosz
(*Translated, from the Polish, by the author.*)

*"Listen closely. This is going to be vintage Eddie."*

• •

belonging to his wife hadn't sold after all. At the last minute, she'd had a change of heart about selling it. It had been in her family for generations. What could he do? It was her land, and she wouldn't listen to reason, he said.

My daughter telephoned around this time to say that somebody had broken into her trailer and ripped her off. Everything in the trailer. Every stick of furniture was gone when she came home from work after her first night at the cannery. There wasn't even a chair left for her to sit down on. Her bed had been stolen, too. They were going to have to sleep on the floor like Gypsies, she said.

"Where was what's-his-name when this happened?" I said.

She said he'd been out looking for work earlier in the day. She guessed he was with friends. Actually, she didn't know his whereabouts at the time of the crime, or even right now, for that matter. "I hope he's at the bottom of the river," she said. The kids had been with the sitter when the ripoff happened. But, anyway, if she could just borrow enough from me to buy some secondhand furniture she'd pay me back, she said, when she got her first check. If she had some money from me before the end of the week—I could wire it, maybe—she could pick up some essentials. "Somebody's violated my space," she said. "I feel like I've been raped."

My son wrote from New Hampshire that it was essential he go back to Europe. His life hung in the balance, he said. He was graduating at the end of summer session, but he couldn't stand to live in America a day longer after that. This was a materialist society, and he simply couldn't take it anymore. People over here, in the U.S., couldn't hold a conversation unless *money* figured in it some way, and he was sick of it. He wasn't a Yuppie, and didn't want to become a Yuppie. That wasn't his thing. He'd get out of my hair, he said, if he could just borrow enough from me, this one last time, to buy a ticket to Germany.

I didn't hear anything from my former wife. I didn't have to. We both knew how things stood there.

My mother wrote that she was having to do without support hose and wasn't able to have her hair tinted. She'd thought this would be the year she could put some money back for the rainy days ahead, but it wasn't working out that way. She could see it wasn't in the cards. "How are you?" she wanted to know. "How's everybody else? I hope you're O.K."

I put more checks in the mail. Then I held my breath and waited.

While I was waiting, I had this dream one night. Two dreams, really. I dreamt them on the same night. In the first dream, my dad was alive once more, and he was giving me a ride on his shoulders. I was this little kid, maybe five or six years old. *Get up here*, he said, and he took me by the hands and swung me onto his shoulders. I was high off the ground, but I wasn't afraid. He was holding on to me. We were holding on to each other. Then he began to move down the sidewalk. I brought my hands up from his shoulders and put them around his forehead. *Don't muss my hair*, he said. *You can let go*, he said, *I've got you. You won't fall.* When he said that, I became aware of the strong grip of his hands around my ankles. Then I did let go. I turned loose and held my arms out on either side of me. I kept them out there like that for balance. My dad went on walking while I rode on his shoulders. I pretended he was an elephant. I don't know where we were going. Maybe we were going to the store, or else to the park so he could push me in the swing.

I woke up then, got out of bed, and used the bathroom. It was starting to get light out, and it was only an hour or so until I had to get up. I thought about making coffee and getting dressed. But then I decided to go back to bed. I didn't plan to sleep, though. I thought I'd just lie there for a while with my hands behind my neck and watch it turn light out and maybe think about my dad a little, since I hadn't thought about him in a long time. He just wasn't a part of my life any longer, waking or sleeping. Anyway, I got back in bed. But it couldn't have been more than a minute before I fell asleep once more, and when I did I got into this other dream. My former wife was in it, though she wasn't my former wife in the dream. She was still my wife. My kids were in it, too. They were little, and they were eating potato chips. In my dream, I thought I could smell the potato chips and hear them being eaten. We were on a blanket, and we were close to some water. There was a sense of satisfaction and well-being in the dream. Then, suddenly, I found myself in the company of some other people—people I didn't know—and the next thing that happened was that I was kicking the window out of my son's car and threatening his life, as I did once, a long time ago. He was inside the car as my shoe smashed through the glass. That's when my eyes flew open, and I woke up. The alarm was going off. I reached over and pushed the switch and lay there for a few minutes more, my heart racing. In the second dream, somebody had offered me some whiskey, and I drank it. Drinking that whiskey was the thing that scared me. That was the worst thing that could have happened. That was rock bottom. Compared to that, everything else was a picnic. I lay there for a minute longer, trying to calm down. Then I got up.

I made coffee and sat at the kitchen table in front of the window. I pushed my cup back and forth in little circles on the table and began to think seriously about Australia again. And then, all of a sudden, I could imagine how it must have sounded to my family when I'd threatened them with a move to Australia. They would have been shocked at first, and even a little scared. Then, because they knew me, they'd probably started laughing. Now, thinking about their laughter, I had to laugh, too. *Ha, ha, ha.* That was exactly the sound I made there at the table—*ha, ha, ha*—as if I'd read somewhere how to laugh.

What was it I planned to do in Australia, anyway? The truth was, I wouldn't be going there any more than I'd be going to Timbuktu, the moon, or the North Pole. Hell, I didn't want to go to Australia. But once I understood this, once I understood I wouldn't be going there—or anywhere else, for that matter—I began to feel better. I lit another cigarette and poured some more coffee. There wasn't any milk for the coffee, but I didn't care. I could skip having milk in my coffee for a day and it wouldn't kill me. Pretty soon I packed the lunch and filled the thermos and put the thermos in the lunch pail. Then I went outside.

*"Time hasn't dimmed your military bearing, my love."*

IT was a fine morning. The sun lay over the mountains behind the town, and a flock of birds was moving from one part of the valley to another. I didn't bother to lock the door. I remembered what had happened to my daughter, but decided I didn't have anything worth stealing anyway. There was nothing in the house I couldn't live without. I had the TV, but I was sick of watching TV. They'd be doing me a favor if they broke in and took it off my hands.

I felt pretty good, all things considered, and I decided to walk to work. It wasn't all that far, and I had time to spare. I'd save a little gas, sure, but that wasn't the main consideration. It was summer, after all, and before long summer would be over. Summer, I couldn't help thinking, had been the time everybody's luck had been going to change.

I started walking alongside the road, and it was then, for some reason, I began to think about my son. I wished him well, wherever he was. If he'd made it back to Germany by now—and he should have—I hoped he was happy. He hadn't written yet to give me his address, but I was sure I'd hear something before long. And my daughter, God love her and keep her. I hoped she was doing O.K. I decided to write her a letter that evening and tell her I was rooting for her. My mother was alive and more or less in good health, and I felt lucky there, too. If all went well, I'd have her for several more years.

Birds were calling, and some cars passed me on the highway. Good luck to you, too, brother, I thought. I hope your ship comes in. Pay me back when you get it. And my former wife, the woman I used to love so much. She was alive, and she was well, too—so far as I knew, anyway. I wished her happiness. When all was said and done, I decided things could be a lot worse. Just now, of course, things were hard for everyone. People's luck had gone south on them was all. But things were bound to change soon. Things would pick up in the fall maybe. There was lots to hope for.

I kept on walking. Then I began to whistle. I felt I had the right to whistle if I wanted to. I let my arms swing as I walked. But the lunch pail kept throwing me off balance. I had sandwiches, an apple, and some cookies in there, not to mention the thermos. I stopped in front of Smitty's, an old café that had gravel in the parking area and boards over the windows. The place had been boarded up for as long as I could remember. I decided to put the lunch pail down for a minute. I did that, and then I raised my arms—raised them up level with my shoulders. I was standing there like that, like a goof, when somebody tooted a car horn and pulled off the highway into the parking area. I picked up my lunch pail and went over to the car. It was a guy I knew from work whose name was George. He reached over and opened the door on the passenger's side. "Hey, get in, buddy," he said.

"Hello, George," I said. I got in and shut the door, and the car sped off, throwing gravel from under the tires.

"I saw you," George said. "Yeah, I did, I saw you. You're in training for something, but I don't know what." He looked at me and then looked at the road again. He was going fast. "You always walk down the road with your arms out like that?" He laughed—*ha, ha, ha*—and stepped on the gas.

"Sometimes," I said. "It depends, I guess. Actually, I was standing," I said. I lit a cigarette and leaned back in the seat.

"So what's new?" George said. He put a cigar in his mouth, but he didn't light it.

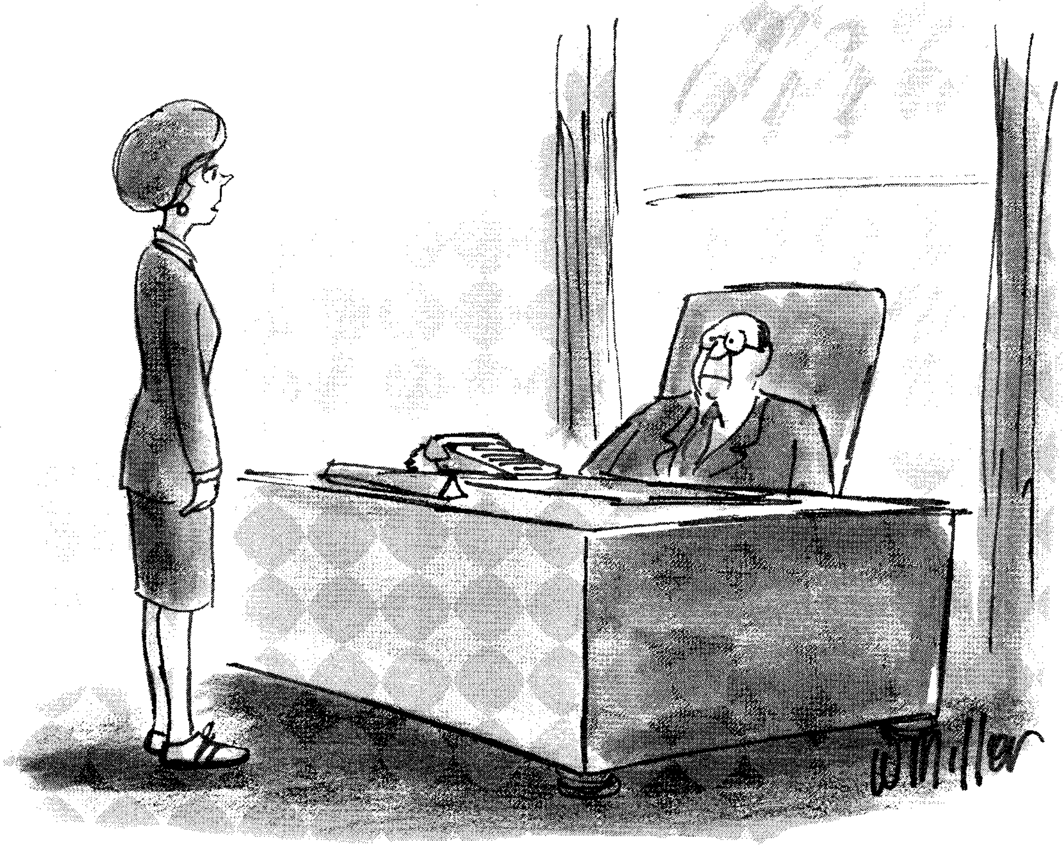
"Nothing's new," I said. "What's new with you?"

George shrugged. Then he grinned. He was going very fast now. Wind buffeted the car and whistled by outside the windows. He was driving as if we were late for work. But we weren't late. We had lots of time, and I told him so.

Nevertheless, he cranked it up. We passed the turnoff and kept going. We were moving by then, heading straight toward the mountains. He took the cigar out of his mouth and put it in his shirt pocket. "I borrowed some money and had this baby overhauled," he said. Then he said he wanted me to see something. He punched it and gave it everything he could. I fastened my seat belt and held on.

"*Go*," I said. "What are you waiting for, George?" And that's when we really flew. Wind howled outside the windows. He had it floored, and we were going flat out. We streaked down that road in his big unpaid-for car.

—RAYMOND CARVER



*"Please, sir, I want it all."*

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## HISSES WE DOUBT EVER GOT HISSED

*[From the Los Angeles Times]*

The inept hoods are always staging mock killings, impersonating rival gang members and gushing fake tears. (Harry sees his whole job as an act. When he primps before the mirror in the morning, he whirls around and points his finger at his reflection, hissing, "Are you talkin' to me?")

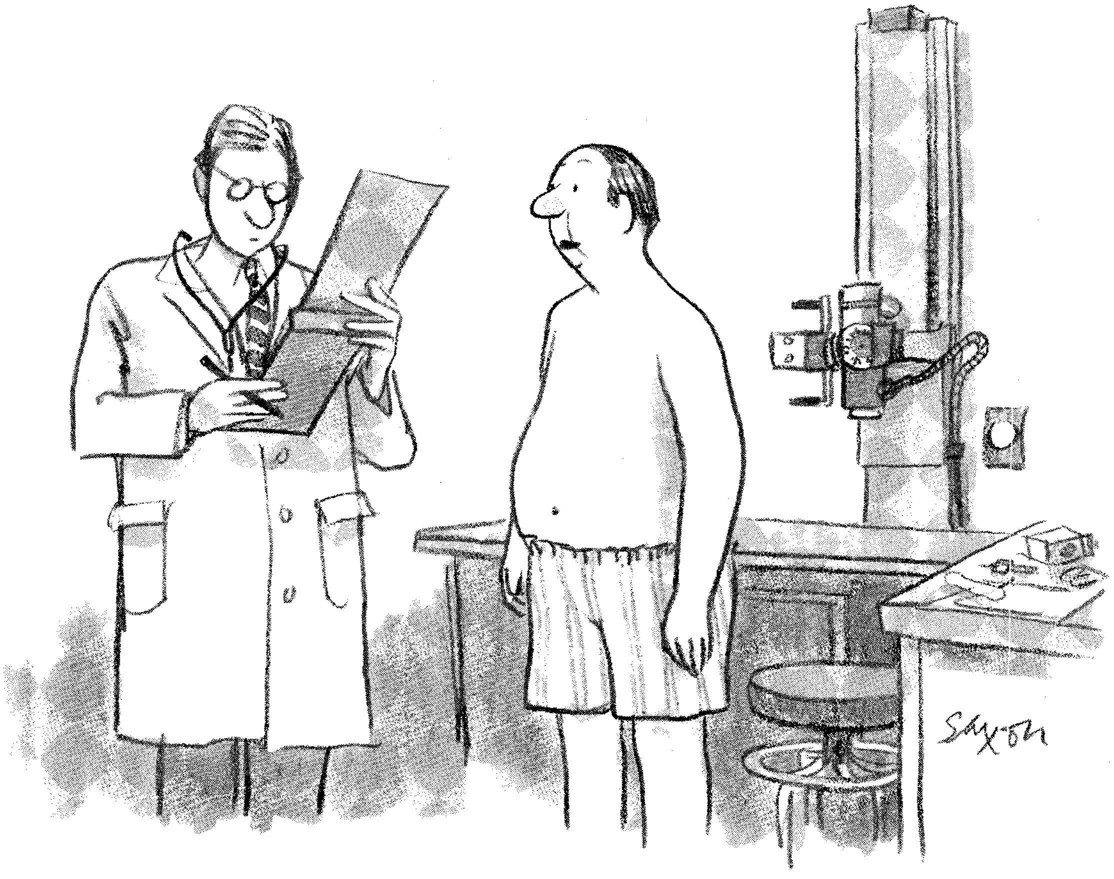
# THE DIPLOMATIC ROUND

## POLITICS AND WEAPONS SALES

RELATIONS between the friendliest of countries occasionally become agitated, but never more so than when their governments are competing to sell weapons to some other government. The bigger the sale, the frothier relations become. In a world as prone to violence as ever, and with technology begetting weapons of constantly increasing competence and destructive power, the stakes for venders of arms are vast and compelling; they involve huge sums of money and the prospect of long-term supplier-client connections from which a stream of benefits—financial and political—will flow. Typically, a contract covers not just the weapons to be delivered but also support systems and spare parts that, over the "life cycle" of the weapons, may amount to more than double their original purchase price and will deepen the political ties inherent in the deal. Also, the vender usually provides people to train the buyer's military forces in the operation and maintenance of the equipment, most of which, these days, is very complicated and becoming more so. Because the training programs are usually long-term, the visiting technicians may become a strong presence and, as such, another source of political influence for their government.

A company competing to sell weapons abroad can rely on its government to do everything within and often beyond reasonable bounds to win. Indeed, governments usually take the initiative in the more politically sensitive—hence crucial—aspects of the transaction. Presidents and prime ministers will play leading roles and display formidable determination to prevail by whatever means. The well-being of their defense-related industries, not to mention many thousands of jobs, may depend, or seem to depend, on winning a given contract. France and Britain are the West's second-largest and third-largest sellers of arms. (America leads the field commandingly.) In both countries, unemployment is the major issue, and both must export to sustain their armaments industries. Traditionally, at least thirty per cent of all French-made weapons are earmarked for export; many are really designed for the overseas market instead of reflecting the needs and preferences of the country's own military forces. Britain is nearly as export-conscious.

The Soviet Union aside, America is the largest buyer of arms as well as the largest supplier of them—a dual preeminence that is very hard on French, British, and other venders. They have trouble competing with the United States for sales, because so many customer countries feel, in varying degrees, that their security is linked to the United States, and thus prefer to buy weapons from the American shelf. And then, even though America is the largest supplier of arms to Western Europe, European venders find penetrating the American market to be nearly impossible; it is an American domain. This absence of what in Western military circles is called "two-way-streetism" has been a continuing sore point with Europeans—especially the British and the French. But recently, in two epic head-to-head battles with one another, France and Britain each captured an enormous contract—one of them larger by far than any that either country had ever landed. Astonishingly, one of the prizes, France's, lies within the heavily defended American sanctuary; the other, a rare but exalted British triumph, amounts to an invasion of what in recent years has been another American preserve—Saudi Arabia's Air Force. Most of what led to these improbable outcomes was known only to a small circle of senior people in government and industry in the countries directly involved, and to some of their diplomats. Among the closely involved people were two heads of state—President François Mitterrand of France and King Fahd of Saudi Arabia—and Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, who was much the most active and visible of the major players and was



*"That's just what my mother used to say."*

SOME PLACE THAT'S NOT TOO FANCY, NOT TOO EXPENSIVE, BUT THAT SERVES EXCELLENT FOOD
PARK
MARTIN

"*Perfect.*"

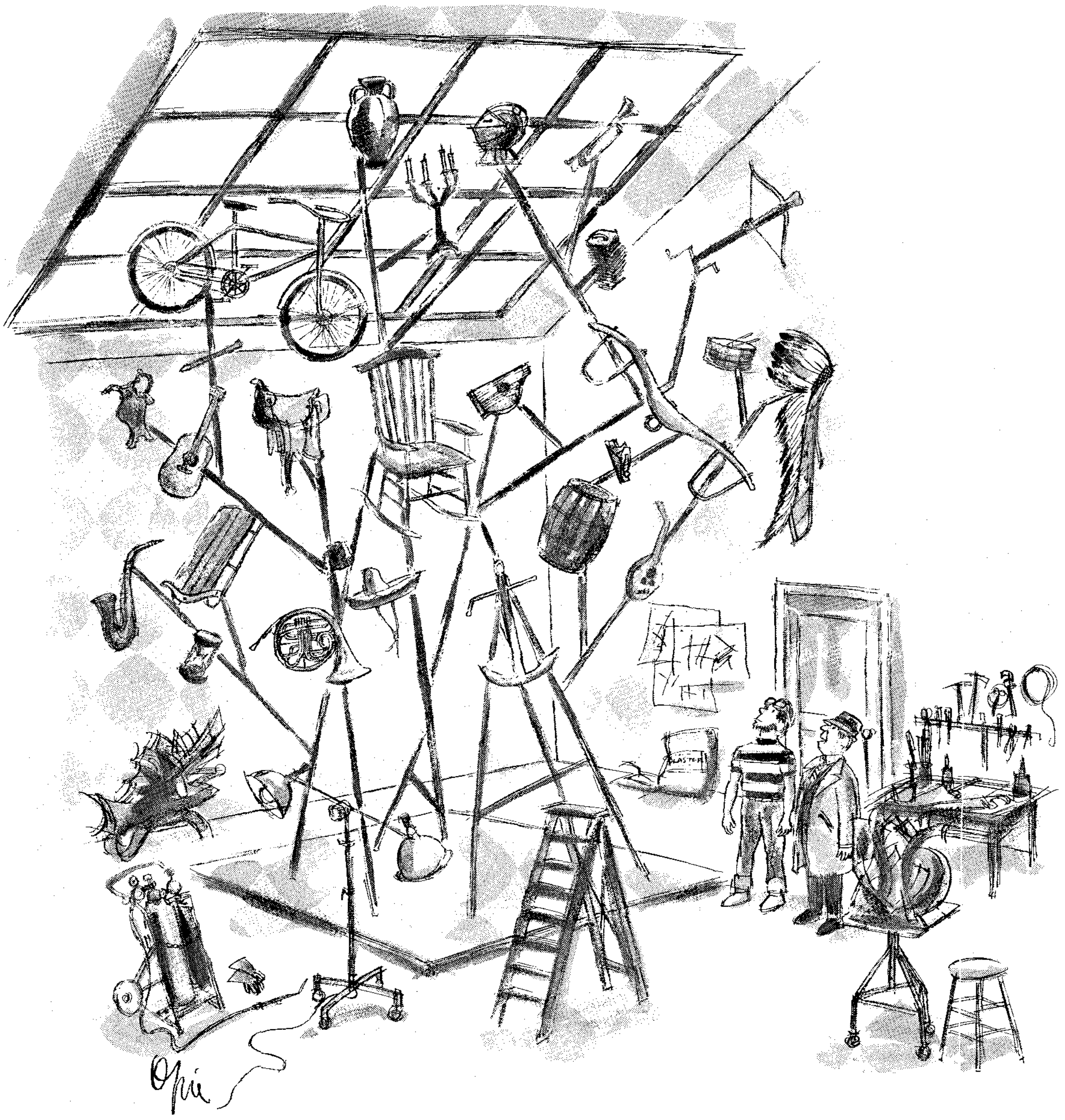
• •

continuously at the center of both transactions, partly because her strong relationship with President Ronald Reagan was thought to be of pivotal importance to both: her role linked the deals. Reagan was also heavily involved, because much of the action swirled around his office; but he wasn't made aware of most of it, and his role in both affairs was a passive one.

The Saudis were buying advanced combat aircraft, and the American Army was buying something even more advanced—a mobile communications network that would resist jamming and allow commanders to stay in constant touch with their units by cellular telephone, even when the units were on the move during a major battle. The Army was ready to spend four and a half billion dollars on this equipment, which was already being used by the British, French, and Belgian Armies. The Saudi aircraft deal appeared to be worth at least five billion dollars, and has turned out to be worth much more. The actual amount of money involved has now reached the equivalent of seven billion dollars, and the over-all figure may eventually be as much as twenty billion, making it much the largest arms sale ever. The value of the orders and the allure of the American and Saudi markets assured a brace of richly inventive struggles between the French and the British. Misinformation added to the intensity, with each side often misled about the strength of the other's position and each victimized by rumors about its rival's tactics and their effects. Each affair became a mirror image of the other. The French were convinced that they had won the Saudi deal, and at one stage did seem to have won it, but they somehow lost it to the British, who had expected to win the American Army's order but lost it. Each side has since been conducting a serious post mortem on what went wrong with the campaign to win the order it lost. The French still don't know what to make of their loss of the largest order that ever lay within their reach; the conspiratorial view comes easily to them, but the elements of conspiracy in this case are at best dimly seen. As for the American order, the British are discovering that blunder, miscalculation, and appalling ignorance lay behind their failure, which seems to be a commercial equivalent of the military fiasco in 1956, when they invaded Egypt during the so-called Suez crisis.

IN buying British, the Saudi Royal Family is refashioning the link with its original patron and protector; an affinity between the British and the Saudis dates to the First World War. "They have much in common," a British authority on Saudi Arabia says. "Both are slow to give friendship, but, once given, it is forever." And an American who knows the Saudis equally well says, "We stole the Saudi connection from the British at the end of the war." The initial American connection with the Saudis was made in the early nineteen-thirties, when the Saudis sold some oil concessions to Standard Oil of California for a few hundred thousand dollars. The Saudis were then earning foreign exchange from a declining trade in pilgrimages to Mecca and Medina—the holy places of the Hejaz, a stretch of desert on the western shore of the Arabian Peninsula. By the end of the Second World War, the American oil companies and their government had discovered that Saudi Arabia contained about twenty-five per cent of the world's known oil reserves. In February of 1945, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, on his way back from the Yalta conference, met with King Ibn Saud, the loftiest figure of his country's short history. Roosevelt didn't tell Winston Churchill, a fellow-conferee at Yalta, about this unscheduled stop until the day before the conference ended. Churchill, too, was planning to see Ibn Saud, but Roosevelt reached him first. He and Ibn Saud got on well—so well, in fact, that Roosevelt assured his host that he would do nothing about the Palestine question without clearing it with Saudi Arabia. (The Saudis, at least, considered Roosevelt's language a commitment, whereas the State Department version was that F.D.R. had promised only to keep Ibn Saud informed of his intentions.) Moreover, Roosevelt's gift to Ibn Saud—an airplane—impressed His Royal Highness far more than Churchill's gift of a Rolls-Royce.

By the early nineteen-sixties, the Saudis had decided that they liked airplanes. They went from the camel to the airplane with nothing in between, as some have noted. They had little choice. As the country became richer and more of a presence regionally, the need for air defense grew. An area the size of the United States east of the Mississippi cannot be defended with an Army that is limited in size by a population estimated at between eight and twelve million. Nor is it clear, or even likely, that this Army of only thirty-five thousand men can reliably defend what it is supposed to defend—the oil fields and the holy places. (Also, many Arab sheikhdoms and kingdoms, including Saudi Arabia, tend to neutralize an army's mischief-making potential by having a well-armed—possibly better-armed—parallel force. If the army has tanks, this praetorian guard usually has the anti-tank weapons.) Along with air power, the Saudis sought a solid American connection, mainly because they reckoned that the United States could and probably would protect them from marauders. They were beginning to educate their children in America, and they also assumed, rightly or wrongly, that American technology was the best in the marketplace. They were, in short, casting their lot with America. What seemed to make the most sense was building an air force mainly of American airplanes—an attitude encouraged by people around President John F. Kennedy. They offered to sell the Saudis military aircraft, but then pulled back when Israel and its allies in Congress objected. Washington consulted the British, who know the Saudis best, and a solution was found: Britain, not America, would sell the airplanes—specifically, interceptors called Lightnings—to the Saudis and, with the money earned from the sale, buy somewhat more advanced American aircraft for themselves. The Saudis, who were then naïve and less experienced in the ways of big powers, never knew that their force of Lightnings had been fetched by an Anglo-American deal.



*"Well, David, there are a lot of things to like about it."*

At first, the Saudis lacked people to fly the Lightnings or to keep them ready to fly. Britain solved the first problem: the Royal Air Force had a surplus of pilots at the time, and a number of them took on the job of flying the Lightnings and training Saudi pilots. The maintenance role fell to a skilled immigrant work force composed mainly of Koreans and Filipinos. The training program, which continues to this day, was very successful; Saudi pilots are now judged the equal of any in the entire region except Israel's. But Saudis haven't taken to maintenance as they did to flying; immigrant workers continue to do most of that. "The Saudis are still the victims of their traditions, and regard themselves as warriors and lovers, not mechanics," an American specialist says.

In the late nineteen-sixties, with the Saudis even richer and becoming even more of a regional presence, Washington decided that their main defense connection should be with the United States Air Force. They were encouraged to buy an American aircraft called the F-5, and this became the workhorse of the Saudi air arm. In the mid-seventies, however, the American Air Force told the Saudis that they needed something more advanced, and suggested that they buy one of three different American-made combat aircraft. Here it is worth noting that in their sometimes successful, sometimes unsuccessful efforts to buy American military aircraft the Saudis are reacting to strong recommendations, and even pressure, from the American Air Force. The Saudis don't usually seek equipment until their American patron has convinced them that they need it; in all such deals, including the most controversial of them, it is not the Saudis but the American Air Force that pushes hardest. The Saudis chose the F-15, a high-performance airplane that is as ideally suited to aerial defense as any in the world. The Air Force was urging the Saudis to buy a hundred and ten of them, but the Saudis demurred, saying that they had neither the pilots nor the mechanics to absorb more than sixty—the number they asked for. The Administration of President Gerald Ford agreed to the sale but, with the 1976 elections lying just ahead, didn't want to confront the issue that it was bound to create by seeking congressional approval. Thus, in 1977, the new Administration of Jimmy Carter had to deal with it. The Carter people decided to fulfill the

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commitment to the Saudis which they had inherited, and to take on a large hostile bloc in Congress. A bruising battle ensued, and, rather to the surprise of most of those who were doing head counts in the Senate, the sale of sixty-two F-15s was approved on May 15, 1978, by a vote of fifty-four to forty-four. However, the approval was hedged with constraints: equipment such as bomb racks and external fuel tanks, which can turn defensive aircraft into strike aircraft, would not be made available to the Saudis even if they wanted them. And Howard Baker, who was then the Republican leader in the Senate, insisted that Saudi F-15s must not be based at Tabuk, which since the second century has been a strong point guarding the approaches to the Arabian Peninsula but is also the only Saudi airbase near Israel, whose military aircraft fly over it from time to time.

The revolution in Iran that brought Ayatollah Khomeini and his band of fanatics to power, and then the outbreak of war between Iraq and Iran, with the prospect of Iranian military pressure on the eastern shore of the Persian Gulf, created a new and graver threat than any the Saudis have known. They agreed with the American Air Force that they needed another string to their bow—specifically, the Airborne Warning and Control System, or AWACS, a radar-laden and astonishingly capable surveillance airplane. In early 1981, the Saudis asked to buy five of them, along with six tanker aircraft. The entire package was worth eight and a half billion dollars, but it, too, mobilized Israel and Israel's congressional partisans; they were aware that by then the Saudis were also seeking the proscribed bomb racks and fuel tanks for their F-15s, as well as highly sophisticated air-to-air missiles. The Carter Administration had never fully recovered from the F-15 struggle and, like Ford's, chose to avoid becoming embroiled in a major row over Middle East arms sales before a Presidential election. The AWACS issue was going to have to be dealt with by the Reagan Administration, which quickly decided to approve the Saudi request for the AWACS, the aerial tankers, the external fuel tanks, and the air-to-air missiles. Through most of 1981, the White House and Congress quarrelled over the Saudi arms package; Reagan's people won the battle, as Carter's had three years earlier, but they paid an equally heavy price and, like their predecessors, were left with no appetite for a return engagement. Moreover, none of the five AWACS sold to the Saudis have been delivered—the first delivery is scheduled for the end of June—and Senator Alan Cranston, a senior Democrat from California, appears to be leading yet another effort to kill the deal. The domestic American strife that accompanies the Saudis' requests for arms, together with the attacks on the Kingdom which the requests set off in Congress and in the press, are an irritant in American-Saudi relations. Israel and Egypt obtain more military aid from America than other countries do, but, unlike the Saudis, don't have to pay cash for most of the weapons they get; also, the agreements governing arms transfers to Israel and Egypt are not encumbered with conditions on where the weapons may be based and how they may or may not be equipped.

The Saudis feel that their importance to America equals that of any of their neighbors, and should be more clearly reflected in their relations with Washington. They have also come to feel that their need for weapons

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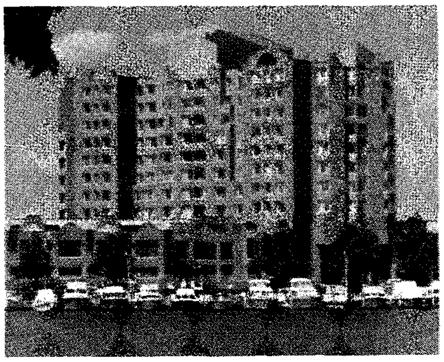

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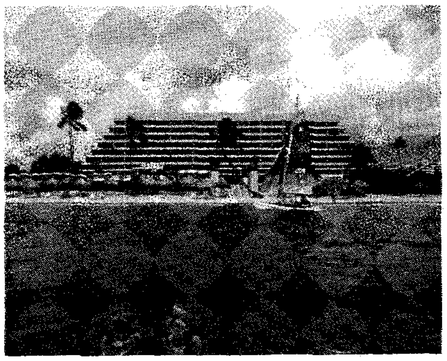

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matches that of their neighbors to the east and west. Within two years of the vote on the AWACS, they had decided that they did need the forty-eight additional F-15s the Air Force had urged them to buy. The Saudis don't contemplate attacking anyone, if only because they are afraid of most of their principal neighbors. But they do want to be able to defend themselves, and the F-15, because it is mainly a defensive aircraft as distinct from a strike aircraft, still seemed ideally suited to their needs. Also, the Saudi Air Force, which was growing familiar with the F-15s and wanted more of them, had become another élite. Its people, unlike those in the Army and the Navy, are highly trained and self-confident. And because they are a professional élite group they may be less sympathetic to the traditions of the Royal Family than the other services are. There is even some fear of the Air Force as a potential kingmaker. "It has a somewhat dodgy history," a British expert says. He was referring to an incident in the early nineteen-sixties—during Egypt's war in Yemen—when a few disaffected Saudi princes declared themselves a separate government. Some Air Force officers joined their modest rebellion, which the regime quickly squashed.

Although the F-15 was the first choice of the Saudis, they were also debating the merits of two other airplanes—one British and one French. They felt that they needed options, because it was far from clear that the Reagan Administration would take on the burden of trying to steer another Saudi aircraft buy through Congress. Britain's candidate was the Tornado, which, unlike the F-15, is a strike aircraft, and is one of the most capable offensive weapons made anywhere. (Actually, the Tornado was jointly created by Britain, West Germany, and Italy, but the British version was the one being considered by the Saudis. German policy has generally forbidden sales of arms—except naval vessels—to Third World countries.) France's candidate was the Mirage 2000, another high-performance defensive airplane, which in one version does have some strike capability. The two airplanes are considerably different: the Tornado weighs about fifteen tons, has two engines, and costs more than the Mirage 2000, which weighs about half as much and has one engine. Some of the Saudis who assumed that additional American planes wouldn't be available were tilting toward the Tornado, because it was the more advanced as well as the more menacing of the available aircraft. Britain's Ministry of Defense and the British Aerospace Corporation, which makes the Tornado, were doing what they could to encourage the tilt. The argument went: If you have the money, why not buy the most advanced airplane? The British also argued that the better part of defense lies in being able to deter an attack; a potential aggressor, they said, will be deterred more by your ability to injure him than by your defenses. To pin down the point, they said, "Just look at the Israelis." The Tornado, however, is said to have worried some members of the Saudi hierarchy; it was one thing to have inoffensive toys in the form of modern aircraft being flown about the desert by hot-blooded young pilots, and quite another to give these same pilots the capability of actually attacking another country and perhaps starting a war. In any case, everyone, including the British and the French, understood that the Saudis would continue to buy American airplanes if they could. If not, they would

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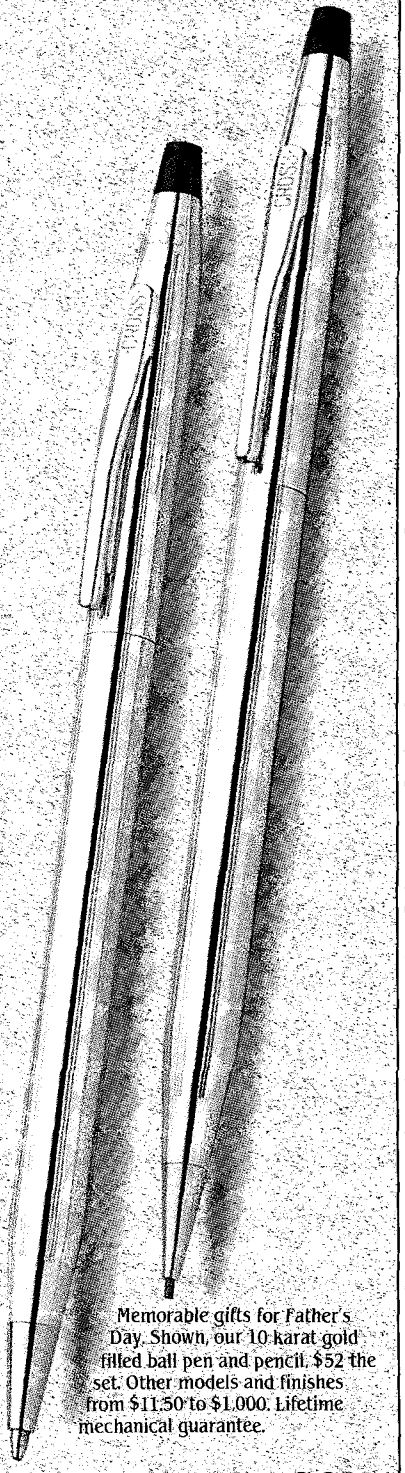

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buy British or French—in which case the British would rely on their old tie with the Saudis, the presence of their training program, and the attraction of a strike aircraft. The French, who had been selling a lot of equipment to the Saudi Army and Navy, would try to exploit these new ties and also the attraction of an airplane that was less costly and better suited to traditional Saudi purposes.

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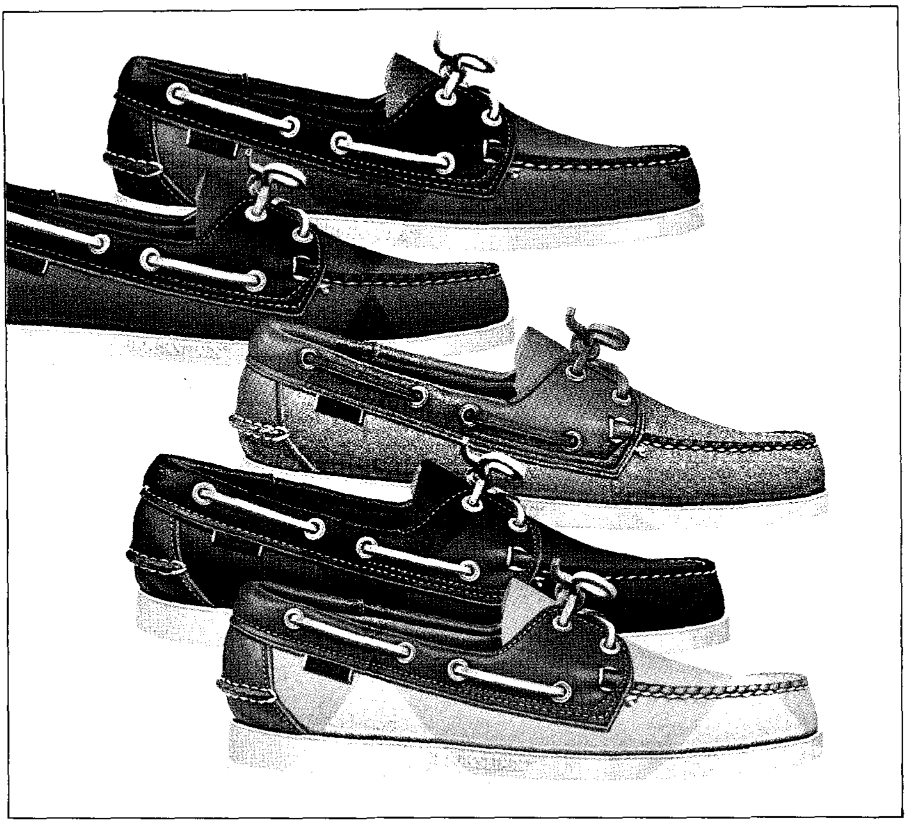
On all sides, it was clear that Washington would do nothing about the Saudi request until after the 1984 Presidential election. Early in December, just a month after the Reagan landslide, Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger went to Riyadh to propose an arms package to King Fahd. The offer covered the additional F-15s, and was supported by a letter from Reagan to the King. The Saudis saw the letter as a solemn Presidential commitment. I asked a State Department official whether the letter had committed Reagan to selling more airplanes. "The commitment was made by Cap Weinberger in Riyadh," he replied, adding that the letter was "warm but fuzzy." (Documents involving price and other matters were drawn up and signed later.) And did Weinberger's visit commit the United States to selling the additional F-15s? "Yes, we were absolutely committed," he said. "There was a strong desire in the Pentagon to make this happen. Cap is the senior Saudi desk officer over there. He's very pro-Saudi, and his attitude was 'Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead.' The N.S.C."—the National Security Council staff—"wasn't opposed but was very mindful of Congress. State wanted to go ahead with the sale, but was more concerned than Cap with the pitfalls in Congress." This comment recalled conversations that I had with other American diplomats at the time of Weinberger's trip. Two of them told me then that the Administration probably wouldn't do much about the peace process in the Middle East, but that from Reagan on down it was fully committed to selling arms to Saudi Arabia and Jordan. Still, when I asked a senior Israeli figure about this he said there wouldn't be any arms sales to these Arab states, because Israel's friends in Congress were more than strong enough to block them. He observed that some members who had voted for the AWACS sale had just lost their seats in the November elections.

The sale of the F-15s was to have been announced during a state visit by King Fahd in February of 1985. It wasn't. In January, a few weeks after Weinberger's trip, Robert (Bud) McFarlane, who was then chief of the N.S.C. staff, had alerted a few key people to difficulties on Capitol Hill. "Bud read the problem, and he read it early," one closely involved figure says. Later in the month, the Administration announced a halt in arms sales to Middle Eastern countries while it made a "comprehensive review" of the needs of Israel and the moderate Arab states. Secretary of State George Shultz wasn't giving up, however. He wanted to sell the airplanes, but he wanted something in return—specifically, a Saudi commitment to support a peace initiative that King Hussein had launched. Washington has often tried to maneuver the Saudis behind a moderate Arab peace initiative; the tactic has never succeeded, and probably never will. Saudi princes are too easily intimidated by immoderate neighbors and their potential sources of support within the Kingdom. Their reluctance is reinforced by Washington's own unwillingness to take political risks for such steps. Saudi princes look for a consensus to join but won't take part in creating it. Moreover, they resent American efforts to link arms sales to the Palestine issue or any other issue. They see the main threats to their security as lying to the east—on the Persian Gulf. Shultz was saying to them, in effect, "If you support Hussein's initiative, we will support you. We need you." The Saudis were saying, in effect, "But what about you? You yourselves haven't supported Hussein openly, and you seem ambivalent. Meanwhile, there is a hot war in the Persian Gulf. We have to be able to discourage the Iranians from spreading it. Yes, the peace process is important, but we have real enemies." It was a circular dialogue. "The professionals at State all thought the linkage was stupid," one of them says.

In late May of last year, Prince Bandar bin Sultan, the Kingdom's high-voltage Ambassador to Washington, was in London talking with Mrs. Thatcher about a possible purchase of Tornadoes. A senior American diplomat called from Washington and asked Bandar to talk with one of his deputies, who happened to be in

Paris and would come to London. The meeting was arranged, and the American told Bandar that the F-15 deal could go forward provided that the Saudis agreed to support a parallel arms sale to Jordan and, what's more, help the Jordanians pay for it. Bandar reported the offer to King Fahd, who declined to tie Saudi defenses to anyone else's. Back in Washington, Bandar met separately with Shultz and McFarlane, each of whom, I'm told, disavowed any intent to link the two arms deals. Bandar then asked for and got a meeting with Reagan, who echoed Shultz and McFarlane. Whatever else was said, the linkage notion was dead, and so, it appeared, was the American commitment to sell the F-15s. Washington then tried putting together a different arms package—one shorn of the F-15s. "At that point," according to an American diplomat, "the Saudis said, 'We have to defend the Peninsula, and must therefore buy European. How do you Americans feel about that?' We hesitated, and then said go ahead." Bandar was informed by McFarlane of the Administration's position. Despite a solemn American commitment—not to mention a monumental deficit in America's trade balance—the Saudis were being advised to spend many billions of dollars for someone else's airplanes. They said that they wanted a letter from Reagan authorizing them to withdraw from the agreement and buy elsewhere. In July, Reagan wrote such a letter to Fahd. I asked a senior State Department official why the Saudis had asked for the letter. "They wanted no misunderstanding between the Administration and the Kingdom," he said.

The British and the French had not been just idly observing this curious drama. For nearly two years, each of them had pressed the Saudis to choose its airplane if the F-15 deal should fall through. "When Cap was in Riyadh, both the British and the French were there in strength," says an American who was also there. "I remember one afternoon when the chief of staff of the R.A.F. and an equally senior Frenchman were in adjoining bunkers watching a demonstration by the Saudi Air Force." The British weren't optimistic. They regarded the French as better arms merchants. They considered Mrs. Thatcher their own best salesperson but not an equalizer. Actually, the French do outperform the British in the small-services department: they provide clients with bodyguards, they



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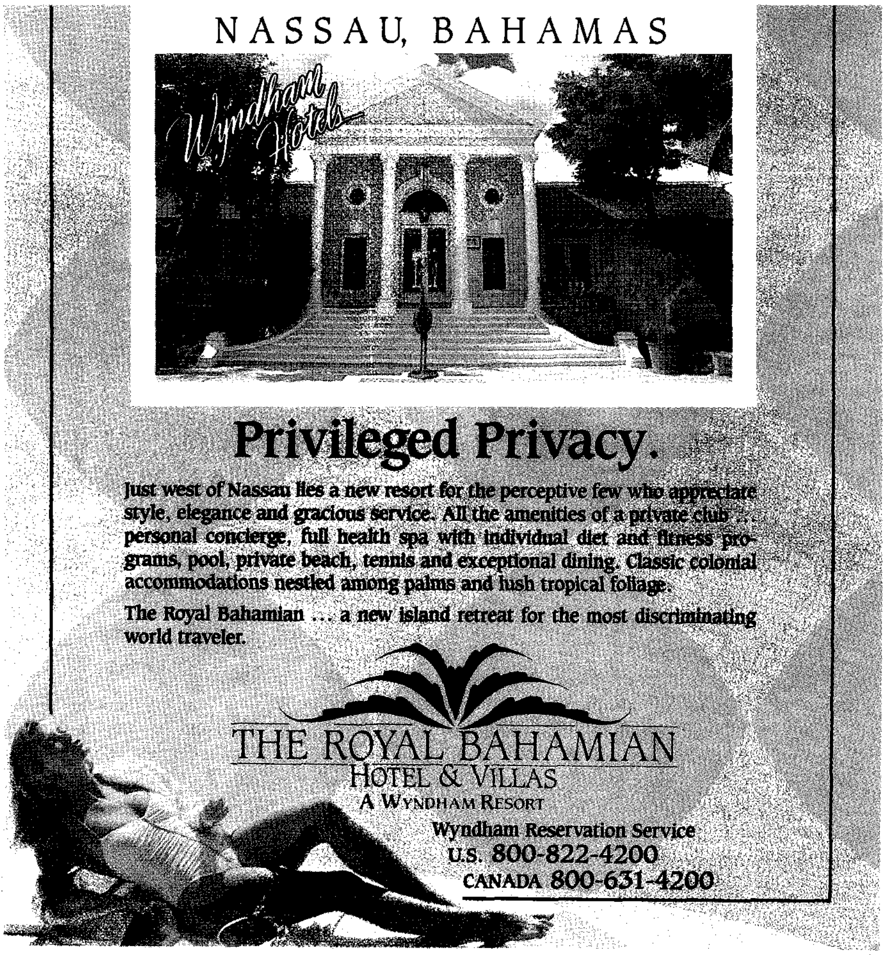

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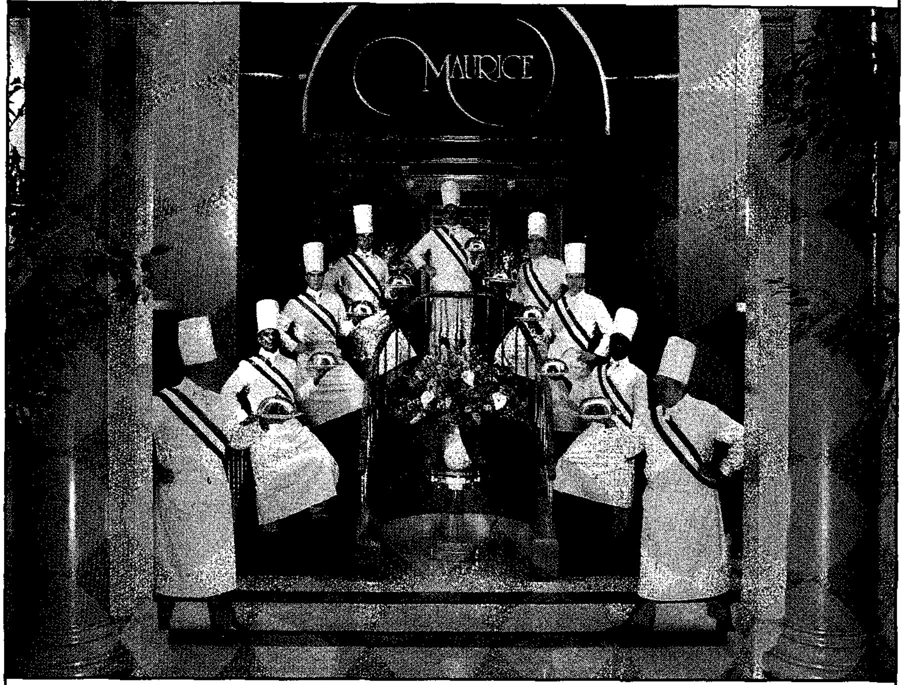

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waive immigration procedures, and they manage press coverage—especially on state-owned television—very effectively. The Saudis are made to feel more welcome in France than in Britain or America. In 1980, the French sold six warships, twenty-four helicopters, and a number of missiles to the Saudi Navy, thereby upsetting the Pentagon's plan to train and equip it. Four years later, France won a tough competition with America for the Saudi purchase of a missile-defense system. The latter deal was valued at four billion dollars, and was the largest up to then ever obtained by any European arms supplier. But the aircraft purchase was the sweepstakes event, and here the British had taken an early lead over the French. In January of 1984, the British Defense Secretary, Michael Heseltine, went to Riyadh and met with his counterpart, Prince Sultan ibn Abdul Aziz, who is a full brother of King Fahd. London and Washington both consider Sultan very pro-French. He nonetheless expressed a strong interest in buying Tornadoes, and even signed a nonbinding letter of intent. The British began to think that they, and not the French, might win the prize of prizes if it turned out that the Saudis couldn't buy American. "We made a lot of progress in the early months of '84," a member of the British sales team says. Then they sensed the tide turning against them and in France's favor.

The tide did seem to turn in April, while King Fahd was vacationing on the Côte d'Azur. Fahd takes a geostrategic view, and likes discussing world issues as much as regional politics. "I knew him when he was Crown Prince," a French diplomat says. "He spends most of his time talking about East-West relations and strategy." Fahd had been put off by the manner in which both Washington and London withdrew forces from Beirut a few weeks before. It looked to him as if the Americans and the British had just cut their losses and, in some disorder, run from a situation they had agreed to stabilize. The French stayed longer and left in good order—even with a bit of fanfare—and thus impressed Fahd. Charles Hernu, who was then France's Defense Minister, flew down from Paris to meet with Fahd, who talked about modernizing his Air Force and expressed an interest in the French airplane. Fahd then went to Paris and continued the discussion with Mitterrand. A bizarre situation was—or seemed to be—developing.

"At that point, Fahd had three countries thinking that he would buy their airplanes," an American insider says. And a British banker says, "It was a Saudi cock-up. There was Sultan, who had signed a letter of intent to buy British, and there was his King, who was undertaking to buy French." Actually, Fahd hadn't gone nearly that far, and the French set about retrieving Sultan and anchoring his support for their airplane. They think that he supported their bid to the very end. Others disagree.

The French had some other Saudi connections, who were less prominent but very useful. One of them was Akram Ojjeh, a picaresque Syrian-born Saudi national who lives in Paris and has amassed a huge fortune by acting as an agent in arms sales—mainly French sales. The role of agent in these deals has acquired some notoriety, because a commission of between three and seven per cent on a multibillion-dollar transaction is a figure to pause over. However, the agent in Saudi matters is normally a front man, and a share—probably a large share—of what he earns is routed to the Royal Family, sometimes through one of the less visible members or through a trusted individual. This practice is more than a way of expanding the private wealth of family members; it allows princes with large responsibilities to acquire resources for their official domains without going through the Saudi bureaucracy. The job of the concealed prince or the trusted individual is to see that the financial ins and outs of a given deal are well managed and that the money generated by the commission and other fees goes where it is supposed to go.

Ojjeh had made a connection with a man named Khalid bin Abdul Aziz al Ibrahim, who is an unofficial adviser to Fahd and is the brother of his most recent wife and clear favorite. "Ibrahim was the entry into the Royal Family," a closely involved French figure says. Wafiq Said, another Syrian-born Saudi national, also had an important role. Said is Cambridge-educated, based in London, and was for a time associated with Ojjeh. Both are close to Sultan. At first, it seemed that Ojjeh and Said would back the same side, but they split, with Ojjeh helping the French and Said the British. Said arranged Sultan's letter of intent to buy the Tornado, according to a British banker, who described the struggle be-

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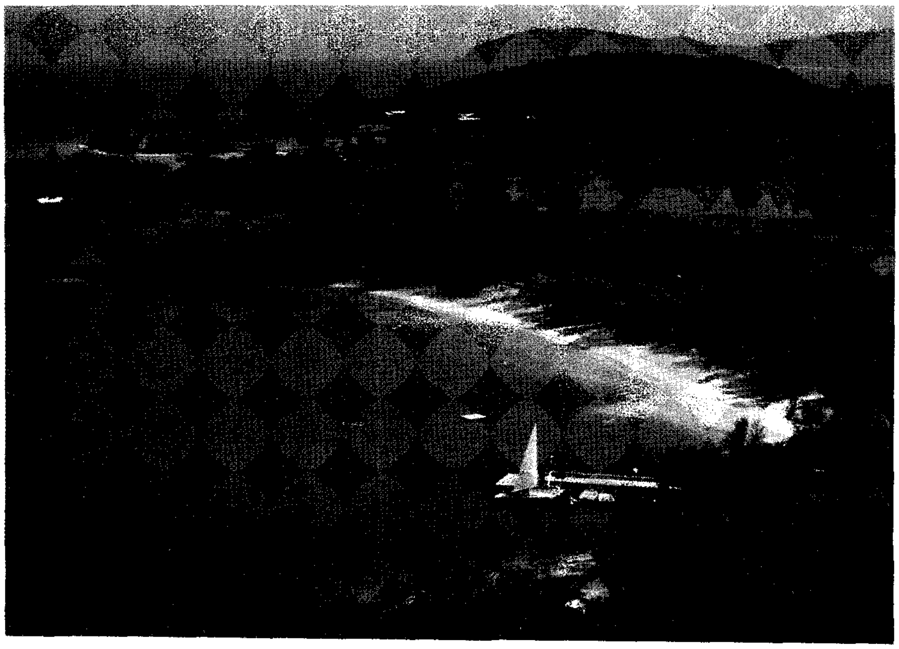
Ojjeh and his French client felt that they held the high cards. Their airplane was cheaper on the open market, the King seemed to be leaning their way, and a link to the Ibrahims had been established. They doubted whether the Saudis would buy a strike aircraft, and so did the British. I asked a member of the British sales team about that. "I got flat 'no's for two years," he said. "They didn't want to be seen by the world as having an offensive capability." The Saudis had even invested some money in the development of the French airplane. "Around Christmas of 1984, we were told that France had it won," a key Whitehall figure says. In the spring of 1985, when it looked as if the Americans would renege on their commitment to Fahd, the French judged that the British were soundly beaten. In fact, the French were by then being outflanked, and by mid-July it was they who were beaten, although they didn't know it. "All the Saudi defense people favored the French airplane and were telling the French what they wanted to hear," a French authority says. "A few people did see the handwriting on the wall when the Saudis cancelled a meeting in May between Sultan and Hernu."

Britain's triumph was engineered by Prince Bandar. He did it by forging a link between Fahd and Mrs. Thatcher that was stronger than any of France's links. Wafiq Said helped, but Bandar, because he now has more influence with Fahd than anyone else, was able to take charge of the affair and shape the outcome. Bandar, at thirty-six, is as interesting as any diplomat in Washington or perhaps anywhere else. He is a son of Sultan (the fourth of his seventeen children) and a nephew of Fahd. He is linked to another powerful clan through his marriage to Princess Haifa bint Faisal, a daughter of the late King Faisal. As a child, Bandar caught the eye of his remarkable grandmother Hassa bint Ahmad al Sudairi, the sixth wife of Abdul Aziz, the sovereign who was known in the West as Ibn Saud, and who is the Saudi Arabian equivalent of George Washington. She had ten children by the great King—seven sons and three daughters. Her sons are known as the Sudairi Seven, and include the King and the Defense Minister—Fahd and Sultan—along with the Minister of Interior, the Governor of Riyadh, and other notables. Hassa bint Sudairi created an exceptional degree of cohesion within her family and kept the sibling rivalries of her exalted sons well under control. She insisted that they either dine or lunch together in Riyadh every day. She saw to Bandar's advancement as she had to her sons'. He was a pilot before becoming a diplomat, having graduated in 1968 from the British Royal Air Force College, at Cranwell. He later took advanced training with the United States Air Force, and also obtained a master's degree in international relations from Johns Hopkins. Although he is nominally Ambassador to Washington, a job he acquired in 1983, Bandar has become Fahd's chief diplomatic troubleshooter and negotiator, and he shuttles between Riyadh and major capitals. He normally operates at the highest levels, bypassing foreign ministers and dealing instead with their principals. He is probably the only Saudi notable who has had a tête-à-tête meeting with a Soviet official; that was a dinner with Anatoly Dobrynin, the recently departed Soviet Ambassador to Washington. Bandar is highly intelligent and, many say, a born politician. He has a light touch. In the early days of the 1984 Presidential primaries, he was asked by an American acquaintance what he thought of America's method of choosing a leader. "After watching your selection process for a while, I think you could describe me as a born-again monarchist," he replied.

Bandar meets privately with Mrs. Thatcher at frequent intervals. Just how frequent is hard to say, because the Saudis have asked No. 10 Downing Street to keep a lid on that sort of information. A British banker who tracked the aircraft deal told me that in 1985 Bandar and Mrs. Thatcher met six times that he knows of. In April of 1985, on returning from a trip to the Far East, Mrs. Thatcher made an unscheduled stop of five hours in Riyadh, and had a long talk with the King. Bandar, I'm told, orchestrated the meeting, advising Mrs. Thatcher about subjects to take up with Fahd and alerting him to the subjects she might raise. Encouraged by Bandar, Fahd, the geostrategist, began to see in Mrs. Thatcher the sort of European ally he might be able to rely on. He admires strength, and she had shown hers in the Falkland Islands War and in most of the other difficulties she had confronted. Her special relationship with Reagan was a major plus in Fahd's view; he is thought to have calculated that buying British would give him better, if indi-



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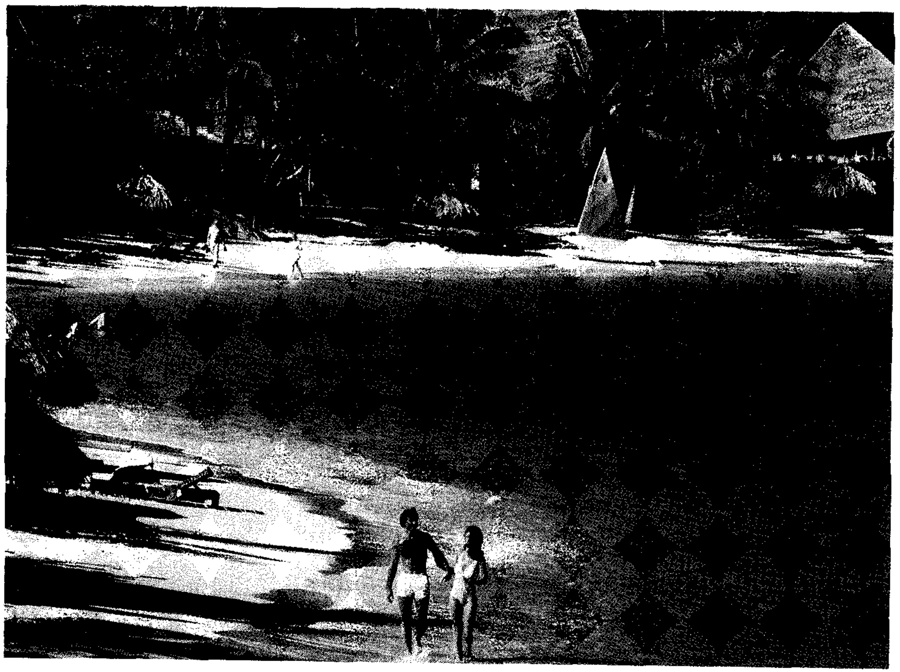

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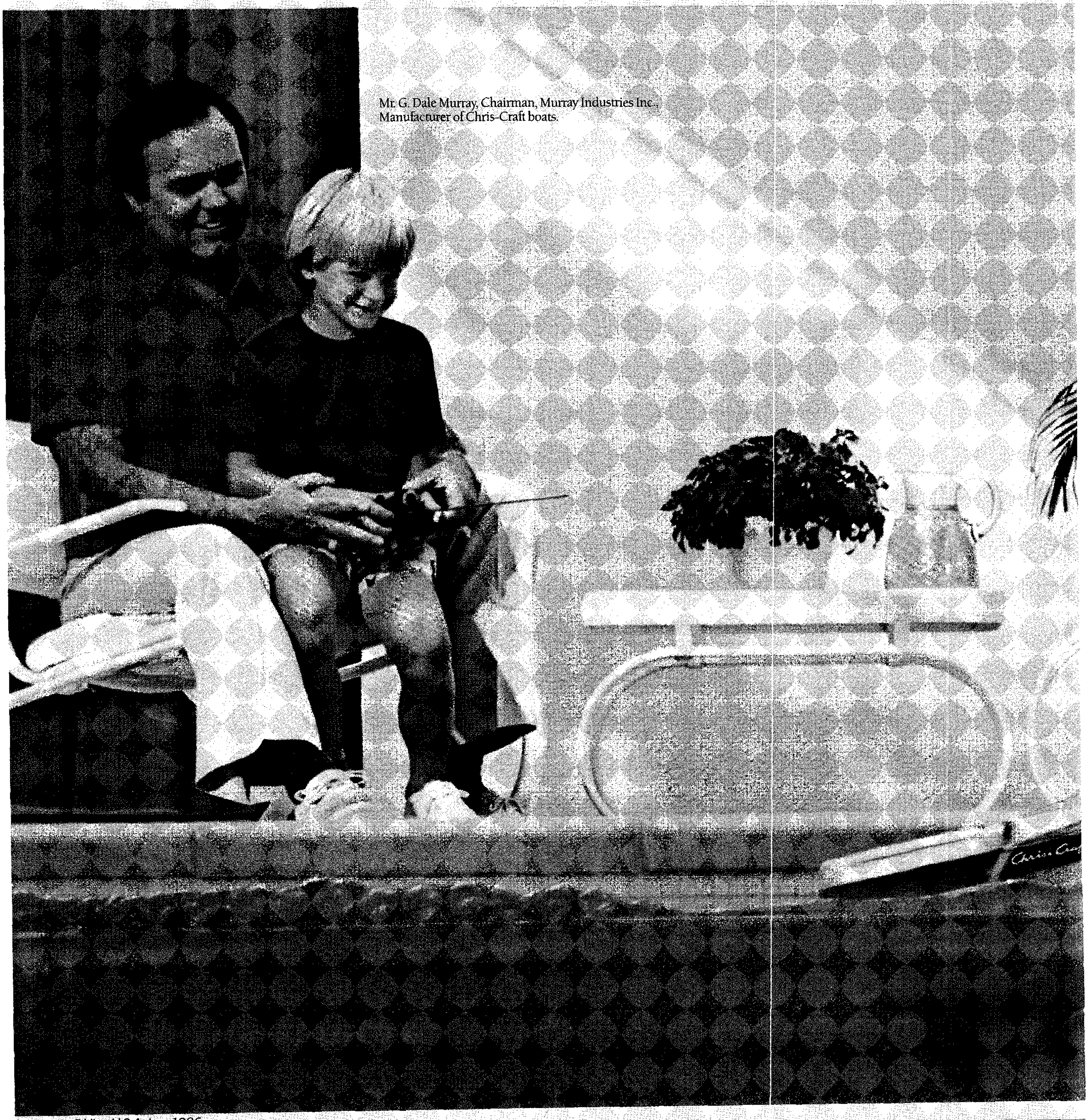

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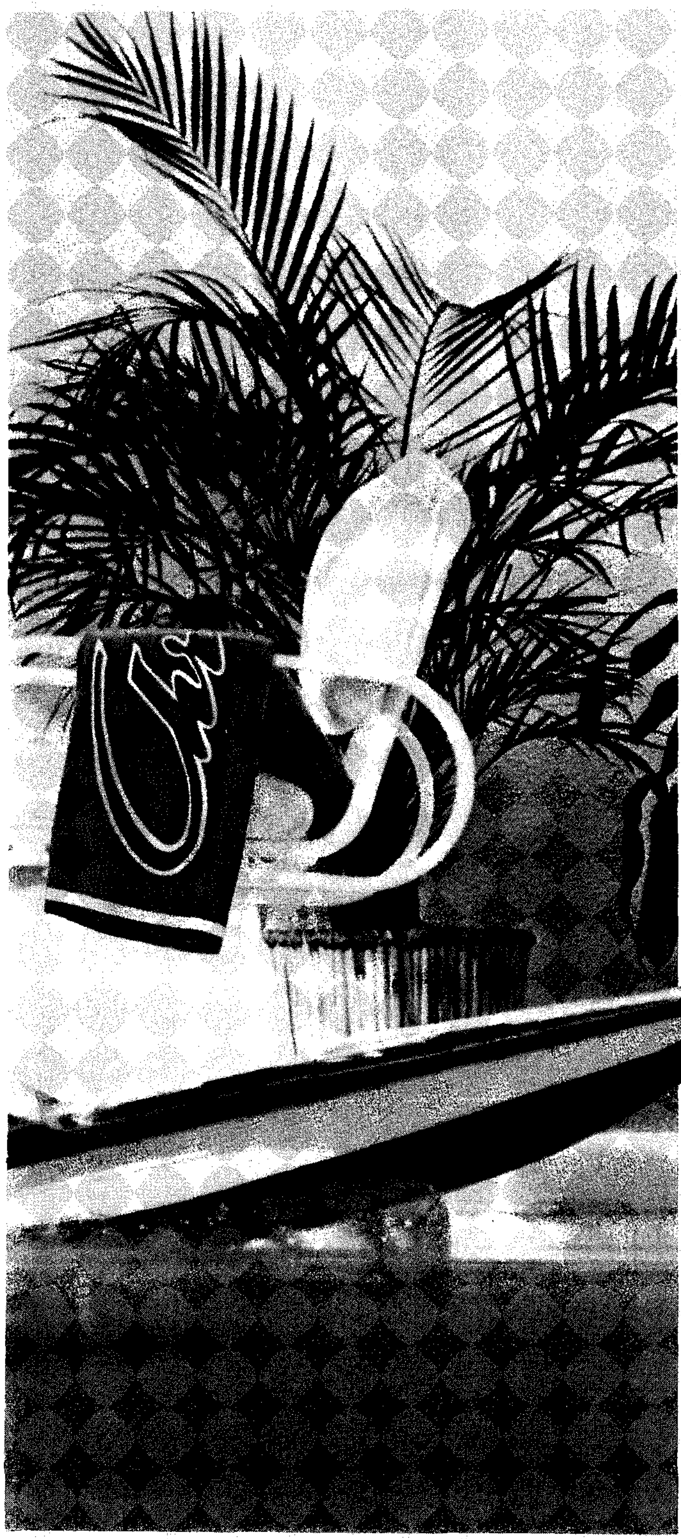

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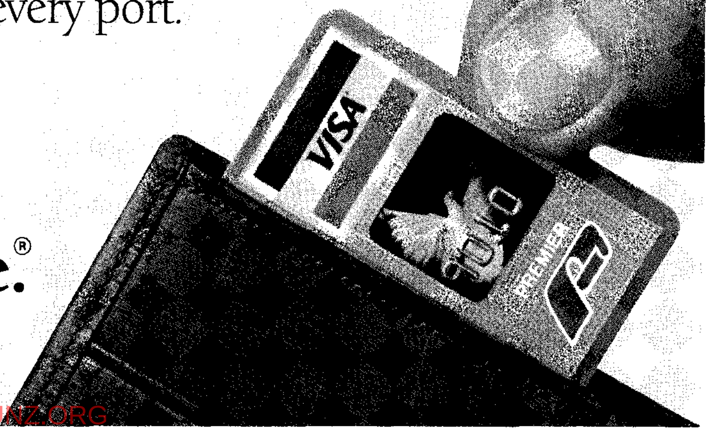

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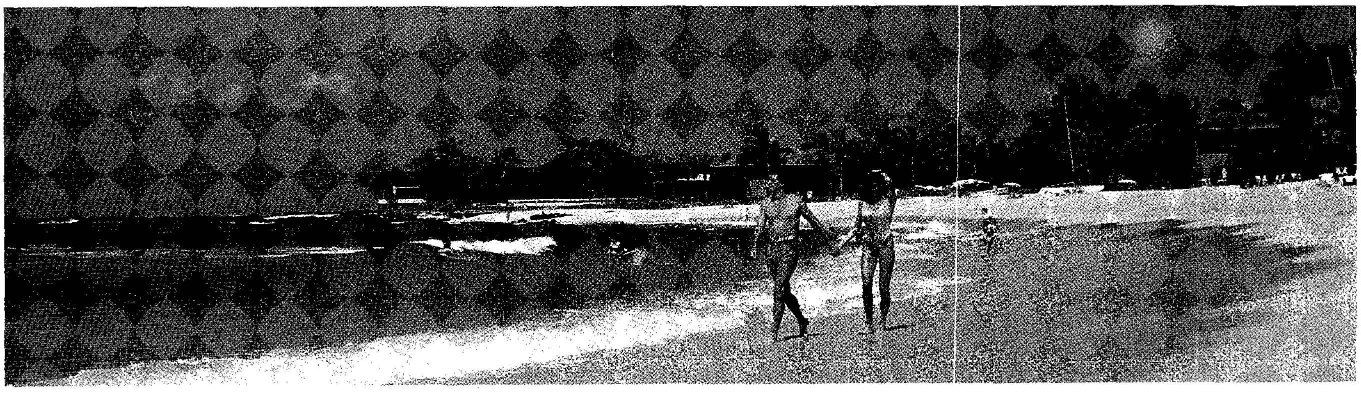
rect, access to Reagan on issues of importance in the Middle East. "It was her resolve to be firm with Reagan on those issues which made the difference," a well-placed Whitehall figure says. In France, where Fahd had detected strength a year before, he had begun to see uncertainty, with the distinct possibility—now a reality—of Mitterrand's having to share power with the opposition.

In May and June, Bandar spent a great deal of time in London. The French were still working hard at selling their airplane, and were keeping more people in Saudi Arabia than the British had there. Although the exact date can't be fixed, Fahd's decision to buy British was probably made in the early summer. In late July, the Saudis sent a team to London to negotiate an agreement. Bandar was scheduled to meet with Mrs. Thatcher to pin down a few key points at this time, but he was delayed in Riyadh. Instead, he saw her several days later in Austria, where she has taken a brief holiday in each of the past two years. Although her rule at such times is no visitors, she made an exception for Bandar. An American diplomat told me that during this meeting Bandar was assured that the Tornadoes bought by the Saudis would be fully equipped and not subject to any of the restrictions that Washington had attached to the F-15 purchase. I asked this diplomat if he saw anything odd in an Ambassador to Washington acting as his country's chief negotiator with the head of another government. "It may seem anomalous to us, but not to the Saudis," he said. "They see these matters in personal terms. Bandar has the King's confidence, so why wouldn't he be doing this job?" I asked another American insider what had befallen the French bid. "The French were on hold until after the American elections, and they never understood that," he said. "Then, when it became clear that the United States was out, the British were in. The French were kidding themselves, or the Saudis were kidding them. The Saudis are very good at bottom lines. If you want to bolster the American connection, then buy British."

"The loser never goes public," says one of the French personalities involved in the affair. The pivotal factor, he agrees, was the Bandar-Thatcher combine, but he also thinks that Wafiq Said was very important (although Fahd, in a letter to Mrs. Thatcher, proposed that whatever agreement they reached should be strictly between their two governments and exclude agents). I asked people whether the French had lost ground with the Saudis by showing reluctance to accept payment for their airplanes in oil. The British are being paid with oil. The general view was that the French had some trouble with the Saudis on this point, but not enough to have affected the outcome. And everyone agrees that the French, unlike the British and the Dutch, are not adept at oil trading.

The deal was struck on September 26th—about eight weeks after the Saudi team arrived in London for a negotiation that took a remarkable and mysterious course. Two days before the contract was initialled, Britain's chief of air staff was told that the Saudis were buying not just forty-eight Tornadoes, as had been envisioned, but twenty-four additional planes, which were designed mainly for an air-defense role. And they also ordered sixty trainer aircraft. A deal of already awesome proportions had ballooned into something colossal and without precedent. Few people know



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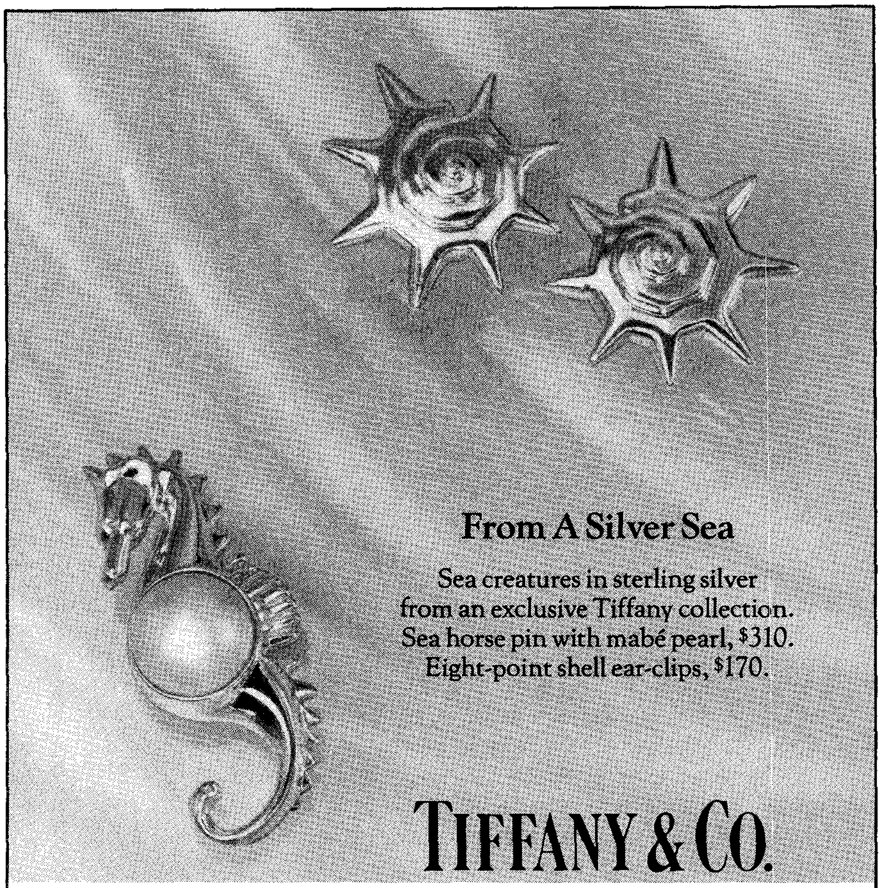
why the Saudis abruptly decided to buy the eighty-four additional aircraft, and none of those who do are talking about it. Also, with the world awash in oil, which the British produce, too, it seemed odd for the British to be bartering airplanes for oil. But it wasn't a pure barter agreement—not to be compared with swapping two geese for one pig. The Saudis will deliver oil to two companies—British Petroleum and Shell—that will refine it and sell it on the world market. Her Majesty's Government will then be paid by the companies monthly. The Saudis benefit by acquiring a guaranteed market for their oil worth several billion pounds sterling. And Britain loses nothing from being paid by the oil companies. The arrangement, although complex, is ingenious.

For a brief moment last year, Bandar slowed the frantic pace of his activities and resumed being a pilot. He wanted to fly the Tornado, and did. The British supplied a nice touch by arranging to have a classmate of his from Cranwell—an R.A.F. pilot who had been his closest friend there—introduce him to the airplane and show him how to fly it. (The British, like the French, had overlooked no detail.) In September, just a few days before the announcement, France's leadership was still trying to save the day by various means, one of which was sending Jacques Mitterrand, the President's brother and the former president of Aérospatiale, the country's largest aircraft company, on a mission to the Royal Family. I asked one of the British for his net impression of the episode. "We haven't had so much fun since Agincourt," he said.

AGINCOURT it wasn't. Britain's victory was bittersweet, for it exactly coincided with a major defeat in a different arena at the hands of the French. And the defeat became all the harder to take as its causes—ignorance, and some hubris—became known. The stakes were several billion dollars and a possible foothold in America—ordinarily the fastest horse on technology's track, a maker and seller of products more rarefied than most things it can buy from others. The contract for what the United States Army chooses to call Mobile Subscriber Equipment, or M.S.E., was said to be the largest ever given to a foreign company. Politically and symbolically, it created a duel between France and Britain. In the end, however, three-fourths of the money and



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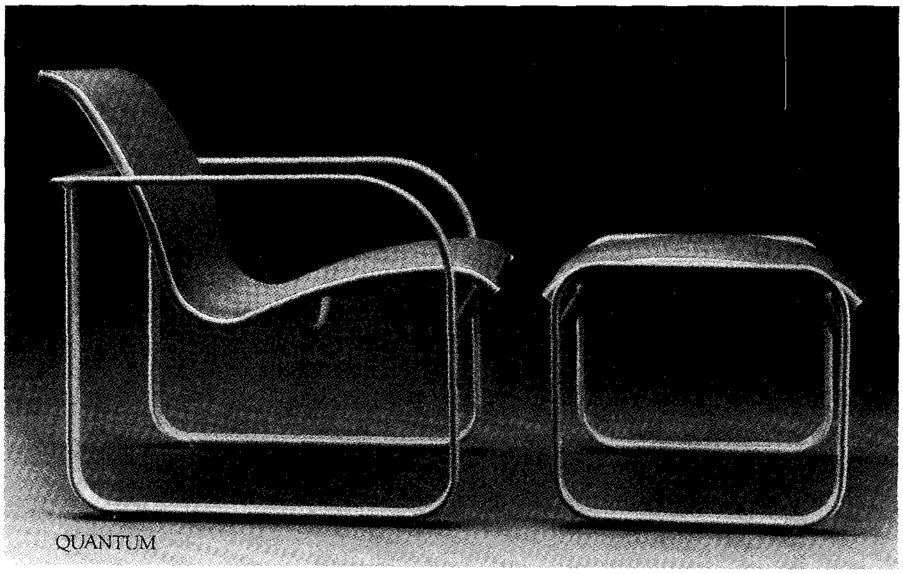

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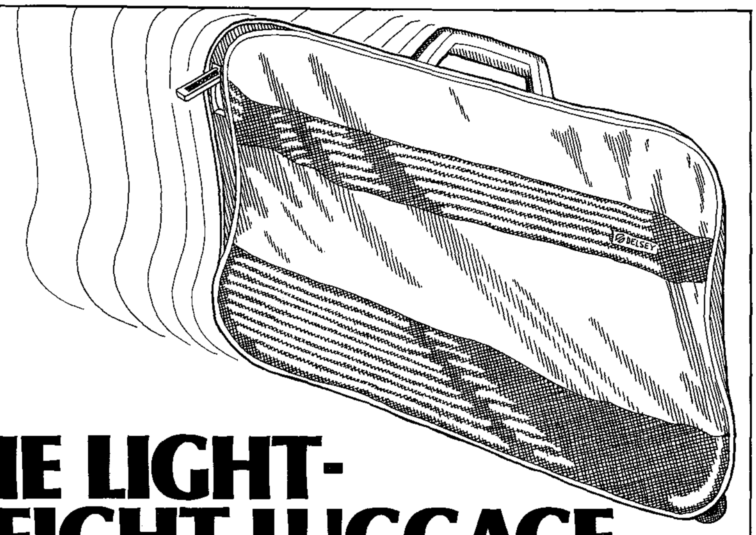

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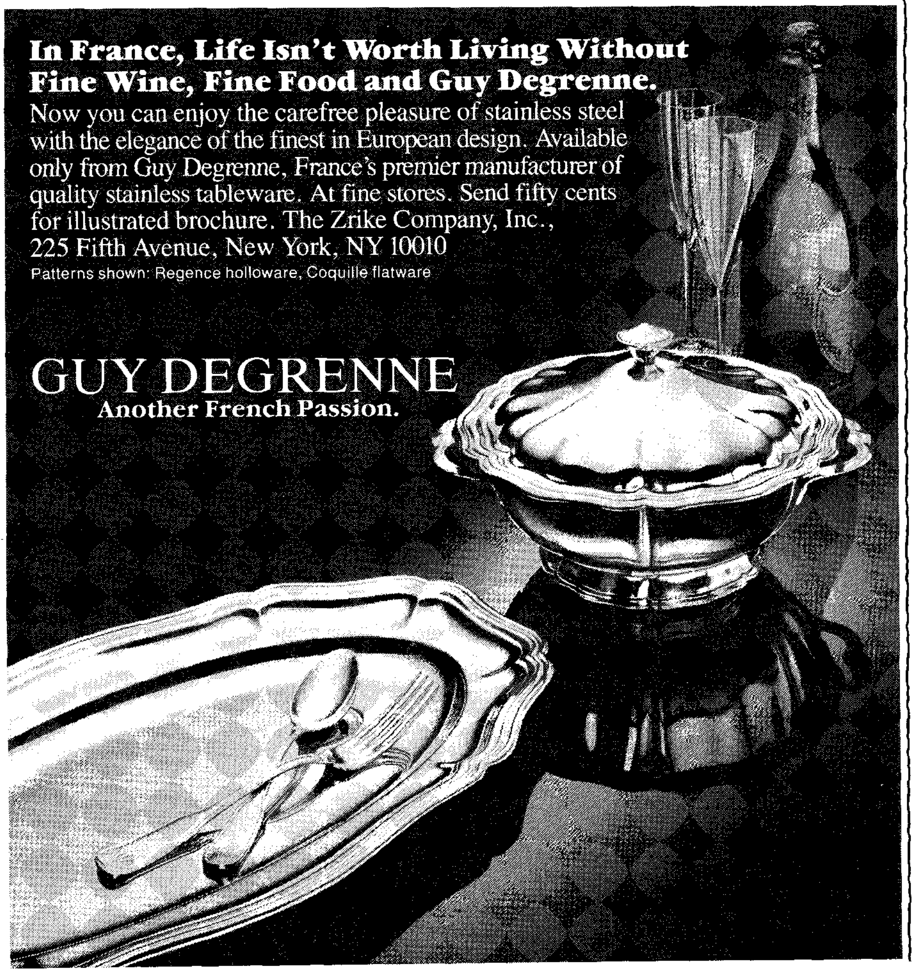

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the work were conferred on the American partner of the victorious foreign firm.

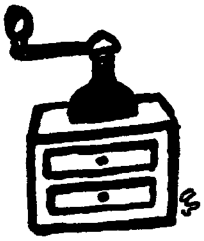
The equipment being bought will link for the first time all the Army's units—twenty-six divisions and five corps. It is a network of communication nodes, computers, and ultracomplex software, plus an automatic switchboard that allows any user of the system to be in touch with whomever he chooses, even under the most extreme battlefield conditions. The British and the French began working on such a system about twenty years ago, and a few American companies followed suit some years later. The European projects succeeded, but the Americans hadn't come close to solving the software problems when, about five years ago, the Army became seriously interested. Normally, the Army would have bought American after underwriting a development program costing hundreds of millions of dollars and lasting somewhere between five and ten years. Such was the expectation of some American companies who were hoping to take part.

Even by Pentagon standards, the Army's bureaucracy moves slowly. Ground forces must be able to operate in mud and worse, and equipping them is more complicated than equipping the Air Force and the Navy, which operate in thin air and open seas. By the time the Army decides what to buy, technology has usually moved on and made the purchase obsolete. James R. Ambrose, a former Ford Aerospace executive, who was appointed Under-Secretary of the Army in 1981, has begun to change things, and he is earning a reputation for high-quality management. "Ambrose is the most astute Under-Secretary they've ever had," an insider says. "He is far more impressive than anyone above or below him." Ambrose decided against investing a lot of time and money in ritual development projects. His Army's need for up-to-date communications was no less than that of its British and French counterparts, both of which were getting them. In 1984, the Army asked for bids on a contract to build the system. None of the American companies responded, and that surprised Ambrose, who told me that he had expected bids from Motorola and A.T. & T.

The Anglo-French competition was already under way. Plessey, a big electronics company in Britain, had built a system that it called Ptarmigan—for the Arctic bird. And Thomson

CSF, France's state-owned electronics behemoth, had created a rival system. Thomson took the well-worn acronym path by naming it RITA—for Réseau Intégré de Transmissions Automatiques. Each company knew that it would need an American partner to neutralize political resistance to making a deal of such magnitude with foreigners. In 1983, Plessey joined forces with the Rockwell International Corporation, an aggressive company that builds the B-1B bomber, the space shuttle, and other big defense-related systems. Thomson, after flirting with A. T. & T., aligned itself with GTE. Unlike Rockwell, GTE operates mainly in the civilian market, but the military work that it does do consists mainly of developing communications for the Army. Rockwell offered Plessey intimate knowledge of the Pentagon and its ways. GTE offered Thomson a close association with the Army communications people, at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. The Plessey-Rockwell tandem began working together sooner and appeared to be much the stronger of the two, partly because of Rockwell's greater experience in this kind of competition but mostly because the Anglo-American relationship does have special qualities that are supposedly reinforced by the Thatcher-Reagan connection. The Plessey-Rockwell people considered Mrs. Thatcher their high card.

The bidding would proceed in two stages. A preliminary bid had to be submitted on October 1, 1984, and reviewed by the Army. Then, on August 1, 1985, a so-called best and final bid would be submitted, with the government's decision expected shortly thereafter. The first submissions were mountainous piles of paper containing cost and performance data. And these were strongly influenced by a major difference between the two sides. Having developed the Ptarmigan system independently, Plessey felt that Rockwell, its partner, should function as a subcontractor. Thomson and GTE worked out a much different relationship. Thomson had created RITA, but GTE had developed systems with similar components and, unlike Rockwell, was on familiar turf. The French and the British both knew that victory in the American market would require sacrifice, meaning that the lion's share of the action would go to the American partner. (Ambrose says, however, that he hadn't expected the amount of "U.S. content" the French and the British were offering.) But they worked out the division of labor differently. Plessey, if it was victorious, would transfer its Ptarmigan technology to Rockwell, which would build most of the system. Thomson and France's Defense Ministry, on the other hand, swallowed a mountainous portion of national pride and offered to let GTE build the major part of RITA—a new RITA—with its own components, including the automatic switch that is the heart of the system. Thomson's computers, its software, and a few other items would become part of a hybrid system dominated by GTE's equipment. Thomson's calculation, probably a good one, was that GTE might not throw its full political weight behind RITA on any other terms.



France's decision gave GTE a big advantage over Rockwell. GTE knew the costs of building its own equipment down to the last penny, and had enough experience with communications to be able to make good cost estimates. But Rockwell hadn't the least idea of what it might cost to build Ptarmigan in America and, lacking experience with some of this technology, had more difficulty in estimating the costs. Also, Plessey is widely described as having been unwilling to divulge all its detailed costs, even to Rockwell. "That is absurd," a senior figure at Plessey says. "The U.S. Army officials had the entire Plessey cost breakdown. They got it from Her Majesty's Government." A British diplomat who followed it all closely disagrees. "Plessey was holding back on costs, even though it was being urged not to," he says. The uncertainty about costs created a problem between Plessey and Rockwell. In the bidding on defense contracts, uncertainties inspire caution of a kind that dulls the competitive spirit and makes cost estimates rise. Rockwell is thought by many who followed the affair to have hedged against uncertainty by implanting a large "fudge factor" in its cost estimate. An American businessman who observed the proceedings says, "When you've never built a product, you tend to feed pessimistic assumptions about costs into your calculations. Being conservative in this game is being pricey. It sends a signal through the whole organization and

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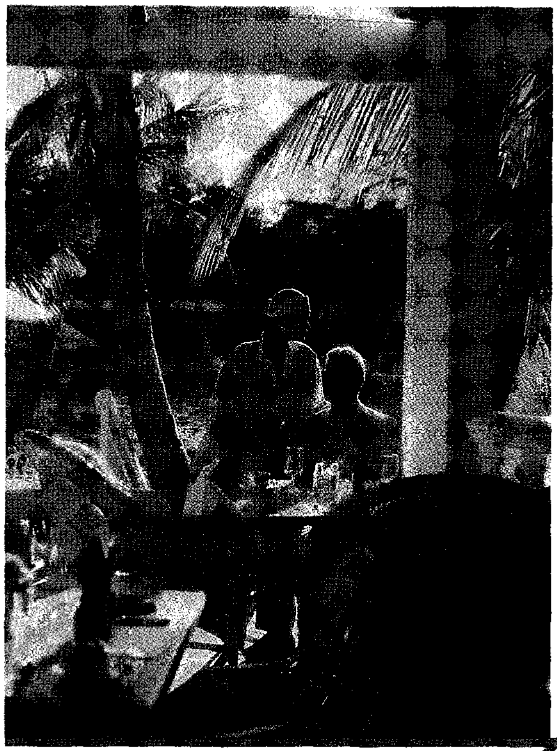

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affects price calculations all the way down the line. The effect is to pyramid costs."

The early bidding was followed by field tests of the two systems. Ptarmigan was demonstrated twice—once in West Germany and then on Salisbury Plain. RITA was demonstrated only once, but over a larger area. Two thousand French soldiers were maneuvered over a region of eastern France which is roughly the size of Rhode Island—about as large as the area an Army corps might defend. Observers included five American generals and several congressional staff members, who roamed the area by jeep and helicopter watching Army evaluators try to "crash" the system by pushing it to various extremes. They never succeeded. The demonstration was a great success, and the observers liked being able to call their offices in Washington from jeeps in what seemed the middle of nowhere. The Ptarmigan demonstrations were just as successful. According to Ambrose, the two systems performed equally well. Since the British had argued all along that Ptarmigan had an edge, I asked Ambrose about that.

"On balance, Ptarmigan had a bit more attraction," he said. "But it was the sum of pluses and minuses. The British had some pluses, but not enough to justify a significantly larger price. They had some minuses, too—on the technical side. We called them close to even."

Since either system could do the job, the only real issue should have been the price the Army would have to pay. But everyone knew that if all things were equal the British would beat the French. The Thomson-GTE forces felt they had to be ten per cent "better"—cheaper—in order to overcome Plessey-Rockwell's political advantage. Actually, the ten-per-cent calculation was too low. In the light of what happened, the British would have won if their entry had been only ten per cent higher than France's. But it was higher by more than seventy per cent. The Thomson-GTE bid was four billion three hundred million dollars; Plessey-Rockwell's bid was seven billion four hundred million. The Thatcher Government is still trying to work out how so absurdly large a gap in the prices could have developed. The answers aren't all in, but it does seem that Thomson and GTE did everything right, while their competitors did nothing right. The French, having stifled pride once, did it again by putting GTE in charge of the effort to win the competition; their American partner, they reasoned, would do better at selling a French brand name in the American market. Moreover, Thomson, a state-owned company, persuaded its government to stand aside from the fray and not intervene, even if provoked. The French government agreed—a decision that turned out to be as shrewd as it was unnatural. On the Plessey-Rockwell side, the situation was quite different. Plessey is judged in London to have done too much and Rockwell too little. "Rockwell took us for a ride," a British diplomat says. "Like other defense contractors, it is fierce at political lobbying, and here it was relying on Mrs. T.'s political punch and feeling that it could afford to be greedy." I asked a British banker who knows the companies well about Plessey. "Plessey doesn't have a good nose," he said. "Its technology is outstanding, but it usually lacks good intelligence. It is badly informed and unreasonably greedy."

Last summer, as the time for best and final bids drew near, relations between Plessey and Rockwell had become "appalling," according to a British diplomat. Plessey was nominally in charge, but Rockwell, because it was supposed to do three-quarters of the work on Ptarmigan, would be making the final bid. And Plessey, I heard, wasn't told the figure that Rockwell actually bid. I spoke on the telephone with Michael Heseltine this spring, shortly after he had resigned as Mrs. Thatcher's Defense Secretary, and asked him why Britain's bid was so high.

"I don't know," he said. "I asked but never got a satisfactory answer."

I then asked if Plessey had known what Rockwell was bidding.

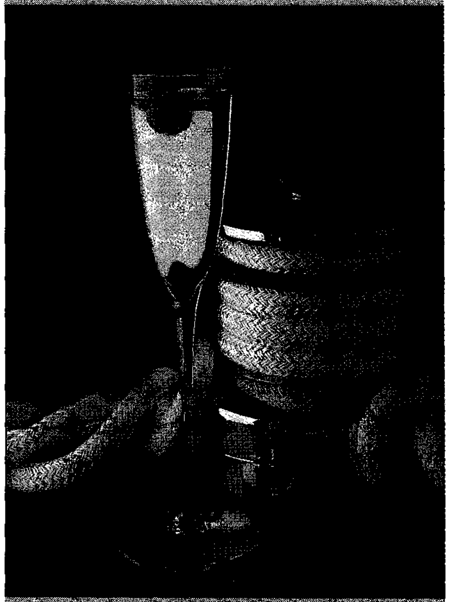
"No," he said. "Nobody did."

British intelligence was in a bad way. It didn't know what the opposition was bidding, or even what Plessey's American partner was bidding. Whitehall was frankly uneasy—although, like the companies, it took comfort from the Thatcher card, which, if necessary, would be played to the hilt. The State Department and the N.S.C. staff tried to avoid becoming mixed up in a battle between major allies. And some effort was made to protect Reagan from the affair. A member of the N.S.C. staff recalls warning a British diplomat during the spring about relying on the Thatcher connection. "I told him that they were whistling in the dark if they thought Reagan would involve himself," he says. "He doesn't involve himself in procurement matters."

Mrs. Thatcher had raised the question of Ptarmigan with both Reagan and Secretary Weinberger during a visit to Washington in February of 1985. She was there again in April, for just a few hours, and again mentioned it. In July, she raised it with Weinberger separately on yet another visit. But in mid-August, about two weeks after the bidding was closed, the French began to hear rumors that RITA was the winner, and that the Army would announce the decision before the end of the month. On August 21st, Thomson drafted alternative press statements—one for good news and one for bad. But the expected announcement wasn't made, mainly because the figures on which the Army was basing its decision were being independently reviewed. On large contracts, the Office of the Secretary of Defense may, if it chooses, call for an independent audit of the data by its own people. Weinberger called for an audit of the RITA-Ptarmigan bidding.

The audit was aimed at buying time. "Reagan was in a tough spot," a British diplomat says. "His best friend and ally was playing the special-relationship card. He knew, but she didn't, that the price disparity was huge. The affair was highly embarrassing." Moreover, this final stage coincided with stories about Pentagon purchases of six-hundred-dollar toilet seats, and other managerial gaffes. A Presidential commission to look into military procurement had been set up, under the direction of former Deputy Secretary of Defense David Packard. The commission's report was expected to be highly critical. The Administration, however friendly its feelings toward Mrs. Thatcher, could hardly afford to choose Britain over another historic ally if the gap between bids was astronomical, as it clearly was. The British had begun to sense that their bid was high, but they had no idea how high, because no one, including Weinberger, told them. They hit on a two-pronged strategy: Mrs. Thatcher would appeal directly to Reagan, and her Government would propose a somewhat simpler version of Ptarmigan—one that ought to cost a billion or so dollars less.

Mrs. Thatcher's letter, dated August 30th, arrived in Washington on



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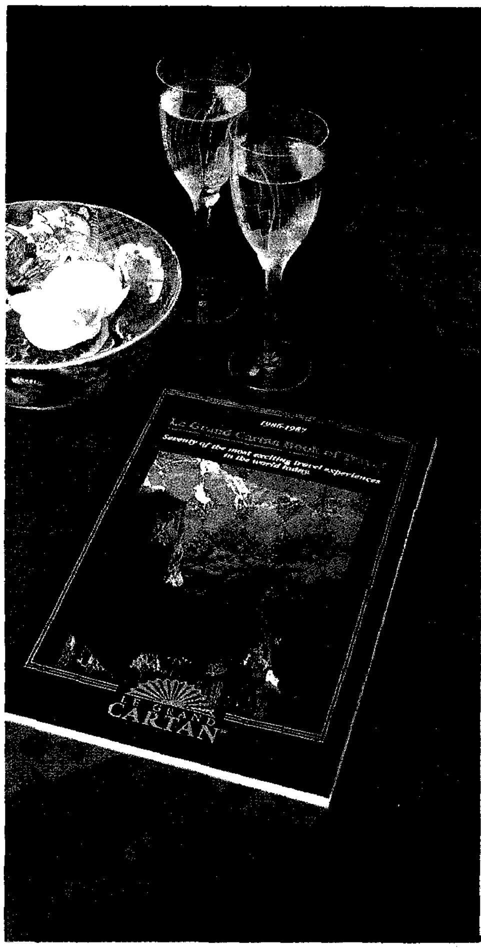
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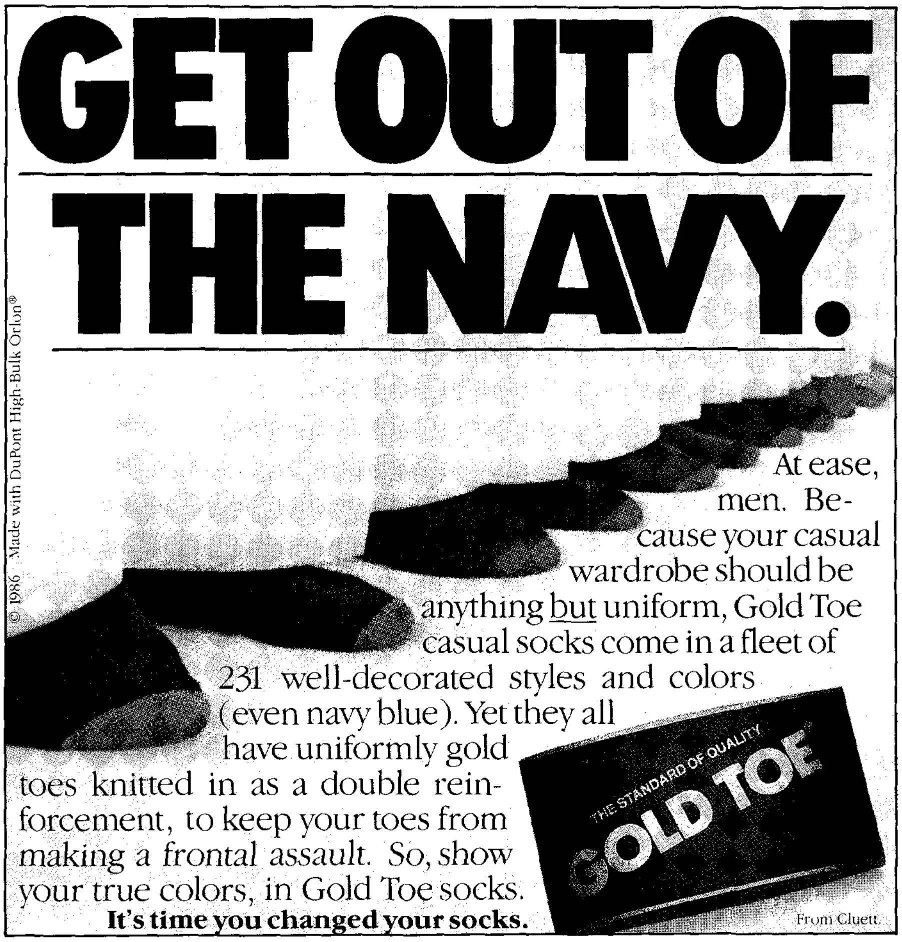

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August 30th and reached the President in California the next day. The letter drew on a paper that had been prepared by the Foreign Office and was designed to show that France was a bad ally. It cited de Gaulle's withdrawal from the North Atlantic Treaty Organization's military structure, and various other alleged misdeeds of the French. "It was an astonishing document," says a foreign diplomat who received a copy purely by mistake. The Thatcher letter surprised the Administration by its blunt and rather emotional tone. It began by noting her personal interest in the Army's program as it had been reflected in her conversations with the President and "Cap." She then said she was "profoundly disturbed" that the Army seemed to favor RITA. This, she said, "would simply not be understood" in her country. "People will not understand" how this could happen, she said, given the large amount of American military equipment bought by Britain and in view of British support for the United States "in every way." The third paragraph said that the Ptarmigan system offered greater capability in proportion to costs, and that if less capability was required the British wanted an opportunity to bid "like for like." The last paragraph said that a decision against the British would be "difficult to deal with," and reëmphasized Mrs. Thatcher's "extreme interest in this program." The Foreign Office, having urged a letter, "was surprised by the tone and content" of this one, according to a British diplomat, who says that Mrs. Thatcher rewrote a milder version that had been submitted to her.

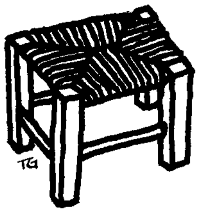
"All hell began breaking loose," one of the American players says. And a senior British diplomat says, "The transatlantic wires were humming. Any of us who had possibly useful contacts in Washington were told to call them, and we did. It was all hands to the pump." A new, wholly unsolicited bid on Ptarmigan arrived, even though "best and final" normally means just that. And the French, having seen the Thatcher letter within two or three days of its delivery, were furious and were tempted to protest. The American Embassy in Paris was strongly urging such a move. But the French government decided to keep faith with its earlier decision against intervening. However, Joe M. Rodgers, a wealthy building contractor from Tennessee who had arrived as

Ambassador during the summer, decided to take a hand. On September 12th, Rodgers flew back to Washington on the Concorde (at his own expense). "I didn't go back to lobby for RITA but to make sure that this was decided on the merits," he says. "Our credibility in Europe was at stake. We had said politics wouldn't be involved."

I asked him about the reaction to the letter.

"Outrage," he said. "People couldn't believe it."

The serious concern in Paris wasn't the letter but the prospect of delay. "The longer the delay, the less chance the French had to win," Rodgers says. Specifically, the French worried about the rebid of Ptarmigan, the independent audit, and Weinberger's well-known Anglophilia. However, Ambrose refused to consider the unsolicited British bid ("The bids are in," he said), and twice in mid-September the French were led to expect an announcement. (Someone in Paris told me that conference rooms in the Pentagon had been reserved twice for that purpose. It is this kind of detail—reserving a conference room—on which industrial intelligence is built.) At that point, the audit was the real problem. Bids like these involve assumptions about exchange rates, future costs of spare parts, and other variables. Games of various kinds can and sometimes are played with the assumptions. The audit of the RITA-Ptarmigan bidding managed at one point to narrow the difference in the two figures from three billion one hundred million dollars to six hundred million. "The Pentagon's numerology was being turned upside down," says a senior American diplomat who tracked the affair. "They were coming as close to cooking the figures as is legally possible." The audit made an already tense and volatile situation even more so, but in the end it changed nothing. It was completed on September 20th, and although its results were never made public, the gap of three billion one hundred million dollars must have been upheld, because it is the figure that Ambrose eventually cited. But the completion of the audit did not hasten the decision. The British fought back. The enemy, they wrongly assumed, was an unreasonable Army bias in favor of RITA. Remarkably, they were still unaware of the huge difference in the bids. Mrs. Thatcher and her Government had been badly misled. She based her letter on an impression that Ptarmigan had a broad technical edge (which was an exaggeration) and—more important—that Britain's bid, if a trifle higher, was nonetheless competitive, and this was obviously quite wrong. Questions arise. Since neither Plessey nor the Ministry of Defense knew what Rockwell had bid, how could either have assured Mrs. Thatcher that the bid was competitive? And why was Her Majesty's Government so incurious? Why didn't some part of its official apparatus uncover the awful truth of Britain's position?



On Saturday, September 28th, McFarlane arrived at London's Heathrow Airport and was driven directly to Chequers, the Prime Minister's official country residence, to brief her on talks in Washington with Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze. The talks had dealt mainly with the Reagan-Gorbachev summit conference to be held in Geneva in November. The Administration was planning to invite European leaders to a "mini-summit" dinner in New York in late October; its purpose would be to discuss the Gorbachev encounter. McFarlane, in his conversation with Mrs. Thatcher, didn't disclose this plan. He flew on to Paris later that afternoon to give Mitterrand the same briefing. Again, he didn't mention the dinner. By Monday morning, news of it had been leaked to the press. Mitterrand was furious that McFarlane hadn't alerted him. And Mitterrand was the only invitee who declined the invitation, although he almost certainly would not have accepted on such abrupt notice even if he had been forewarned. I asked a British diplomat if the British had also been upset about not being told in advance about the dinner. "No," he said. "Bud may have felt he didn't have the authority to discuss it; the President may not have fully committed himself to it when Bud departed. We didn't think anything of it." But French diplomats worried that Mitterrand's "snub" of Reagan's invitation might help Britain and undermine RITA. The State Department had a different worry. Gorbachev would be arriving in Paris on October 2nd for a four-day official visit—his first to a Western capital since he became leader. Shultz, I'm told, asked Weinberger

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to delay any announcement of the Army's contract award until Gorbachev left Paris. He wanted to avoid the risk of Mitterrand's making an unfriendly comment about the United States in a pre-summit environment with Gorbachev himself present.

Another reason for delaying an announcement—an announcement favoring the French, at least—was the British Conservative Party's annual conference, which was being held in mid-October. Washington says that No. 10 Downing Street made clear its hope that no bad news would be announced before Mrs. T.'s Party conference. The British demur, saying that they merely asked for advance notice of any bad news, so as to be able to prepare a reaction to it. Although the State Department had avoided becoming involved in the RITA-Ptarmigan affair, it did have an interest—to avoid allowing a decision to be delayed indefinitely. American diplomats were horrified by the prospect that the French might lose after winning on the merits. But the British had by no means given up when Mrs. Thatcher met privately with Reagan on October 23rd, the day of the mini-summit dinner in New York. He had not replied to her letter, and never did. His people, aware that a decision in Britain's favor wasn't in the cards, were fearful that Mrs. Thatcher would raise the matter with him once again, and word was passed asking her not to.

It was all over. The final decision had been made by Weinberger, Britain's foremost advocate. Still, the British couldn't, or wouldn't, accept the fact that they had lost to the French in Washington, a town where they normally run rings around the French and everyone else. On Monday, November 4th, they made a last but futile try to reopen the bidding on some new basis. And on the following day Weinberger called Heseltine and gave him the bad news. Heseltine then informed Mrs. Thatcher. Both were described to me as surprised, and very emotional—a reaction that struck me as peculiar, since the handwriting had been on the wall for some time. I asked Heseltine about that.

"Until the game is lost, you must believe you are winning," he replied.

I asked about the decision itself.

"I think Cap took the only decision he could take, given the figures being discussed," he said.

The French and the British were both amazed by the size of the gap in the bids when the formal announce-

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ment was made. "It stupefied us," an official of France's Defense Ministry says. Within a few days, Heseltine had ordered an inquiry into what went wrong. In Washington, everyone agrees that the French helped their cause by not intervening politically at any point. I asked Ambrose about intervention. "Beyond a certain point, political activity raises questions about the procurement process," he said. "Mrs. Thatcher's letter came after the bidding was closed. That is why it was wrong. The government can't operate if it is going to buy goods and services for some reason other than function." Actually, the French government normally intervenes in arms deals with at least as much brio as any other. It responded to the exceptional circumstances of this affair by adopting exceptional restraint.

Just after the decision was announced, GTE staged a victory celebration in Boston's Faneuil Hall. It was a raucous affair, according to one attendee, with an anti-British spirit that matched the hall's tradition.

AMBROSE doesn't see the RITA-Ptarmigan competition as an augury of more two-way-streetism. "You won't find many opportunities [open to foreigners] for these large, complicated programs," he says. He means that American politics will intervene to prevent the large economies that buying abroad can sometimes make possible.

In the Saudi aircraft deal, the Americans, not the French, were the big losers. You cannot lose what you never had, and the French had never before had even a toehold on the Saudi market for military aircraft. America, after controlling this market, has been obliged by Congress to renege on commitments and abandon it. Congress has since blocked other arms sales to the Saudis. The political cost to America of this odd behavior will exceed the financial one, according to diplomats on all sides. They see a decline in the ability of this Administration and future Administrations to play the role in the Middle East that only America can play.—JOHN NEWHOUSE

◆

But feelings of relief seem tinged with regret and a touch of anxiety among college-bound members of the class of '86. "I know I'll miss my closest friends and the home-cooked 17-year-old senior at the Fieldston School in the Bronx."—*The Times.*

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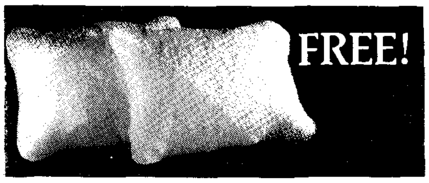

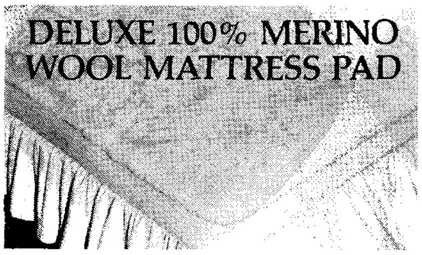

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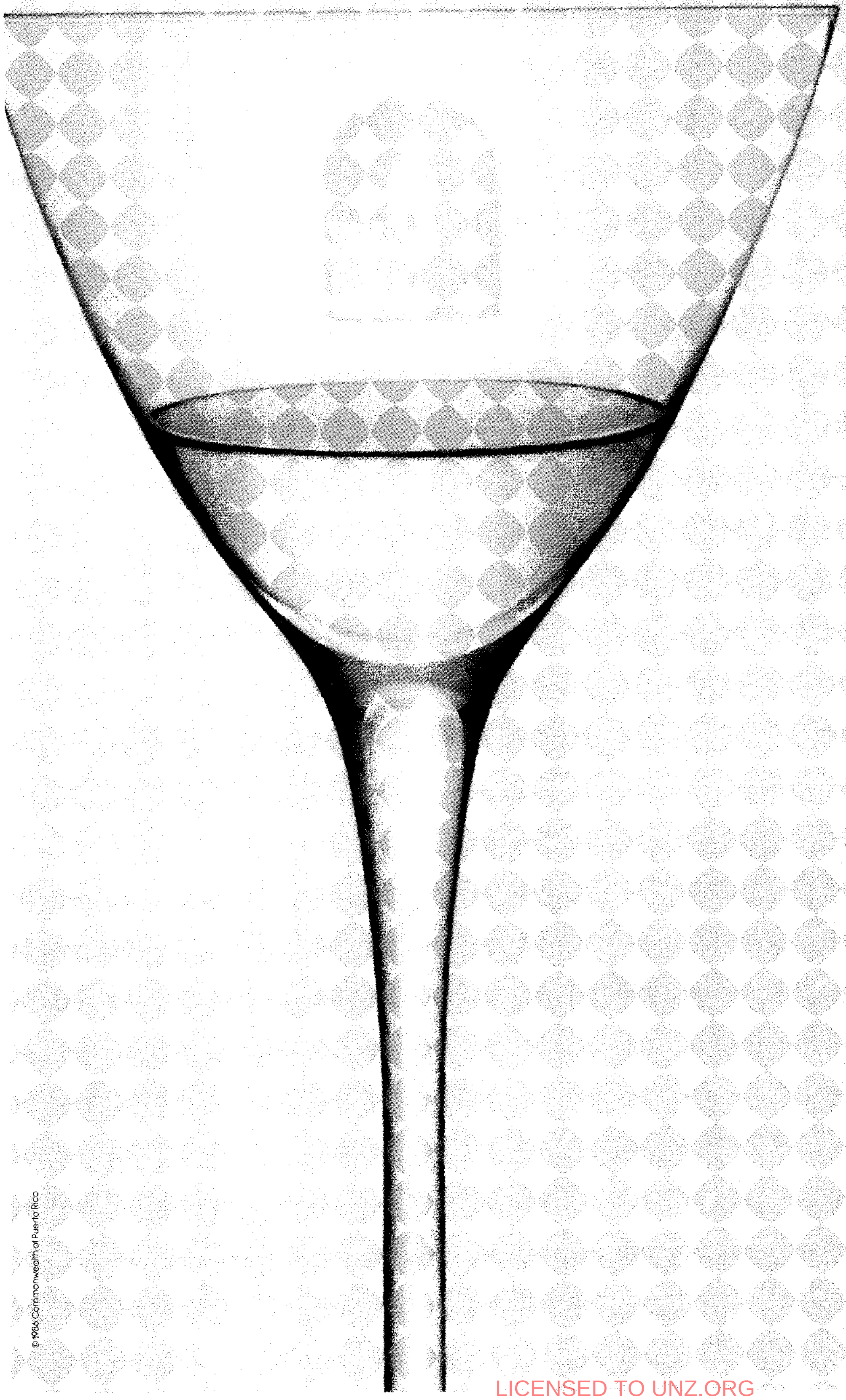
# ANNALS OF CHEMISTRY

## IN THE FACE OF DOUBT

FOR a time in the nineteen-seventies, no environmental problem caused a greater stir in the United States than the revelation that chlorofluorocarbon gases were thought to be rising into the stratosphere and depleting the ozone layer. Ozone is a gas formed by the action of sunlight on oxygen, and it can be found everywhere in the atmosphere from ground level to the top of the stratosphere, some thirty miles above the surface of the earth. The threat posed by chlorofluorocarbons to the ozone layer, which shields the earth from harmful solar radiation, had been proposed as a theory by Professor F. Sherwood Rowland and Dr. Mario J. Molina, both of the Department of Chemistry of the University of California at Irvine, in the summer of 1974; the announcement received extensive coverage in the press and on television, and captured the imagination of the nation's consumers, who, through the use of aerosol sprays containing chlorofluorocarbon gases as a propellant, were directly contributing to the threat. Troubled by the notion that the touch of their fingertips on the valves of aerosol cans containing hair spray, shaving cream, deodorants, insecticides, and the like might spell disaster for mankind, they proceeded to reduce their purchase of these products, and fired off more letters to Congress on the issue than they had on any other since the Vietnam War. When the existence of the hazard was substantiated by a government-sponsored study published in September of 1976, officials of the Environmental Protection Agency, the Food and Drug Administration, and the Consumer Product Safety Commission decided to restrict the nonessential uses of chlorofluorocarbons. In the autumn of 1978, the E.P.A. and the F.D.A. imposed a ban on the manufacture and use of the compounds as propellants in aerosol sprays. At that point, public concern about the problem virtually disappeared, for most Americans were persuaded that whatever calamity might have been in store for the ozone layer had been averted.

During the nearly eight years since then, the government has spent several hundred million dollars on research relating to the depletion of stratospheric ozone by chlorofluorocarbons, and estimates of this depletion have gone up and down in roller-coaster fashion as a succession of committees convened by the National Academy of Sciences and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration have assessed and reassessed the problem. Generally speaking, the conclusions of the members of these committees—atmospheric scientists of renown from all over the world—have reflected uncertainties: on the one hand, there has been general agreement that chlorofluorocarbons would gradually deplete ozone in the upper stratosphere, twenty to thirty miles above the earth; on the other hand, no consensus has been reached on just how rapidly or severely this might occur. In May of 1985, however, scientists of the British Antarctic Survey, which is based in Cambridge, England, published an article in the international scientific journal *Nature* reporting large and unexpected losses of ozone in the stratosphere above the Survey's station on the Antarctic coast at Halley Bay. As might be expected, these losses have proved highly disturbing to the world's scientific community.

The total amount of ozone in the atmosphere can be estimated by measuring the intensity of selected wavelengths of solar ultraviolet radiation arriving at the earth's surface. The distribution of ozone at various altitudes of the stratosphere, where about ninety per cent of all ozone occurs, can be determined by measuring the intensity of ultraviolet radiation as the sun's angle changes through the day. The validity of this technique has been confirmed by direct chemical measurements made from high-altitude balloons. Since 1957, the scientists of the British Antarctic Survey had been estimating the amount of ozone in the atmosphere above Halley Bay between October and March—months during which there is sunlight in Antarctica—and since 1977, it turned out, they had been observing a steady decline in ozone but had not notified the scientific community of the finding, because they mistrusted their measurements. However, when they began to observe similar losses of ozone at a second measuring station—at the Argentine Islands, about a thousand miles to the northwest



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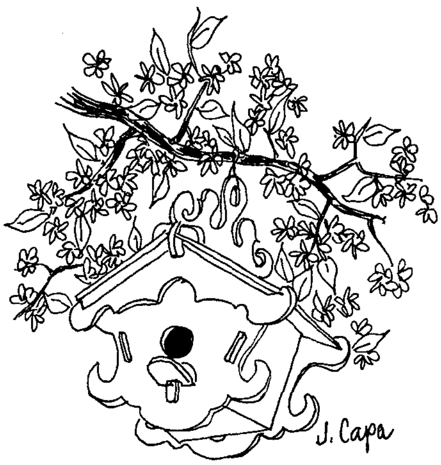
—they were persuaded to trust the Halley Bay data, which showed that the kind of ultraviolet radiation known to be harmful to human skin had increased tenfold and that the ozone layer above Antarctica had decreased by almost forty per cent. In August of 1985, their observations of Antarctic ozone depletion were confirmed by a reassessment of data collected by NASA's Nimbus 7 satellite. Since 1978, Nimbus 7 had been taking measurements of ozone from a vantage point six hundred miles above the earth, but its low readings of ozone levels above Antarctica had been automatically discarded by the project's computer. NASA's atmospheric scientists, daunted by the prospect of having to pore over two hundred and fifty thousand separate ozone measurements taken by Nimbus 7 each day, had chosen to program their computers not to record exceptionally low ozone levels, because such levels had never been observed and might be expected to have resulted from faulty measurements. Suffice it to say that when Nimbus 7 confirmed the British observations of ozone depletion above Antarctica it became clear that—far from having been averted—the calamity that Rowland and Molina had predicted for the ozone layer back in 1974 might have come sooner than anyone expected.

Dr. Rowland had become interested in chlorofluorocarbons in the winter of 1972, when he learned that one of them—trichlorofluoromethane—had been found throughout the troposphere, which is the six-to-ten-mile-high portion of the atmosphere that lies between the surface of the earth and the stratosphere. Both trichlorofluoromethane and dichlorodifluoromethane—a companion gas that was also found to be ubiquitous in the troposphere—had been synthesized in 1928 by chemists in the General Motors research laboratories who were trying to find a nontoxic, nonflammable refrigerant. Dichlorodifluoromethane has been used ever since as a coolant in refrigerators and automobile air-conditioners, and, starting in the early nineteen-fifties, it was mixed with trichlorofluoromethane as an aerosol propellant. Trichlorofluoromethane is also used extensively as a foaming agent in the manufacture of polyurethane. At the time when Rowland became interested in the chlorofluorocarbons, their pervasiveness in the troposphere was regarded as harmless; the two gases had been used industrially for more than forty years, and were known to be chemically inert. Rowland, however, wondered where the gases were going and what would become of them, and in the autumn of 1973 he and Dr. Molina, a photochemist from Mexico City, who was a member of his research group, decided to investigate the matter.

Chlorofluorocarbons, like all molecular gases, are decomposed by short-wavelength ultraviolet light from the sun—a process known as photolysis. Such decomposition can occur only in the stratosphere—from twelve to twenty-three miles above the surface of the earth. Below that, almost all short-wavelength ultraviolet light is absorbed by the ozone layer before it can interact with chlorofluorocarbons. Rowland and Molina decided after careful study that chlorofluorocarbons, because of their relative insolubility in water, could not be removed from the atmosphere by rainfall or by dissolution in the oceans, and, because of their chemical inertness, could not be broken down rapidly by any other known mechanisms in the troposphere. They concluded that the several million tons of chlorofluorocarbons estimated to be floating about in the troposphere—an amount about equal to the total amount ever manufactured—would eventually rise into the stratosphere, where they would be photolyzed by ultraviolet light, releasing atoms of chlorine in the process. Rowland and Molina now determined that each atom of chlorine released in the stratosphere would almost instantly seek out and react with a molecule of ozone—an extremely unstable substance—and that this would initiate an extensive and complex catalytic chain reaction in which, over a period of a year or so, tens of thousands of molecules of ozone would be converted into molecular oxygen and thus eliminated from the stratosphere. They calculated that if chlorofluorocarbons continued to be manufactured and used at the 1972 worldwide rate of almost a million tons a year the amount of chlorine released annually from their decomposition in the stratosphere would within a century or so be sufficient to roughly double the annual rate of removal of ozone known to occur naturally, chiefly through a reaction initiated by nitrogen oxides converted in the stratosphere from nitrous oxide released as a result of bacterial action in the soil. If the rate of ozone destruction doubled, there would be a tremendous increase in the kind of solar radiation known to be most detrimental to plant and animal cells, with consequences that could conceivably disrupt, and perhaps destroy, the biological systems of the earth. Moreover, the two scientists realized that even if the use of chlorofluorocarbons were to cease at once—an unlikely event, since their production had been doubling every seven years since the early nineteen-fifties—destruction of part of the ozone layer was foreordained, because the chlorofluorocarbons already in the troposphere were rising into the stratosphere, and so constituted a planetary time bomb.



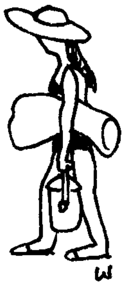
In June of 1974, Rowland and Molina described their findings in *Nature*, and in September they presented their data at a meeting of the American Chemical Society, in Atlantic City. By that time, they had calculated that if chlorofluorocarbon production continued at the present rate, between seven and thirteen per cent of the ozone layer would be destroyed in about a hundred years. Their calculation was based on a principle known as steady state. This condition would arise in a hundred years or so, and the rate of destruction of chlorofluorocarbons by ultraviolet radiation would then be equal to the rate of their influx into the atmosphere. During this century, however, the rate at which chlorofluorocarbons are being destroyed by ultraviolet light has lagged well behind their influx, and as a result the amount of the compounds in the atmosphere has steadily increased.

Rowland and Molina told the Chemical Society meeting that the increase of ultraviolet light resulting from ozone depletion would cause a significant rise in the worldwide incidence of skin cancer and might also cause crop damage. They went on to warn that ozone depletion might even shift stratospheric temperatures sufficiently to create changes in the world's weather patterns. They predicted that if nothing was done in the next decade to prevent further release of chlorofluorocarbons the vast reservoir of the gases that would have built up in the meantime would provide enough chlorine atoms to insure continuing destruction of the ozone layer for much of the twenty-first century. They urged that the use of the compounds as aerosol propellants be banned.

The Atlantic City meeting triggered its own chain reaction. Environmentalists called for an immediate halt to the purchase of aerosol sprays containing chlorofluorocarbon propellants, which by then accounted for the largest and best-known commercial use of the two gases, and the threat to the ozone layer was soon making headlines from one end of the country to the other. That autumn, the National Academy of Sciences announced that it would conduct a full-scale investigation of the hazard, and in December the Subcommittee on Public Health and Environment of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce held two days of hearings to consider legislation that would regulate—or possibly ban—the manufacture of the gases.

Meanwhile, the chlorofluorocarbon industry had responded to the situation by pointing out that ozone depletion by chlorofluorocarbons was a hypothesis based upon computer models of the stratosphere—that no real proof existed that the two gases could rise into the stratosphere, let alone that they could lead to the destruction of ozone. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, the chief manufacturer of chlorofluorocarbons, announced soon after the Atlantic City meeting that the industry would finance studies of the problem, which would be undertaken by scientists at several universities and would take three years to complete. Pending the first results of the industry-sponsored research, du Pont maintained, there was no reliable evidence that chlorofluorocarbons posed a hazard to ozone—or, for that matter, that the chain reaction worked out by Rowland and Molina could occur at all. A du Pont official testifying before the Subcommittee on Public Health and Environment declared that until there was actual proof to support the ozone-depletion theory government regulation of chlorofluorocarbons was unwarranted. He added, however, that if credible evidence should be developed to show that the compounds posed a threat to human health du Pont would cease to produce them.

Perhaps mindful of the adverse effects of regulatory legislation in a time of recession, Congress took no action on either of two bills that had been drawn up to deal with the problem. In January of 1975, the President's Council on Environmental Quality and the Federal Council for Science and Technology created a task force to conduct an intensive study of the situation. The panel included representatives of seven Cabinet departments and five government agencies. In June, its members issued a report stating that release of chlorofluorocarbons into the atmosphere was a legitimate cause for concern. Unless new scientific evidence was found to remove this concern, the task force felt, it would probably be necessary to restrict the uses of the two chemicals, and they proposed that if their assessment was confirmed by the National Academy of Sciences federal regulatory agencies should put such restrictions into effect by 1978. (In March, the Academy had appointed a Panel on Atmospheric Chemistry to look into the chlorofluorocarbon problem for its Climatic Impact Committee. This committee had originally been established to assist the Department of Transportation's Climatic Impact Assessment Program, set up in 1971 to investigate the threat posed to the ozone layer by nitrogen oxides and other emissions from the exhausts of supersonic transports.) The task force called for international coöperation on the problem, noting that foreign countries accounted for about half the world's chlorofluorocarbon production and use, and that the effects of the compounds upon stratospheric ozone transcended national boundaries.



As might be expected, the chlorofluorocarbon and aerosol-spray industries bitterly opposed the findings of the report, which, by recommending that regulation be considered, undermined their contention that chlorofluorocarbons should be regarded as innocent until they were proved guilty. In fact, industry representatives went to the White House and tried, unsuccessfully, to have the report suppressed, on the ground that it was premature. Du Pont issued a statement pointing out that the task force was proposing restrictions "before the scientific evidence is available to make an informed judgment as to whether such restrictions are necessary," and that this was "tantamount to prejudging the results of research, which, if it is to be thorough, will take at least three years to complete." Be that as it may, no sooner had the report been released than the governor of Oregon, Bob Straub, signed a bill banning the sale of spray cans containing chlorofluorocarbons by March of 1977; and in the summer of 1975 the New York legislature passed a measure requiring such products to carry a label stating that they contain chlorofluorocarbons, which may harm the environment. In other states, however, industry lobbyists helped prevent the passage of similar restrictions by arguing that legislative action should await the report being prepared by the National Academy of Sciences, which was due in the spring of 1976. And du Pont continued to urge delay by taking out double-page advertisements in newspapers and magazines across the country which informed readers that "to act without the facts—whether it be to alarm consumers, or to enact restrictive legislation—is irresponsible." Such appeals appeared to fall upon sympathetic ears in Congress, where, in spite of the fact that additional hearings had produced detailed evidence to corroborate the theory of ozone depletion, a consensus had developed that the decision to regulate could be put off until the Academy completed its study. Meanwhile, the nation's consumers had begun voluntarily reducing their purchase of aerosol sprays, and a number of cosmetic manufacturers had abandoned chlorofluorocarbon propellants in favor of alternative methods of delivery, such as pump sprays.

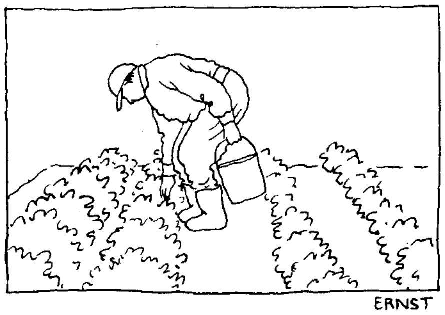
In the winter of 1975-76, a draft of the forthcoming Academy report was circulated for review; it contained the estimate that continued release of chlorofluorocarbons at the 1973 level would result in the destruction of about fourteen per cent of the ozone layer by the time a steady state was reached. This estimate was slightly above the upper limit of the depletion range that had been predicted by Rowland and Molina. At the same time, however, an element of uncertainty was introduced into the ozone-depletion hypothesis by none other than Rowland and Molina themselves. They had conducted some experiments showing that the chain reaction between chlorine and ozone, which would be initiated by the decomposition of chlorofluorocarbons in the stratosphere, would itself interact with the chain reaction taking place between ozone and naturally occurring nitrogen oxides. The result would be the formation of chlorine nitrate—a compound that would temporarily disrupt the working of both chains, and prevent either one from depleting ozone as rapidly as each had been predicted to do alone. When the two men announced their findings, in February, scientists who were engaged in modelling stratospheric chemistry were thrown into confusion, for the new data indicated at first that previous estimates of ozone depletion might have to be drastically lowered.

This unexpected development was also dismaying to the members of the National Academy of Sciences group. Apprehensive lest the stratosphere hold other surprises in store, and concerned about their public credibility, they postponed their report for several months while the modellers wrestled with the problem. In the end, the modellers determined that the inclusion of chlorine nitrate in the stratospheric scenario would indeed reduce the long-term depletion of ozone by chlorofluorocarbons—to about seven per cent, the lower end of the range that had been predicted by Rowland and Molina. Meanwhile, industry public-relations groups had capitalized on the situation by holding press conferences designed to sow doubt about the validity of the ozone-depletion theory. Stories appeared in a number of prominent newspapers suggesting that Rowland and Molina had been proved wrong, that the chlorofluorocarbon threat had been exaggerated, and that the ozone layer was safe after all.

BECAUSE the chlorine-nitrate episode served to underscore the uncertainties in stratospheric chemistry, the National Academy of Sciences' long-awaited report—it was finally issued in September of 1976—was, many observers felt, considerably more cautious in tone than it might otherwise have been. The report consisted of two separate documents—a highly detailed study of the scientific findings, by the Panel on Atmospheric Chemistry, and an over-all assessment of the problem, by the Committee on Impacts of Stratospheric Change (which had replaced the Climatic Impact Committee). The committee's report incorporated the panel's findings in less technical form, and it attracted widespread attention in the press, because it addressed itself to the sensitive political issue of regulation. However, it received mixed reviews, because its conclusions and recommendations were riddled with caveats and qualifications.

The authors of the report upheld the ozone-depletion hypothesis that had been worked out by Rowland and Molina and confirmed the lower range of their depletion estimate, concluding that continued release of chlorofluorocarbons at the 1973 rate could eventually cause a reduction of up to fifty per cent of the ozone in the upper stratosphere and approximately seven per cent of the total atmospheric ozone. At the same time, they left considerable room for doubt by placing the seven-per-cent figure in a range of uncertainty of between two and twenty per cent. They did agree that such depletion would greatly increase the amount of ultraviolet radiation able to reach the surface of the earth and could thus lead to a larger incidence of skin cancer and to harmful effects on plants and animals. Moreover, the report not only concurred with Rowland and Molina's warning that chlorofluorocarbons might cause climatic changes by altering temperatures in the stratosphere but also pointed out that by absorbing infrared radiation from the ground the compounds would add to the "greenhouse effect" already being created by the increasing amount of carbon dioxide that was finding its way into the atmosphere through the burning of fossil fuels. At the time, increased levels of these gases were expected to cause a rise in global temperatures, which threatened to eventually cause a melting of polar ice and a significant rise in sea level.

When it came to recommending how to deal with the chlorofluorocarbon problem, however, the committee members were prone to temporize. Having stated that selective regulation of the compounds "is almost certain to be necessary at some time and to some degree of completeness," they added that "neither the needed timing nor the needed severity can be reasonably specified today." By way of justifying this, they concluded that the costs of postponing the decision to regulate would not amount to "more than a fraction of a per cent change in ozone depletion for a couple of years' delay." They then expressed confidence that new measurement programs would reduce the uncertainties about how much of the ozone layer would eventually be destroyed. And on that hopeful note they proceeded to recommend against the imposition of immediate restrictions.



The language of the National Academy of Sciences report left room for widely differing interpretations of just what the Academy was recommending. On the day after the report's release, the *Times* ran a story under the headline "SCIENTISTS BACK NEW AEROSOL CURBS TO PROTECT OZONE IN ATMOSPHERE," while the Washington *Post* headed its account "AEROSOL BAN OPPOSED BY SCIENCE UNIT." In other quarters, the document was assessed in similarly conflicting fashion. Environmentalists pointed out that it provided confirmation of Rowland and Molina's theory of ozone depletion by chlorofluorocarbons, while industry public-relations people trumpeted the fact that the Academy had not found sufficient evidence to warrant regulation. Du Pont, for its part, issued another position paper, declaring that the Committee on Impacts of Stratospheric Change had reached "what was obviously a difficult, but, we believe, correct decision."

Two days later, a powerful rebuke to the Academy's equivocal assessment of the problem was delivered by Russell W. Peterson, the chairman of the President's Council on Environmental Quality, who spoke at the International Conference on Problems Related to the Stratosphere, at Utah State University. Peterson, a former governor of Delaware, had worked as a chemist for du Pont for twenty-six years, and he now declared that "the problem of determining prudent public policy in the face of scientific doubt recurs again and again as some chemicals developed for specific purposes prove to have—or threaten to have—unanticipated side effects." He asserted that "we cannot afford to give chemicals the same constitutional rights that we enjoy under the law," and that "chemicals are not innocent until proven guilty," and he concluded by calling upon the federal regulatory agencies to begin developing rules to restrict the discharge of chlorofluorocarbons into the atmosphere. Peterson's call for action was echoed by officials of the Environmental Protection Agency and the Consumer Product Safety Commission, who also spoke at the conference. It was given further impetus by the revelation that recent balloon measurements in the stratosphere had detected the presence of chlorine oxide—a compound formed by the reaction of chlorine and ozone, and a necessary participant in the catalytic chain reaction predicted by Rowland and Molina. Before the end of the year, the E.P.A. and the F.D.A. announced that they were initiating rules to phase out the use of chlorofluorocarbons as aerosol propellants.

IN the spring of 1977, the regulatory agencies came up with a joint timetable, known as Phase One, which called for banning the bulk manufacture of chlorofluorocarbon propellants as of October 15, 1978; for banning the manufacture of aerosol products containing chlorofluorocarbon propellants as of December 15, 1978; and for prohibiting interstate shipment of the existing stocks of these products as of April 15, 1979. However, in spite of widespread public belief that further ozone depletion would be averted by such action, the fact was that the proposed restrictions could at best provide only a partial solution to the problem. For one thing, nearly half the chlorofluorocarbons produced in the United States were being used in the manufacture of products like polyurethane foam and as a coolant in refrigerators and in automobile air-conditioners. For another, since the United States produced only half the world's total output of the compounds, a ban on chlorofluorocarbon propellants in this country would reduce the worldwide problem by only a quarter.

To deal with the domestic aspect of the situation, the E.P.A. announced that in the summer of 1978 it would propose a Phase Two timetable, for reductions in the non-aerosol uses of chlorofluorocarbons. This plan was shelved by the agency when it appeared that suitable substitutes for chlorofluorocarbon coolants in refrigerators and air-conditioners would be expensive and hard to come by. It was also decided that further regulatory action in the United States should be deferred until other nations could be persuaded to reduce their use of the compounds as propellants in aerosol sprays. However, in spite of strong appeals for international coöperation made by the State Department and the E.P.A. during the next few years, the major chlorofluorocarbon-producing nations of Europe, as well as Japan and the Soviet Union, refused to take regulatory action. Indeed, between 1976 and 1979 only Sweden, Canada, and Norway joined the United States in enacting measures to reduce chlorofluorocarbon emissions. Elsewhere, and especially in England and France, scientists and government officials expressed considerable skepticism about the extent of the hazard; they conceded that Rowland and Molina's ozone-depletion hypothesis might be correct, but they advocated a wait-and-see approach, claiming that there were too many uncertainties in atmospheric chemistry to warrant regulation of an important industry.

The validity of the wait-and-see approach received something of a jolt in the summer of 1977, when scientists at the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, in Boulder, Colorado, undertook to remeasure the rate of one of the reactions between nitrogen oxides and hydrogen oxides, and found it to be about forty times as fast as had been indicated by previous laboratory measurements. Hydrogen oxides are formed in the stratosphere from hydrogen atoms released through various chemical reactions involving water vapor and methane, and, like nitrogen oxides and chlorine, they initiate a chain reaction that contributes to the natural removal of ozone. The discovery of the increased reaction rate with nitrogen oxides meant that earlier estimates of nitrogen oxide's ability to deplete ozone would have to be drastically scaled down; nitrogen-oxide emissions from S.S.T.s, which since the early nineteen-seventies had been under indictment as a killer of ozone, could henceforth be expected to play a far less important role in the scenarios of ozone destruction which were being compiled by atmospheric scientists. Another corollary of the new measurement was that chlorine nitrate—the compound whose unexpected appearance on the stratospheric stage in 1976 had resulted in cutting previous estimates of ozone depletion in half—was now thought to be not nearly as effective in retarding ozone depletion as had previously been believed. When scientists included the revised reaction-rate data in their computer models of the stratosphere, their predictions for ozone destruction by chlorofluorocarbons went back up. In 1979, the National Academy of

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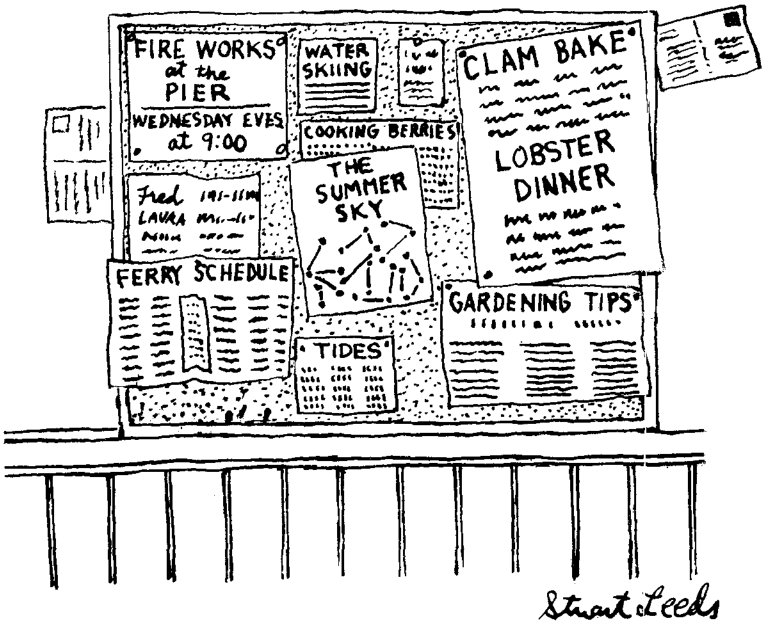
Sciences issued a second report on the hazard, which estimated that if the compounds continued to be emitted at the 1977 rate eventual depletion of the ozone layer would total sixteen and a half per cent, with a three-out-of-four chance that the depletion would fall somewhere between nine and twenty-four per cent.

In spite of the fact that the predicted severity of the ozone problem had more than doubled within a span of three years, the Academy's new report received relatively little attention in the press, and the public remained largely unaware that the Academy's experts had described the hazard in considerably more forthright and foreboding terms than had been the case in 1976. Among other things, they warned that increased ultraviolet radiation, in addition to producing thousands of additional cases of skin cancer, could have intolerable consequences for the world's food supply by reducing crop yields, killing the larvae of several important seafood species (including shrimp and crab), and destroying microörganisms at the base of the marine food chain. They supported worldwide elimination of the use of chlorofluorocarbon aerosol propellants. They also pointed out that other uses of the compounds throughout the world were increasing at such a rate that even if a ban on chlorofluorocarbon propellants were put into effect immediately, emissions from other uses would equal the current levels within seven to ten years, and they urged that a coördinated international policy be developed for dealing with the problem. They stated that the wait-and-see approach was "clearly not a prudent strategy," concluding that if the decision to control chlorofluorocarbon emissions was postponed until a crucial depletion of the ozone layer was observed the *slow but inexorable* movement of the gases into the stratosphere would double that depletion within twenty years and cause prolonged exposure to dangerous levels of ultraviolet radiation for decades to come.

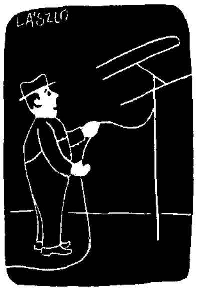


In keeping with past policy, the chlorofluorocarbon industry wasted no time in criticizing the National Academy of Sciences' latest assessment of the problem. On the day the report appeared, du Pont issued a statement declaring —once again—that predictions of ozone depletion by chlorofluorocarbons were based not on actual measurements but on theoretical calculations. "No ozone depletion has ever been detected, despite the most sophisticated analysis," du Pont pointed out, adding that "all ozone-depletion figures to date are computer projections based on a series of uncertain assumptions." According to du Pont, scientific studies being conducted by government and industry would require from two to four more years to obtain the evidence needed to answer such questions as whether chlorofluorocarbons could break down chemically in the troposphere and whether destruction of the ozone layer was actually taking place.

Some observers felt that du Pont, which had asked for several additional years of research on two previous occasions, was stalling. However, the company's latest position was supported in part by a study that members of the Stratospheric Research Advisory Committee had conducted for the United Kingdom's Department of the Environment during 1978 and 1979. Although the British investigators agreed with the National Academy of Sciences that the amount of ozone in the stratosphere could eventually fall by as much as sixteen per cent if the release of chlorofluorocarbons continued at the current rate, they concluded that the validity of the ozone-depletion hypothesis remained in doubt, because of the many uncertainties still prevailing in the knowledge of stratospheric chemistry and in modelling technology. They called for voluntary steps to reduce chlorofluorocarbon emissions, but they declared that for the time being strict regulation of the chemicals was unwarranted. Not surprisingly, chlorofluorocarbon manufacturers on both sides of the Atlantic lined up solidly behind this approach to the problem, and du Pont issued yet another statement, this one calling for a "resolution of the scientific differences between the National Academy of Sciences and the British Department of the Environment."

WHATEVER scientific differences remained to be resolved to the satisfaction of du Pont, it had become clear in other quarters that only strenuous international efforts would be able to protect stratospheric ozone against further depletion by chlorofluorocarbon emissions. In March of 1980, the Council of the European Economic Community, whose then nine-nation membership accounted for about a third of the world's consumption and production of the chemicals, asked each of its members not to increase production capacity of the compounds, and to achieve a thirty-per-cent reduction in the use of chlorofluorocarbons as aerosol propellants by the end of 1981. In April, representatives of Canada, Denmark, the Federal Republic of Germany, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, and the Commission of the European Communities agreed at a conference in Oslo that a wait-and-see policy toward the hazard was unacceptable, and called upon all major chlorofluorocarbon-producing nations to reduce emissions from both aerosol and non-aerosol uses of the compounds. Representatives of the United States Environmental Protection Agency, who also attended the Oslo meeting, described the hazard as "one of the leading environmental issues of the decade," and—hoping to ameliorate the problem as well as to encourage further action on the part of the Europeans—made a proposal to freeze the annual production of chlorofluorocarbons in the United States at the 1979 level, of five hundred and fifty-one million pounds. Later in the month, the governing council of the United Nations Environment Programme recommended that its member governments reduce chlorofluorocarbon uses and not increase production capacity of the chemicals. In September, Japan announced that it intended to take similar action.

Here in the United States, where the lost market in aerosol propellants had been largely made up by increased use of chlorofluorocarbons in refrigeration, liquid fast-freezing, automobile air-conditioning, industrial solvents, and the manufacture of plastic foams, industry officials were up in arms about the E.P.A.'s plan to curtail chlorofluorocarbon production. A lobbying group called the Alliance for Responsible CFC Policy, made up of producers and industrial users of chlorofluorocarbons, was formed during the summer of 1980 to head off any further attempts to regulate the chemicals. It was able to make use of such sensitive election-year issues as the faltering economy and the country's changing mood with regard to environmental causes, and its purpose was, according to one of its spokesmen, "to convince the government—Congress, the White House, and anyone else—that E.P.A.'s proposal to restrict CFCs is ill-advised."



In spite of the new lobby, the E.P.A., during the first week of October, went ahead and published advance notice in the *Federal Register* of its latest proposals to control chlorofluorocarbon emissions. By this time, the agency had come up with two possible solutions to the problem. The first, known as the mandatory-controls approach, would place an indirect ceiling on chlorofluorocarbon uses through restrictions on production or through standards based upon technology. Under this system, the E.P.A. could ban certain industrial uses of the chemicals and could require their recovery and recycling in the manufacture of plastic-foam products. It could also require the substitution of less hazardous compounds as refrigerants in certain types of refrigeration equipment. The second solution, which the agency described as "a more efficient method of reducing the environmental and human health risk," was known as the economics-incentive approach. Under this plan, a ceiling on total chlorofluorocarbon production would be established through a system of permits, which could be either directly allocated to makers and users of the compounds or auctioned off to those who were willing to pay the highest price.

As might be expected, industry reaction to the proposed rulemaking was highly unfavorable. A du Pont spokesman declared that the ozone problem could not be solved by unilateral action on the part of the United States. He added that "the E.P.A. should attempt to gain international scientific consensus on whether there is a potential problem and, if so, how the world community should address it." An E.P.A. official replied that from five to ten years might pass before sufficient data could be acquired to conclusively prove the theory of ozone depletion by chlorofluorocarbons, and pointed out that all the chlorofluorocarbons produced in that period would make their way into the stratosphere. "If we wait until 1990 to make the decision, it could be too late," he said.

Thanks to a combination of public apathy and an intensive campaign waged by the Alliance for Responsible CFC Policy, only four out of more than two thousand written comments that were sent to the E.P.A. over the next three months supported its latest proposals for limiting chlorofluorocarbon emissions. Combined with the newly elected Reagan Administration's vociferous bias against environmental regulation, this response was more than enough to cause the agency to back away from its announced intention of issuing new rules in the spring of 1981. The E.P.A. was further encouraged to relax its rulemaking timetable when improved measurements of several chemical-reaction rates caused atmospheric scientists to lower their predictions of the extent of ozone depletion. They now estimated long-term depletion to be in the range of five to nine per cent.

During the summer of 1981, it became apparent that a wholesale reevaluation of the E.P.A.'s position on chlorofluorocarbons was under way. In July, an official of the agency told members of the House Subcommittee on Anti-Trust and Restraint of Trade Activities, who were meeting to consider the effect of additional chlorofluorocarbon restrictions on small

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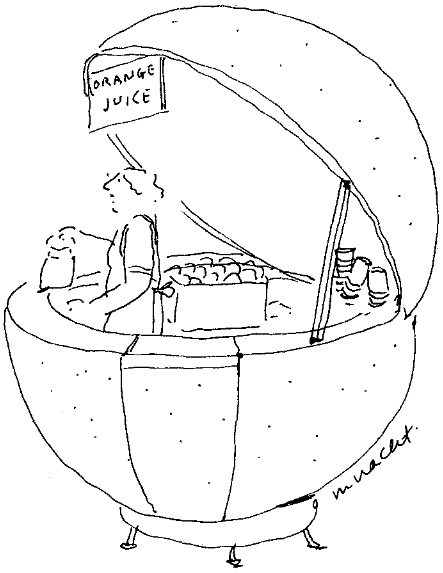
businesses, that no decision to regulate was in the offing and that the E.P.A. was "extremely sensitive to the needs of small businesses." Another indication that the E.P.A. was changing its policy had come when Anne Gorsuch, the new agency administrator, testified at her Senate confirmation hearings, in May, that she understood that the theory of stratospheric ozone depletion was "highly controversial," and that there was a "need for additional scientific data before the international community would be willing to accept it as a basis for additional government action." Attempts to legislate a new outlook for the E.P.A. were made in September, when draft bills introduced into the House and Senate to amend the Clean Air Act proposed to shift the focus of the agency's activity from regulation to research, and to restrain it from imposing additional restrictions on the production and use of chlorofluorocarbons until there was "clear scientific evidence" to show that they were a threat to human health and the environment. By calling upon the E.P.A. to measure actual depletion of the ozone layer before taking further action, the bills were, of course, extending the presumption of innocence to chlorofluorocarbons. Meanwhile, data collected by NASA's Nimbus 4 and Nimbus 7 satellites indicated that ozone at the twenty-five-mile altitude of the stratosphere, where the maximum destructive effect of chlorofluorocarbons was expected to occur, had been depleted by several per cent between 1970 and 1979.

Here on earth, where the so-called "ozone debate" was entering its eighth year, spokesmen for the chlorofluorocarbon industry were assuring everyone that careful monitoring of ozone levels around the world could provide an early-warning system for ozone depletion. Considerable publicity was also given to a scheme whereby instruments designed not only to measure ozone but also to detect chemical reactions that might be depleting it would be carried to an altitude of twenty-five miles by a balloon four hundred and fifty feet in diameter and then lowered and raised through the stratosphere on a twelve-mile-long synthetic line that—as it happened—had been developed and manufactured by du Pont. Billed as the world's biggest yo-yo, the new device was supposed to undergo testing before the end of 1981. However, difficulties encountered in design and construction soon put this plan way behind schedule. The first test flight of the balloon did not take place until 1982; the first measurements were not taken until 1984, and then the instruments simply confirmed that chlorine oxide was present in the upper stratosphere in quantities sufficient to deplete ozone; and subsequent difficulties with faulty balloons have postponed further flights.

The amendments to the Clean Air Act were bitterly debated in Congress during the autumn of 1981, and the industry continued its campaign against further regulation of chlorofluorocarbons. In October, the Chemical Manufacturers Association released its analysis of figures gathered from measuring stations operated by governments around the world; this analysis indicated that ozone levels in the earth's atmosphere had actually *increased* during the nineteen-seventies. Toward the end of the year, the association reported that since 1974 there had been a twenty-per-cent decrease in the production and release of chlorofluorocarbons throughout the world. By the spring of 1982, however, both sets of data furnished by the industry were called into question by observations from other sources. In the first week of April, researchers from the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration described the results of a study showing that the total amount of atmospheric ozone over North America had decreased by about one per cent between 1961 and 1980. At the same time, Professor Rowland and some of his colleagues announced the findings of a study showing that chlorofluorocarbon concentrations in the atmosphere had almost tripled within the last ten years, and that total release of dichlorodifluoromethane from 1976 through 1979 was almost thirty-five per cent greater than the estimate given out by the Chemical Manufacturers Association.



As it turned out, word of these developments was overshadowed by press coverage of yet a third National Academy of Sciences report, which had been issued on the last day of March. The latest study contained little that was new in the realm of stratospheric chemistry—its prediction that eventual depletion of the ozone layer would fall within the range of between five and nine per cent was based upon calculations that had been made a year before and published by the World Meteorological Organization and NASA—but it presented an unusually grim analysis of the human-health hazards that would result from such a depletion, warning that the accompanying increase in ultraviolet light would cause much more skin cancer than had previously been suspected, and would also cause painful irritation of the eyes and have adverse effects upon the body's immune system. Yet in spite of these ominous conclusions the new Academy report was greeted from one end of the country to the other by newspaper headlines declaring that the threat to the ozone layer was not as serious as had been thought—a comfortable assessment that depended upon comparison of the latest Academy estimate of ozone depletion with the one that had appeared three years earlier, in its 1979 report, which had predicted that the long-term loss could be as high as sixteen and a half per cent. It was less comforting to compare the most recent forecast with the seven-to-thirteen-per-cent depletion range that Rowland and Molina had predicted when they first brought their worrisome findings to public attention, back in 1974. Indeed, when this comparison was made it was clear that their original estimate of ozone depletion had held up remarkably well over the years—especially in light of the many uncertainties that had characterized the course of atmospheric chemistry. It was equally clear that during this whole period precious little had been done to resolve the problem the two scientists had described, and that its outcome, like the chlorofluorocarbons, remained in the air.

AT this point, with no apparent end to the controversy in sight, I decided to fly out to California and pay a call upon Professor Rowland, whom I had first met in 1974, in order to get his reaction to the situation. Originally a specialist in the chemistry of radioactive isotopes, he is a large, patient man in his late fifties, who regards his career as having been relatively uneventful until he became involved with chlorofluorocarbons, and who recalls ironically that his only previous brush with controversy occurred when, in 1971, following the discovery that swordfish and tuna contained high levels of mercury, he and some colleagues drew the ire of environmentalists by demonstrating that these levels were in fact no higher than those found in specimens of swordfish and tuna that had been preserved in alcohol for decades. Since 1974, however, he had been very much in the thick of the dispute surrounding the ozone-depletion hypothesis that he and Molina had worked out, and had spent much of his time and energy describing the scientific background of the ozone problem at congressional hearings, before state legislative committees, for various federal and state regulatory agencies, to university audiences, and at international meetings around the world. He had also been elected to the National Academy of Sciences and the American Academy of Letters and Sciences, and had received the American Physical Society's Leo Szilard Award for Physics in the Public Interest.

At the time of my visit—in April of 1982—I found him in the cluttered office he occupies on the top floor of the Physical Sciences Building, a fortresslike structure on the sprawling fifteen-hundred-acre campus of the University of California at Irvine. When I asked him how he felt about the current state of the long-drawn-out debate that he and Molina had initiated, he smiled grimly and handed me a newspaper clipping containing the announcement that the Pennwalt Corporation was investing ten million dollars to modernize and expand its chlorofluorocarbon plant at Calvert City, Kentucky. "As you can see, industry has become so confident that there will be no further regulation of chlorofluorocarbons that it is increasing its capacity to manufacture them," he said. "I feel as if we had circled the board and returned to Square One. Meanwhile, of course, I'm concerned that time is running out for the ozone layer."

The inability to resolve the chlorofluorocarbon problem, Rowland said, reflected a failure on the part of society to come to grips with an issue

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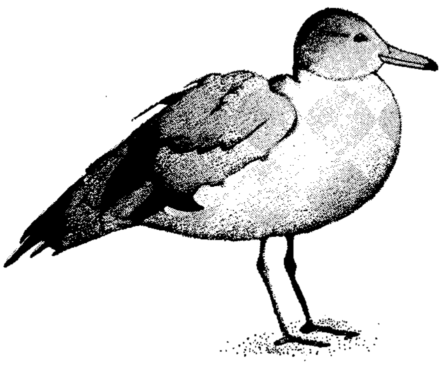
whose consequences were less than certain, and this failure had, in his opinion, been brought about by indecisiveness on the part of the scientific community, timidity on the part of the regulatory agencies, ignorance on the part of the public, inconsistency on the part of the press, indifference on the part of other nations, and obstruction and obfuscation on the part of industry. "The authors of the first National Academy of Sciences report established a debilitating precedent at a crucial time in the whole affair when they advocated a delay in regulation for a year or two and tried to justify it on the ground that the resulting accumulation of chlorofluorocarbons in the atmosphere would produce only a minor additional loss of ozone," he said. "In so doing, they gave the impression that we could continue to put off finding a solution to the problem indefinitely, and that is exactly what industry has been urging ever since. As for the regulatory agencies, their subsequent decision to impose a ban solely on the use of chlorofluorocarbons as aerosol propellants fragmented the problem, and inadvertently created the idea in the mind of the public that it had been solved when in fact it had been only partly alleviated. The news media played a role in the rise of this misconception. Of course, the press was instrumental in bringing the chlorofluorocarbon problem to public attention, but once the partial ban was announced most newspaper accounts conveyed the false impression that the matter had been taken care of. Then, as the novelty of the story wore off, the press lost interest and failed to describe the growing complexity of the issue as it unfolded over the next few years. The result is that relatively few people appear to understand the magnitude of what is happening. For example, it is not well known that chlorofluorocarbon molecules, no matter where they are released, disperse very quickly throughout the atmosphere, and that an emission in Europe, say, will sweep across Asia and the Pacific and reach the California coast in about a month. Few of our fellow-citizens seem to realize that the damage now being inflicted upon the ozone layer above the United States—or, for that matter, above any other nation—is cumulative damage caused by chlorofluorocarbons that have been released throughout the world. People are unaware of the importance of obtaining international agreements to deal with the threat. English and French atmospheric scientists have always been skeptical of our concern for the ozone layer. At first, many of them chose to think that it was a ploy directed against their joint Concorde project, and later they carried their skepticism into the discussions of international control of chlorofluorocarbon emissions. Moreover, along with other major European chlorofluorocarbon-producing nations, the English and the French have resented our suggesting that they cut down on their use of chlorofluorocarbons in aerosol sprays while we continue to use huge quantities of chlorofluorocarbons to air-condition our automobiles and make plastic-foam products, such as packages for fast foods. Here again, you see, the partial ban has come back to haunt us."

When I asked Rowland why he thought his fellow-scientists had for the most part failed to take a strong stand on the chlorofluorocarbon issue, he replied that scientists generally avoid speaking out on any subject with which they are not wholly conversant, and rarely become involved in controversial matters unless they are appointed to a study group by some such organization as the National Academy of Sciences. "Chemists, in particular, have tended to feel stigmatized by all the adverse publicity that has surrounded their profession in recent years," he said. "Their reaction to environmental problems caused by chemicals—whether it's the pollution of Love Canal, the contamination of ground water, or the destruction of the ozone layer—is frequently a defensive withdrawal from public involvement. Many of them are convinced that such problems are either nonexistent or grossly exaggerated. For those of us who are concerned with the stratosphere, the problems are somewhat different. We are fascinated by the incredible complexity of the chemical reactions that occur up there, and we take great delight in trying to understand them in every last detail. We find it profoundly exhilarating, for example, to attempt a prediction and then obtain confirmation of it by making an actual measurement—or, conversely, to come up with a new and unexpected measurement that sends us back to revise our mathematical models. The trouble is, we have become so absorbed in the minutiae of our work that we tend to spend our time filling in elaborate details and sometimes fail to see things in sufficiently large perspective. Over the past eight years, I have probably been to more than a hundred scientific meetings about the ozone problem—meetings that were attended by at least half of the thousand or so atmospheric scientists who are conversant with this problem—and I have never failed to wonder at how completely the sheer technical aspects of stratospheric science dominate such gatherings, and how little discussion, either formal or informal, is given to the implications of ozone depletion upon plants, crops, fish, weather, or, for that matter, human health.



"Another problem, in my view, is the fact that the chlorofluorocarbon panel of the Chemical Manufacturers Association has become an important source of financing for atmospheric research, with the result that a substantial number of our finest atmospheric scientists are being supported in their work by companies engaged in the manufacture of chlorofluorocarbons. It may prove easier for those scientists to suggest new studies of the ozone layer and different techniques for measuring chemical reactions in the stratosphere than to call for regulatory action against chlorofluorocarbons. In any case, we find ourselves, one way or another, in the midst of a large-scale experiment to change the chemical construction of the stratosphere, even though we have no clear idea of what the biological or meteorological consequences may be."

Researchers in the Department of Transportation's Climatic Impact Assessment Program, Rowland told me, decided in the early nineteen-seventies that the maximum tolerable amount of long-term worldwide ozone depletion would be any detectable change. "At that time, assuming some improvement in measuring capabilities, this was estimated to be one-half of one per cent," he said. "Later, the members of the National Academy of Sciences' Committee on Impacts of Stratospheric Change suggested that an eventual two-per-cent reduction of ozone might be acceptable. Today, it is the assessment of the chlorofluorocarbon industry that we can afford to wait until we have measured an actual loss of one and a half per cent. The fact is, of course, that none of these estimates of what degree of depletion would be tolerable have been based upon science. All of them represent guesswork, crossed fingers, and wishful thinking. No one has the slightest way of knowing, for example, what amount of ozone depletion is required to produce an important shift in the climate of the earth. We do know, however, that if *another* eight years go by without our taking adequate steps to reduce chlorofluorocarbon emissions approximately four million tons of chlorine will have been added to the twelve million tons that are now estimated to be floating about in the atmosphere. We also know that if we continue on our present course enough chlorine will eventually make its way into the stratosphere to create a dangerous situation. What we don't know is how far in the future the point of danger lies—or, for that matter, whether it has already been passed. At this point, it seems obvious that we have only two alternatives. We can continue the large-scale experiment on the stratosphere which is now in progress, in order to determine what its consequences may be. Or we can discontinue the experiment, for the simple reason that its consequences may prove to be disastrous for mankind. One thing we cannot do is undo what we have done. Even if a total, worldwide ban on chlorofluorocarbons were put into effect today, the level of ozone destruction in the upper stratosphere would continue to increase until the end of this century and would persist with gradually decreasing severity throughout the next. All things considered, it seems sensible to discontinue the experiment as rapidly as possible. As a first step, I would make the same recommendation that was made by the authors of the National Academy of Sciences' report of 1979. I would urge that the use of chlorofluorocarbons as aerosol propellants be banned on a worldwide basis without further delay. I would also urge that all nations proceed to reduce sharply their use of these chemicals in other nonessential applications."

DURING the next two years, the debate over the ozone layer continued to be carried on largely out of public sight and mind, and without much urgency, as laboratory experiments to remeasure and refine the rate of various chemical reactions taking place in the stratosphere further reduced the estimate of long-term ozone depletion by chlorofluorocarbons. As a result of some of these experiments, stratospheric ozone losses from nitrogen oxides emitted by high-flying S.S.T.s were once again estimated to be significant. At the same time, actual measurements at ground level showed that there was a slow but steady increase in the concentration of other atmospheric gases—nitrous oxide, for one, and methane, which is produced primarily by bacterial action in rice fields, in swamps, and in the digestive tracts of cattle and other domestic animals. Since it had been known for two decades that concentrations of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere were also increasing, this meant that predictions of changes in the chemical composition of the atmosphere were going to continue to require the assessment and analysis of a mixture of gases. A fourth National Academy of Sciences report, issued in February of 1984, depicted the stratospheric scenario in terms of a whole new set of chemical uncertainties.

To begin with, the authors of the latest report reduced their estimates of eventual ozone depletion from chlorofluorocarbons from the five-to-nine-per-cent range to a two-to-four-per-cent range. Their new prediction was again based on the assumption that the yearly emission of chlorofluorocarbons would remain unchanged over the next century; it was also based on an estimated increase of ozone in the lower atmosphere—an estimate based on revised chemical-reaction rates—which was expected to partly offset a heavy loss of ozone in the high stratosphere resulting from the invasion of chlorofluorocarbons. However, when they took into account the combined effect of carbon dioxide, methane, nitrous oxide, and the nitrogen oxides emitted by subsonic aircraft, the authors of the Academy's 1984 report were able to predict that the total ozone level in the atmosphere might actually *rise* by one per cent over the next few decades. They arrived at this happy possibility by calculating that the increasing level of carbon dioxide and its consequent absorption of infrared radiation would eventually lower stratospheric temperatures, thus slowing down chemical reactions that remove ozone; that methane reacting with chlorine atoms in the stratosphere would prevent the chlorine from reacting with and depleting ozone; that the

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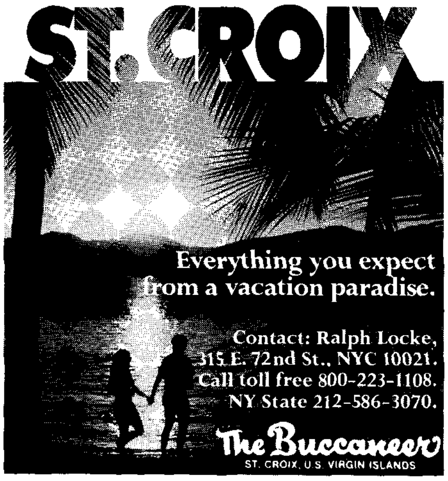
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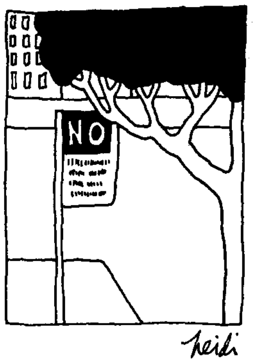
decomposition of nitrous oxide in the stratosphere would increase concentrations of nitrogen oxides, which would react with chlorine compounds to form chlorine nitrate, the gas that disrupts the ozone-depleting chain reactions of both chlorine and nitrogen; and that the nitrogen oxides emitted by subsonic aircraft in the lower stratosphere would be photolyzed by sunlight to form ozone.

In the end, the Academy's report contained good news and bad news. The good news was that the growing concentrations of so-called trace gases might ameliorate the problem of ozone destruction by chlorofluorocarbons. The bad news was that some of these gases could enhance the dreaded greenhouse effect; chlorofluorocarbons, for example, are known to be at least ten thousand times as efficient as carbon dioxide in preventing the escape of infrared radiation. In view of the immense difficulty of quantifying the separate and combined effects of carbon dioxide, methane, nitrous oxide, and nitrogen oxides, it was not surprising that the authors of the latest report should attempt to outline the uncertainties inherent in their findings. They pointed out that if chlorofluorocarbon emissions were to increase at a rate of three per cent per year, and if measures were taken to reduce carbon-dioxide and nitrogen-oxide emissions from airplanes, the total ozone level in the atmosphere could decrease by as much as ten per cent by the year 2040. Still, they took comfort in the fact that between 1970 and 1980 detailed statistical analysis had found "no discernible trend" in the total amount of ozone in the atmosphere.

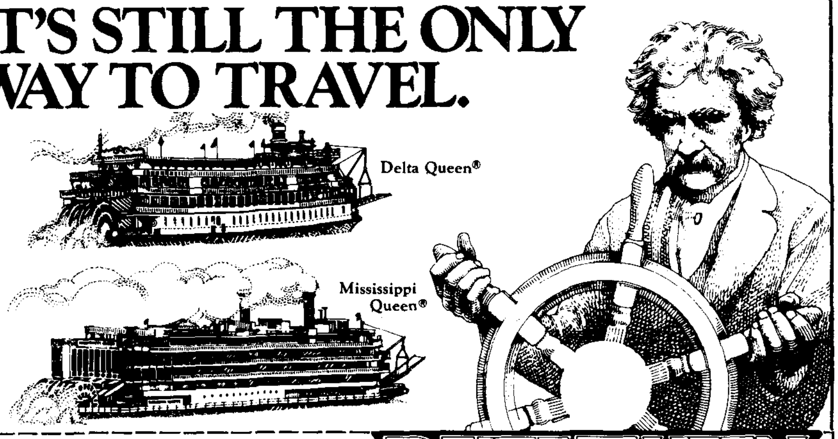


As might be expected, the press response to the report tended to emphasize its decreased estimate of ozone depletion and to ignore its prediction of dire consequences if chlorofluorocarbon emissions were to rise. The reaction of the chlorofluorocarbon industry was also unsurprising. "It shows we don't have an imminent crisis on our hands," Donald R. Strobach, the manager of environmental programs at du Pont's Freon Products Division, said of the report. "What we have is time to research in a rational way." But even as he and the authors of the report were assuring the nation and the world that no drastic changes in the level of ozone were expected in the next few decades, meteorologists who were engaged in measuring ozone with ultraviolet spectrometers at stations in the Northern Hemisphere were finding that ozone concentrations in the atmosphere had in fact fallen sharply since late 1982. Scientists at the Swiss government's ozone-monitoring facility at Arosa, Switzerland, reported that the 1983 ozone average in the atmosphere above their measuring stations was fully eight per cent below the annual average for the previous half century and was the lowest yearly value they had ever recorded; meteorologists at the West German government's weather station at Hohenpeissenberg, in the Bavarian Alps, recorded an ozone reduction of seven per cent in 1983—the lowest in the station's twenty years of operation; and researchers in Toronto found that the five stations of the Canadian government's ozone-monitoring network had measured an average ozone reduction over Canada of three per cent. As a result of these and other measurements from around the world, scientists at the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration calculated that during the first half of 1983 there had been a drop of between five and seven per cent in ozone concentrations over the entire Northern Hemisphere.

This staggering loss of ozone was not publicly reported in the United States until the autumn of 1984, and when I first heard about it—at the end of June, ten years almost to the day after the publication of Rowland and Molina's original hypothesis of ozone depletion by chlorofluorocarbons—I decided to pay another call upon Rowland, to find out if he had any light to shed upon the situation. Since my visit two years earlier, he had won the American Chemical Society's Award for Creative Advances in Environmental Science and Technology; he had been a co-winner of the Tyler Award in Ecology and Energy, with Molina and Harold S. Johnston, of the University of California at Berkeley, whose work on nitrogen oxides in the stratosphere had stimulated the debate over the environmental effects of S.S.T.s. Rowland had also served for two years on the Acid Rain Peer Review Panel of the Executive Office of the White House. "Most of the ozone loss in 1983 occurred in the lower stratosphere—between twelve and twenty miles in altitude," he told me. "What is surprising is that not only were most of the predicted effects of chlorofluorocarbons expected to take place in the high stratosphere—about twenty-five miles above the earth—but no strong effects of any chemicals were predicted in the lower stratosphere. No one yet knows why ozone levels dropped so sharply in the lower stratosphere in 1983, but it could have been related to the presence of particles of sulfuric acid and other gaseous debris that were thrown into the atmosphere by the eruption of the Mexican volcano El Chichon in April of 1982. My colleagues and I are currently investigating the possibility that there might be some reaction between chlorine nitrate and other molecules, such as water, on the surfaces of the volcanic debris, but the precise chemical connection between them remains a mystery that will probably not be solved for some time. Whatever the outcome, the loss of ozone in 1983 serves not only to emphasize our lack of understanding of chemistry in the lower stratosphere but to call into question our ability to make accurate predictions about what is happening there. Remember that the atmospheric models cited in the most recent National Academy report suggested that an *increase* in ozone should be expected in that very region. Remember also that while the predictions for the lower stratosphere have fluctuated widely over the past decade, all the calculations have shown that continued use of chlorofluorocarbons will eventually cause losses of ozone as high as fifty per cent in the upper stratosphere. Thus, it stands to reason that the high stratosphere is an ideal place to seek evidence of ozone depletion by chlorofluorocarbons. As it happens, statisticians from the University of Wisconsin and the University of Chicago reported a few weeks ago that analysis of data provided by thirteen stations in the Northern Hemisphere and Australia, all of which used ultraviolet spectrometers to measure ozone in the atmosphere, showed what they called 'statistically significant negative ozone trends' in the upper stratosphere. These data confirmed previous measurements, by NASA satellites, of ozone loss in the upper stratosphere, which had been occurring since 1970. Back in 1974, an official of the du Pont Company told a congressional subcommittee that if credible evidence should be developed to show that chlorofluorocarbons posed a hazard to human health du Pont would stop manufacturing them. These days, the chlorofluorocarbon industry appears to have decided that it does not intend to consider any evidence credible as long as there is the slightest doubt about the validity of any part of the ozone-depletion hypothesis. Thus, credible evidence becomes impossible to achieve—simply because there will always be some degree of uncertainty in measuring atmospheric changes and there will always be discrepancies in the mathematical models that simulate chemical reactions in the stratosphere. For this reason, one can expect industry to keep on asking for more time, to conduct other investigations. The tactic is known as studying the problem to death, and—considering what is at stake—it is a blatantly cynical one. We have been studying the chlorofluorocarbon problem for more than ten years now, and during each of these years at least a million tons of chlorofluorocarbons, worth more than a billion dollars, have been sold throughout the world. That's the bottom line as far as the chemical companies are concerned. The bottom line for the rest of us is that during each of these ten years a million tons of chlorofluorocarbons, containing at least five hundred thousand tons of chlorine, have been added to the atmosphere, and that sooner or later all this chlorine will be unleashed in the stratosphere to attack the ozone layer."

When I asked Rowland if he thought there was much chance of preventing this, he shook his head and said he did not. "As a professional scientist, I hate to have to admit that," he said. "After all, what's the use of having developed a science well enough to make predictions, if in the end all we're willing to do is stand around and wait for them to come true? But, from what I've seen over the past ten years, nothing will be done about this problem until there is further evidence that a significant loss of ozone has occurred. Unfortunately, this means that if there is a disaster in the making in the stratosphere we are probably not going to avoid it."

A POWERFUL indication that the disaster Rowland had been predicting for a decade might be at hand arose just a few months after our talk. In October of 1984, the atmospheric scientists of the British Antarctic Survey who had been disregard-



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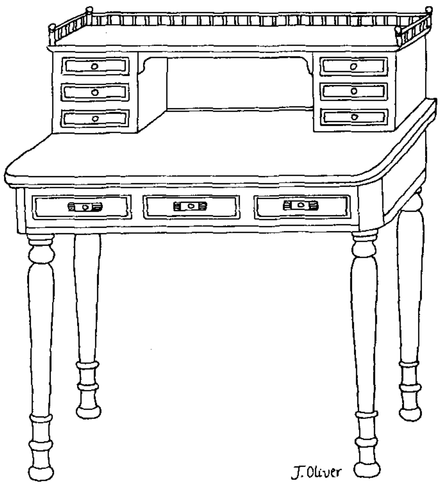
ing their ozone measurements taken at Halley Bay—which had recorded a steady loss of stratospheric ozone above Antarctica since 1977, with especially large temporary decreases every October during that seven-year period—had begun to observe similar losses at their measuring station in the Argentine Islands. Late in December, the British scientists submitted to *Nature* their paper describing the large losses of ozone above Antarctica—losses they characterized as "a dramatic change." But when their paper was published, in May of 1985, there was almost no reaction either in the press or within industry or government circles. Among the members of the world's atmospheric-science community, there was an initial call for more information and for corroboration. This was quick in coming, for by August the atmospheric scientists who were assessing data collected by NASA's Nimbus 7 satellite had belatedly reprogrammed their computers to stop rejecting indications of severe ozone loss just because such low levels had never been seen before. As a result, they were able not only to confirm the disturbing observations of their British colleagues but to provide a detailed map of an enormous hole that had appeared in October of 1983 in the ozone layer above the Antarctic continent. The loss of ozone above Antarctica that month had approached forty per cent, and by October of 1985 was nearly sixty per cent. Moreover, a new analysis of data that had been collected by the satellite between 1978 and 1984 showed that there had been a significant decline of ozone over that period in all latitudes of the globe.

The autumn of 1985 saw a frantic scramble among atmospheric scientists to account for this latest phenomenon. None of the existing atmospheric models upon which they had depended for estimating ozone depletion were predicting large-percentage losses of ozone until the middle of the twenty-first century. Some of the scientists now assumed that their models had omitted certain critical chemical reactions—for example, the possible interaction of chlorine nitrate with water or hydrogen chloride on the surfaces of stratospheric particles, such as the ice crystals that are formed during the cold polar night. Other scientists tried to explain the hole in the Antarctic ozone layer as the result of a special meteorological condition, in which ozone-depleted air from the upper stratosphere might somehow subside upon the Antarctic continent during the months of darkness, or in which ozone-poor air from the lower atmosphere might somehow be drawn up into the stratosphere. Most of them tended to agree, however, that the large ozone losses above the Antarctic were associated with the rapid increases in chlorofluorocarbon concentrations in the atmosphere over the previous decade. The trouble was that, as usual, none of the explanations of ozone depletion could be proved by actual measurement of chemical processes in the Antarctic atmosphere. This, as usual, allowed the chlorofluorocarbon industry to suggest that any connection between chlorofluorocarbons and ozone depletion in the Antarctic rested on theory. Indeed, Dr. Robert Orfeo, a scientist with the Allied Corporation—the nation's second-largest producer of chlorofluorocarbons—declared on a Cable News Network television program that any such linkage amounted to "sheer speculation."

Dr. Rowland, for his part, reacted to the news by pointing out in interviews that the chlorofluorocarbon industry's often repeated assurances that there would be ample early warning of any serious ozone depletion had turned out to be worthless. He also pointed out that for nearly twelve years the prevailing assumption of industry, government, and many members of the scientific community had been that his and Molina's original hypothesis of ozone depletion by chlorofluorocarbons would prove to have been overestimated, and that the appearance of a vast hole in the Antarctic ozone layer tended to show just the opposite. And he concluded that the margin of safety for the world's ozone layer was so thin that no nation should any longer permit the release of chlorofluorocarbons in any form. In short, he now advocated a worldwide ban on virtually all uses of the compounds.



During the winter, I telephoned Rowland and asked him to explain how and why the unexpected loss of ozone was taking place in the stratosphere above Antarctica, and why the depletion was so pronounced in October. To begin with, he told me that atmospheric scientists were not certain about the precise chemistry that occurs in the Antarctic stratosphere and that very few balloon measurements of it had been made. "What is known is that Antarctic meteorology between May and November—roughly the time of Antarctic winter and early spring—is dominated by a rotating air mass called the polar vortex," he said. "This air mass is still dominant in September at the start of the Antarctic spring, which means that any decomposition product such as chlorine nitrate has for the most part remained sequestered in total darkness for many months and has been essentially unaffected by solar radiation. My colleagues and I believe that during this time there is a strong possibility that the chlorine nitrate interacts with molecules of water or hydrogen chloride on the surfaces of stratospheric ice particles, thus forming even more reactive chlorine compounds. When these compounds are struck in September by the first sunlight of the Antarctic spring, they decompose immediately and commence the chlorine chain reaction that results in very rapid destruction of ozone. The depletion is all the greater because as a result of the sun's low angle on the horizon the ultraviolet component of Antarctic sunlight is filtered out, which means that almost no ozone is being formed by the natural reaction of short-wavelength ultraviolet radiation on molecular oxygen. The problem is further exacerbated by the fact that ozone-bearing air masses from other latitudes do not migrate to the Antarctic until November, when the sun rises high enough above the horizon to heat the Antarctic air, causing the polar vortex to break up and the hole in the ozone layer to be filled once again with ozone-rich air from elsewhere. The trouble is that in spite of this annual replenishment there is about six to ten per cent less ozone over Antarctica during the summer and fall these days than there was twenty years ago. In their 1985 article in *Nature*, the scientists of the British Antarctic Survey took pains to point out the striking correlation between this decline of ozone above Antarctica and the rapid increase of chlorofluorocarbon concentrations in the Antarctic atmosphere. Indeed, when one remembers that the British scientists did not measure any significant ozone depletion in the Antarctic between 1957 and 1977, what could be a more likely cause of the sudden appearance of an enormous hole in the Antarctic ozone layer than the explosive growth of chlorofluorocarbons in the world's atmosphere during the past fifteen years?"

NEWS of the catastrophic loss of Antarctic ozone notwithstanding, the Environmental Protection Agency had little to say about stratospheric problems during 1985. Many observers believe that the agency was still bound by the anti-regulatory fetters that had been imposed upon it during the early years of the first Reagan Administration. (Some idea of the mind-set of high E.P.A. officials during that era can be had from a recent book entitled "Are You Tough Enough?," by Anne Gorsuch Burford, who in the course of describing her two-year stint as the agency's administrator dismisses the ozone-depletion problem as a scare issue, calling upon her readers to "remember a few years back when the big news was fluorocarbons that supposedly threatened the ozone layer?") An indication that the E.P.A. might be reëvaluating the chlorofluorocarbon threat came in November, however, when officials of the agency and the Natural Resources Defense Council—an organization that has won a number of landmark court cases involving environmental problems—announced that they had reached an out-of-court settlement of a lawsuit brought against the E.P.A. by the Council in 1984. The lawsuit had called upon the E.P.A. to carry out its 1980 promise of Phase Two regulation of the uses of chlorofluorocarbons other than as aerosol propellants, and, as part of the settlement, E.P.A. officials had agreed to make a decision on the matter by November of 1987.

A further indication that the E.P.A. was rethinking its position came early last January, when the agency published in the *Federal Register* an announcement of what it called a Stratospheric Ozone Protection Plan. The announcement stated that by enhancing the E.P.A.'s research and analysis of stratospheric-ozone problems the program would provide "necessary technical information for use in future Agency decisions on whether or not to regulate chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs) or other chemicals that may affect the ozone layer." After reviewing the possible environmental and health effects of exposure to increased ultraviolet radiation resulting from the depletion of ozone by chlorofluorocarbons, the E.P.A. declared that the production and use of the chemicals might also "contribute to the predicted global warming from the 'greenhouse effect.' " The agency went on to say that a major review of atmospheric-science issues related to ozone modification had been sponsored by NASA, the World Meteorological Organization, the United Nations Environment Programme, and other national and international organizations, and that a report of this review would soon be published. It then described international negotiations concerning the protection of the ozone layer which had been conducted in Vienna under the auspices of UNEP, and had resulted, in March of 1985, in the adoption of the Vienna Convention for the Protection of the Ozone Layer. After acknowledging that the Vienna conference had "failed to agree on any appropriate global control measures," the E.P.A. said that in lieu of such measures a resolution had been passed "calling for an economic workshop to analyze relevant aspects of control options and for continued negotiations culminating in a second Diplomatic Conference planned for April 1987."

As for the E.P.A.'s own efforts at researching and analyzing the threat to the ozone layer, the agency declared that its new program would stress evaluation of future rates of growth in chlorofluorocarbon emissions, modelling of changes to the ozone layer resulting from changes in the chemical composition of the earth's atmosphere, assessment of the performance of atmospheric models in light of atmospheric-monitoring data, and continued study of environmental and health effects from exposure to increased ultraviolet radiation or to changes in climate resulting from ozone modification. As its first order of business, the E.P.A. announced that it would convene a domestic workshop in March of 1986 to analyze the future demand for chlorofluorocarbons and other atmospheric pollutants, as well as the costs and feasibility of emission-reduction technologies, and that UNEP would sponsor an international workshop in May to deal with the same issues. The agency reported that the United States and UNEP were jointly sponsoring an

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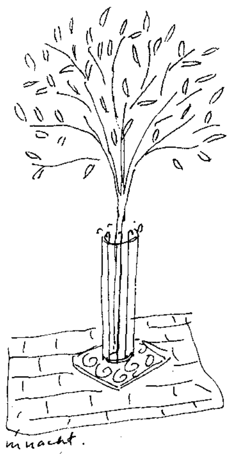
international conference on the environmental and health consequences of ozone depletion and climate change, to be held in mid-June in Washington; that it was planning to convene a workshop to evaluate global and domestic control strategies in July; and that UNEP would follow up with an international workshop on the same issue in September. In conclusion, the E.P.A. pointed out that once it had reviewed the results of all this evaluation and analysis it would publish a notice in the *Federal Register* no later than November, 1987, in which it would either promulgate new regulations or announce another decision to take no immediate action. Nowhere did the agency acknowledge that it had agreed to do so as a result of its out-of-court settlement with the Natural Resources Defense Council, nor did it make any mention of the hole that had appeared in the ozone layer above Antarctica.



In spite of the generally sanguine tone of the E.P.A.'s January announcement in the *Federal Register*, it soon became apparent that the chlorofluorocarbon threat to the ozone layer had finally begun to worry high officials of the agency. The hundred and fifty or so participants at its March workshop on the future demand for chlorofluorocarbons and the feasibility of controlling them were greeted by none other than Lee M. Thomas, the agency's new administrator. After assuring his listeners—they included a bevy of economists, E.P.A. officials, and chlorofluorocarbon-industry representatives, and a handful of atmospheric scientists—that the E.P.A.'s new Stratospheric Ozone Protection Plan should be viewed as a commitment to deciding whether there was a need for regulatory action rather than as a presupposition that additional controls were in fact needed, Thomas warned that a substantial change in global climate caused by ozone-modifying gases could "alter the current ecological balance of our planet." He said that after reviewing a recent NASA report on stratospheric protection he had been struck by the uncertainties in accurately predicting future atmospheric changes, and he cited as a prime example the discovery of the forty-per-cent depletion of ozone during the spring season in Antarctica over the previous decade, stressing the disturbing fact that this phenomenal change had not been predicted by any of the atmospheric models currently in use. He then described what amounted to a brand-new, if somewhat after-the-fact, E.P.A. attitude toward the chlorofluorocarbon problem: "In the face of all this scientific uncertainty, one might ask why has E.P.A. embarked on programs to assess the risks and to decide whether additional CFC regulations are necessary? Why not simply adopt a 'wait-and-see' attitude and hold off a decision until depletion is actually confirmed? Let me address this question squarely. E.P.A. does not accept, as a precondition for decision, empirical verification that ozone depletion is occurring. Several aspects of the situation suggest we may need to act in the near term to avoid letting today's 'risk' become tomorrow's 'crisis.' " In conclusion, Thomas said that the protection of stratospheric ozone was a vital issue, which his agency was "determined to deal with," and that its implications for human health and the environment were "as potentially vast as any I have to deal with as administrator of E.P.A." He then read a sentence from the NASA report which echoed the warning that Dr. Rowland had been issuing for more than a decade: "Given what we know about the ozone and trace-gas-chemistry climate problems, we should recognize that we are conducting one giant experiment on a global scale by increasing the concentration of trace gases in the atmosphere without knowing the environmental consequences."

As might be expected, Thomas's opening remarks to the E.P.A. workshop sent a chill along the spine of the chlorofluorocarbon industry and its lobbying group, the Alliance for Responsible CFC Policy. Industry anguish was readily apparent at a luncheon on the following day, when the workshop participants were addressed by Richard Barnett, the chairman of the Alliance. Barnett told his audience that the E.P.A.'s emphasis on further research and international coöperation should be perceived as "good news," but that the "seemingly good news may be an illusion," because the title of the agency's new program, Stratospheric Ozone Protection Plan, was apparently being used in some quarters as a synonym or code word for further chlorofluorocarbon regulation. "To say the least, we are troubled by the current strategy of the E.P.A. to hold a series of international and domestic conferences intended to build a consensus around the nature and severity of the [chlorofluorocarbon] problem and the major options for remedy," Barnett declared. "We should remain focussed on the stratospheric-ozone-protection problem." After complaining that chlorofluorocarbons were being singled out unfairly for scrutiny, he cited the NASA report, which stated that the chemical effects of trace gases such as carbon dioxide, carbon monoxide, nitrous oxide, methane, and chlorofluorocarbons on atmospheric ozone were "strongly coupled and should not be considered in isolation." He dismissed the suggestion that the depletion of ozone over Antarctica indicated that the "theorized depletion" of ozone by chlorofluorocarbons might already be taking place, declaring that atmospheric-model calculations "continue to suggest that no significant change in total ozone will occur through the next several decades," and that "although the observed reductions in the ozone over the Antarctic region are real, the ozone levels return to near normal soon after the October springtime begins, and no plausible mechanism has been proposed to explain this phenomenon." The many uncertainties regarding the effects of man's activity upon ozone could be resolved only through vigorous research programs, Barnett said, and science could not today provide definite conclusions to justify a specific regulatory policy. He warned that the economy of the nation would be severely penalized if chlorofluorocarbons could not be used in foam insulation, air-conditioning, and refrigeration, and that there could be "substantial risks to worker safety by converting to substances that may be of greater toxicity or possess less desirable properties."

Barnett's arguments were supported by Igor Sobolev, a scientist with Kaiser Aluminum—a major producer of chlorofluorocarbons—who suggested that up to ten years of further research would be needed to clear up the uncertainties in stratospheric chemistry; and by a number of papers submitted by various scientists whose work was being financed by the Alliance for Responsible CFC Policy, including one that listed the fast-freezing of French-style green beans as one of the important contributions of chlorofluorocarbons to the current quality of life. Less helpful—indeed, downright disconcerting to some of the atmospheric scientists who attended the meeting—was an admission by Donald Strobach, of du Pont, that the company had given up looking for chlorofluorocarbon alternatives some five years earlier. Moreover, it would soon come to light that du Pont was in the process of expanding its chlorofluorocarbon production in Japan, and was introducing it into China.

WHEN I telephoned Rowland, who had been at the meeting, to get his reaction to what had been said there, he sounded—as well he might—like a man who had heard it all before. "A lot of discussion was devoted to estimating chlorofluorocarbon production over the next ninety years," he said wearily. "There happens, however, to be the enormous reality of a vast hole that is opening up in the Antarctic ozone layer each October—an event that went totally unpredicted by the atmospheric models we have been depending on. Even though this hole is replenished in November, the fact that total Antarctic ozone levels are down some ten per cent from twenty years ago can scarcely be described as near-normal, and is certainly no excuse for inaction. I believe that the hole we are seeing in the Antarctic ozone layer is going to continue to grow deeper and deeper with each succeeding October, and that serious ozone losses are likely to occur in the stratosphere at *all* latitudes of the world during the twenty-first century. It is pointless to waste time estimating what the production of chlorofluorocarbons will be in the year 2050, because the environmental consequences of their use will have long since overtaken us. In short, the atmospheric experiment whose end cannot be predicted is well under way and the hole in the ozone layer above Antarctica is, unfortunately, just the beginning."

—PAUL BRODEUR

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## CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Police Log in the Winchester* (*Mass.*) *Star*]

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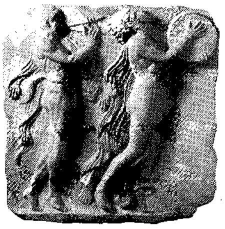

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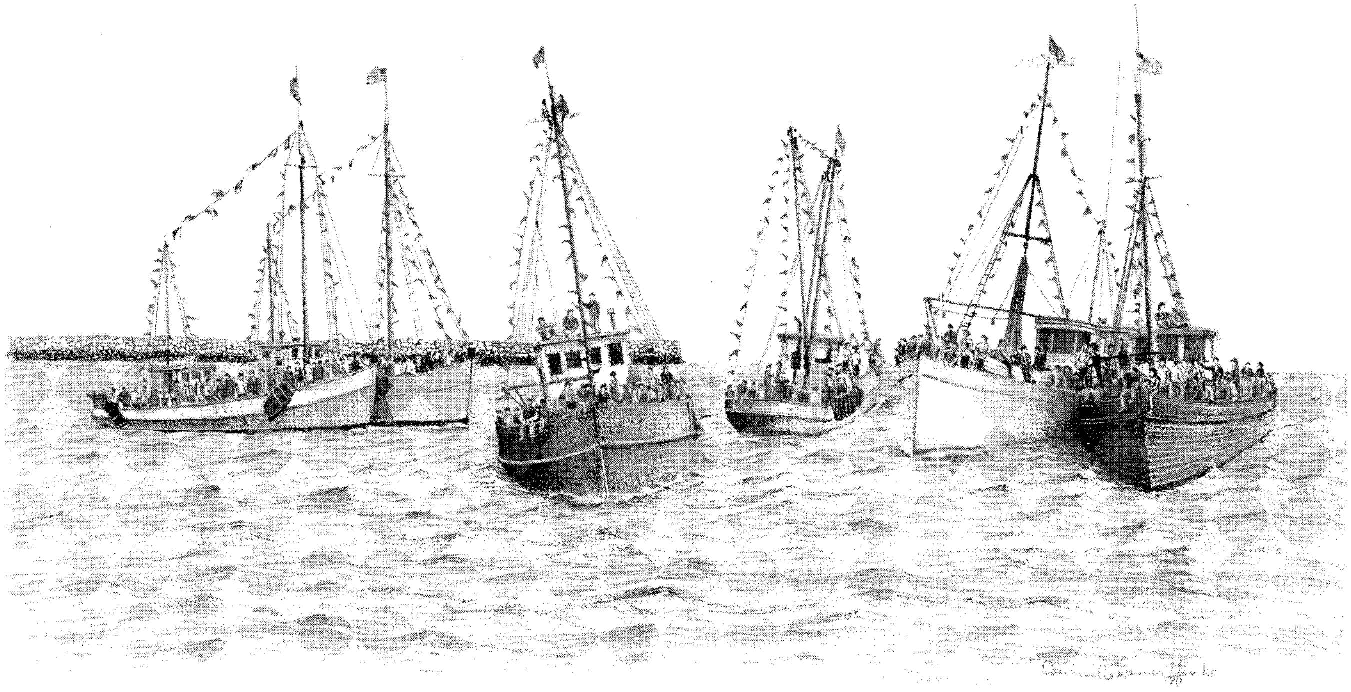
# A REPORTER AT LARGE

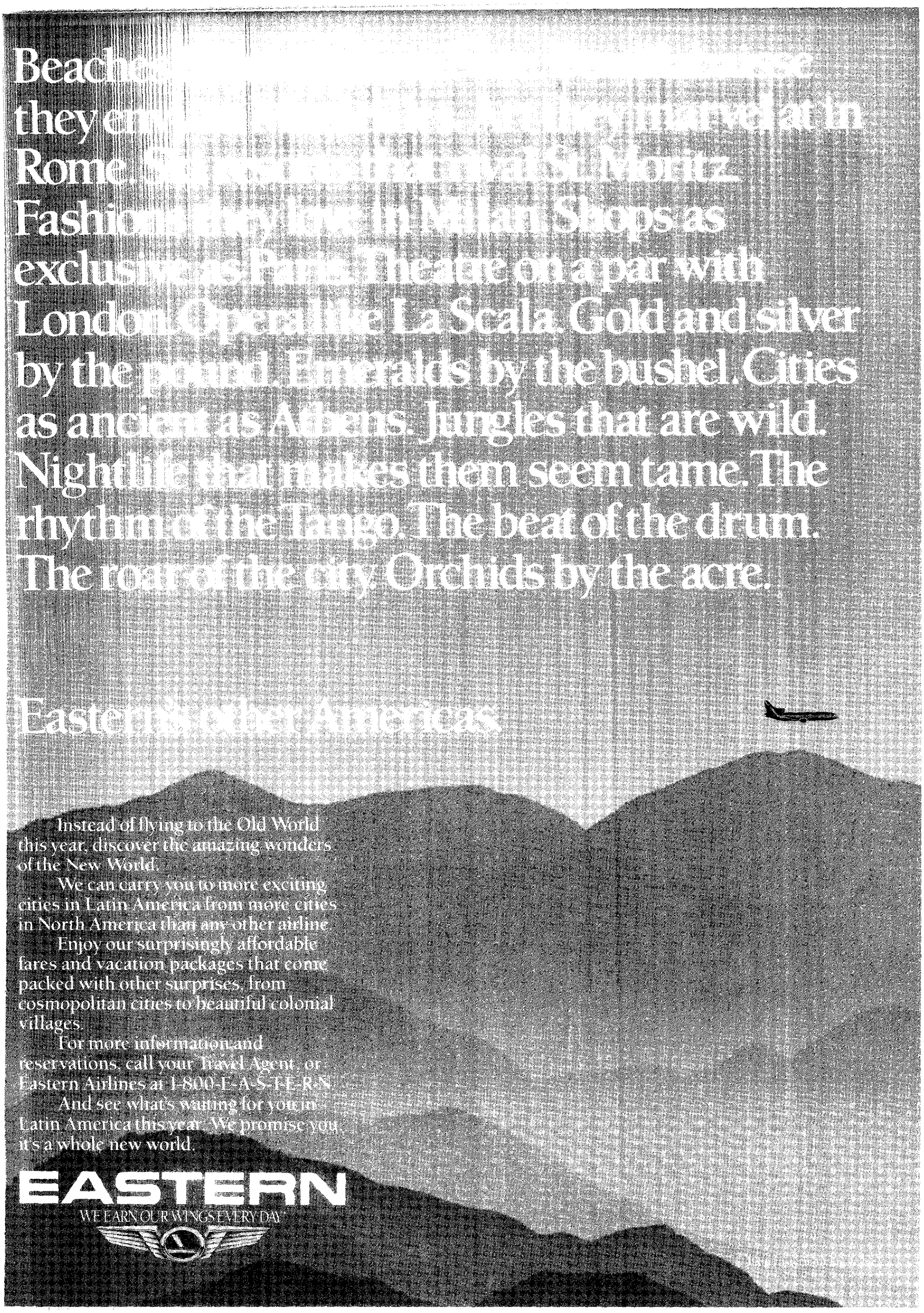
## THE BLESSING OF THE FLEET



THE majority of fishermen in the fishing fleet of Provincetown, Massachusetts, are clannish, irascible, and devout. Aboard many of their boats is a crucifix or a religious medallion or a plaque with a picture and a pious inscription. "O Lord, My Boat Is So Small, and Your Sea Is So Big" is a popular inscription. The better part of the fishermen are Portuguese or of Portuguese descent. They imagine conspiracies. They are frequently solemn and deeply cynical; they are fond of saying, "Life is a bitch, and then you die." They believe that a hatch cover placed upside down is a portent of trouble, that a knife stuck in a mast invites evil, and that whistling aboard a boat calls the wind. Some are the descendants of men from the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands; during the middle of the nineteenth century it was the practice of Provincetown whalers to stop at those islands and augment their crews. Some are the offspring of men who in the late nineteenth century and the early part of this one spent months at a time aboard Portuguese schooners fishing the Grand Banks. The schooners launched fleets of dories, which spread out over the banks in a line. The sailors who manned them were known as Grand Bankers. Now and then, a Grand Banker would intentionally row off in a fog and ship his oars and wait to be rescued by a Provincetown or a Gloucester or a New Bedford boat. Some of the fishermen were born in Portugal but arrived in this country as children and have never been back; a visit to the town of their birth is often the ambition of their retirement. Some are a generation or two removed from Portugal but consider themselves Portuguese, and look unmistakably so, because their bloodlines are pure. Some have been in Provincetown only a few years, and speak almost no English, and have no intention of learning any. They spend most of their time on the water, and when they stop on land they tend to remain within the Portuguese community. When they have a piece of business to transact—a tax form to answer or a credit application to complete—they find someone who can translate.

Provincetown is at the end of Cape Cod. Approximately thirty-five hundred people live there year round. At times, the Portuguese have accounted for as much as three-quarters of the town's population. At the moment, they are probably half. It is a narrow town. The houses are simple and austere and are built close together. It is settled mainly around its harbor, which is unusually deep and sound. Two streets—Commercial Street, which is the main street, and Bradford Street—run the length of the town. Until the early nineteenth century, there were only streets that ran back from the harbor. A person travelling from one end of the town to the other had to do so by way of the beach. Houses by the water had their front doors facing the harbor. When the path was laid for Commercial Street, some of the citizens rotated their houses on their foundations so that the front doors faced the street. From the water, the skyline of the town is mainly low and horizontal, broken only by the steeples of the town hall and several churches, and by the tower of the Pilgrim Monument. The light that falls on the harbor and the town has a particular lustre, which has long been attractive to painters. Provincetown is almost an island, and what accounts for the quality of the light is the great plains of water that edge it and reflect the sky.

The original names of many of the first Portuguese have disappeared. Some took those of captains they sailed under or worked for ashore, some changed their names to more English-sounding ones, and some became known under nicknames that fell into general use. Costa, Duarte, Joseph, Macara, Souza, Medeiros, Tasha, and Taves are common



Beaches [illegible] they en[illegible] they marvel at in Rome. Ski resorts that rival St. Moritz. Fashions they love in Milan. Shops as exclusive as Paris. Theatre on a par with London. Opera like La Scala. Gold and silver by the pound. Emeralds by the bushel. Cities as ancient as Athens. Jungles that are wild. Nightlife that makes them seem tame. The rhythm of the Tango. The beat of the drum. The roar of the city. Orchids by the acre.

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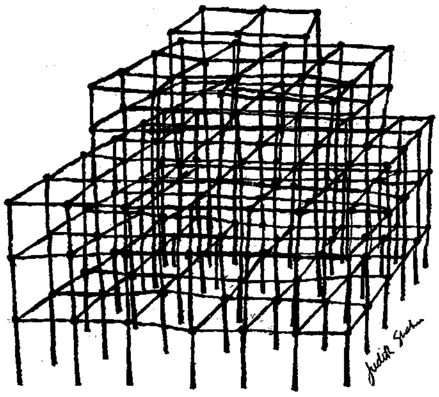
names in the town. The practice of leaving the harbor for a day or two at a time and fishing on the ocean and then shipping the catch fresh to the market was begun by the Portuguese. It started as an occupation of the late fall and winter, the off-season on the Grand Banks. The Portuguese fishermen have the reputation among the rest of the fleet of being tireless workers and fearless of weather. Some of them will stay on the water for days at a time, following schools of fish through storms, and sometimes returning to land only long enough to unload their catch and refuel. The Americans in the fleet tend to buy their homes. The Portuguese generally rent. They often buy real estate in Portugal—one man in the fleet owns an apartment building near Lisbon. If they have teen-age daughters, they frequently send them to relatives in Portugal, with as much faith and certainty in the outcome as if they were sending them to a convent.

The Portuguese of the purest blood have black hair and dark eyes and dark skin. To the summer community they are aloof and all but invisible. They stay home. They live back from the main part of town, in a neighborhood of newer houses, at the center of which is the Catholic church, and, except for the amusement of watching the summer crowds, they generally avoid the congestion of traffic downtown. They trim their hedges and water their lawns and watch television. They are not especially given to curiosity. The mother of one fisherman lived twenty-one years on the west end of town and recently moved a mile or so away, to the east end. On her first day out shopping, she became lost, and had to call for someone to take her home. The fishermen keep different hours from those of the rest of the town. One occasionally sees their solitary figures among the summer crowds. They walk with purpose, and do not look like people who are on vacation—or like people who would pick Provincetown if they were. Their moment of public celebration is the Blessing of the Fleet, which takes place each year over the last weekend of June. No local girl is crowned Queen of the Fleet, and no essays are written in the schools about the importance of fishing, but there are several private affairs for the fishermen and their families, there is a parade, there is a prize for the best-decorated boat (won last year by the Liberty), there is a carnival mood, and there is a sense of tradition and continuity and alliance and renewal.

THE Provincetown fleet consists of thirty-five boats. All of them are draggers, of which there are approximately equal numbers of two kinds—Eastern-rigged and Western-rigged. Both are of the same proportions: they are high-bowed and broad-shouldered, like dories; they are generally between forty-five and sixty feet long; they have gently sloping decks; and they are built close to the water. Western-rigged boats have their pilothouses forward; Eastern have them aft. Western-rigged boats generally launch their nets from the stern, and Eastern-rigged boats launch them over the side. In retrieving them, Western-rigged boats move forward in the water and into the wind to keep the net free of the propeller. Eastern-rigged boats must come to a stop and turn broadside to the wind to prevent the net from drifting underneath them. They are thus always at a disadvantage in a heavy sea—particularly when the net is full and swaying above the deck. Western-rigged boats are preferred and are newer. As time goes on, the Eastern-rigged boats are disappearing. Last year's program for the blessing had on its cover a photograph of the Liberty. The Liberty is owned by Nobert Macara. His sons Jack and Rick run it for him. Jack was the co-chairman of the blessing. The Liberty has its pilothouse forward, and so is a Western-rigged boat, but is unusual in that it launches its nets from the side. It was built in 1941, in St. Augustine, Florida, and it is also called a Southern-style boat, because it is a kind that is commonly used for shrimping in the South.

Half the fleet is built of wood, and half—the newer half—is of steel. The Liberty has a frame of oak and a hull of cypress. It was built without caulking. When the hull of a cypress boat is completed, it is sunk for several days. The cypress swells, and the hull then is raised, and emptied out, and floated. A wooden boat can change hands for as little as forty-five thousand dollars, but at that price it will probably need work. The boats remain in the fleet or are sold to members of neighboring ones or, like the Liberty, are passed down among families. Steel boats are often bought new. Most are built in Southern shipyards, and cost as much as four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Some are immense. There are four big boats in the Provincetown fleet—the B. Trio, the Paula and Mark, the Ruthy L., and the Divino Criador. They fish in deep water, and stay out on the grounds several days at a time.



How early a captain leaves the harbor, how far he travels to reach his grounds, the determination he applies to his hours on the water, how often he fishes, and the chances he takes on the weather depend only partly on his ambition and the qualities of his boat. The fishermen have a saying to explain what decides the intensity of their schedules: "It's not the length of the boat, it's the size of the note." Many of the older boats are paid for. Wooden boats are built to last twenty-five or thirty years, but many in the fleet are older than that. Some are as much as fifty years old, and one is a hundred. The older boats are creaky. They look fragile. They look as if they could be shaken to pieces. They take a terrific pounding over the years. There is a lot of vibration. They loosen up. The nets they drag are held to the sea bottom by otter boards—tabletop-size slabs of oak bound in steel, or of plain steel. The otter boards are also called doors, and when the net is out of the water they are hung from steel frames on deck called galluses. On the Liberty, when the doors go over the side you can see the floorboards underneath the galluses heave. Every few years, the older boats spend a part of each spring on the rails at the boatyard. The captains do what they can to keep them in service, because the prospect of taking on the payments for a new boat is daunting.

An additional cost of operating a boat is insurance. Premiums can be as high as forty thousand dollars a year. A boat on which money is owed is a boat that must carry insurance. Some of the older captains who have paid off their loans carry no insurance at all. This is the case with the Liberty. The members of the fleet buy coverage through an agency that insures boats all along the coast. They are part of a risk pool that includes other New England ports. Shortly before the blessing, because of a number of suspicious sinkings in other ports the insurance was cancelled. Some of the captains were able to continue fishing by obtaining second mortgages on their homes and paying off the loans on their boats. Many captains with mortgaged boats were forced to fish anyway, though it was prohibited to do so without insurance. If they hadn't, they would surely have lost their boats. Because of the problem with insurance, some of the boats sat out the last blessing.

Some boats have absentee owners—at least one belongs to the widow of a fisherman—and some are owned by retired fishermen, who let them out for a share of the profits, but the majority are owned by their captains. A few of the captains are elderly—one is eighty-three—and have fished as many as fifty years around Provincetown. The elderly captains look nimble and much less than their age. The size of the fleet is not stable. Boats come and go according to the prosperity of the season. Ten years ago, when enormous beds of scallops were discovered off Chatham, everyone turned to scalloping, and twenty boats were added in a year. The beds have since been depleted, and many of the boats have disappeared.

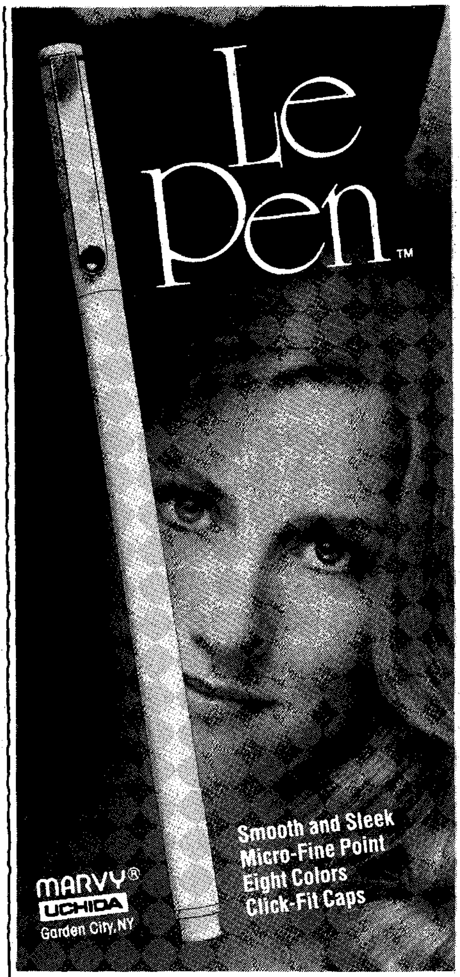
The boats are painted bright colors. They look festive. One of them, the Barracuda, has an acid-green hull on which, running halfway toward the stern from the bow, is painted a gaping watermelon-red mouth with sharp white teeth. Some boats have Portuguese names: the Ancora Praia, the Divino Criador, the Divino Mar, the Little Natalia; some names are dynastic: the Raider III, Mary Ann VII; some are inspirational: the Liberty, the Liberty Belle; some are devotional: the Guardian Angel, the St. Jude; some are obscure: the Silver Mink, the B. Trio; and a number are sentimental: the Ruthy L., the Sarah Lynn, the Suzy & Sandra, the Jimmy Boy, the Josephine G., the Charlotte G., the Joan & Tom.

THE program for last year's blessing contained pictures and text and advertisements. It had a dedication of some length to the late Insley Caton and to his late father-in-law, Antone Joseph. The dedication was written by Betty V. Costa. It says, "These two men, of different birthplaces, generations, and experiences, are now part of the history of fishing in Provincetown. Each has left an indelible mark. May they enjoy eternity with the Great Fisherman and may their families find solace and pride in the heritage they left behind." It also says that Insley Caton was born in Provincetown in 1925, and that "in his early years the traits that were to make him a multi-faceted man were already evident." In high school, he was an altar boy and a basketball player, he liked music, and, as a senior, he was voted best boy dancer in the class. He joined the Navy, and, after his service, came back to Provincetown, where he worked for the Suburban Gas Company and then ran a restaurant before "embarking upon what was to be his career, fishing." He married Antone Joseph's daughter Leona, and they had three sons. Throughout his life, he attended dance classes with Leona and friends. He had a laugh that encouraged people to laugh with him. He was considerate. When he wasn't fishing, he often attended daily Mass. He loved driving and travel and new experiences. He worked on various boats and then bought his own, the Leona Louise, which he ran for fifteen years. When he sold it, he went to work on a boat owned by one of his sons. He had intended to paint when he retired, and had bought an easel and some paints, but died before he was able to begin.

Antone Joseph was born in Portugal in 1897. He came to America at twenty-one, having already fished out of Portugal and Gibraltar and worked aboard a whaler. In Provincetown, he shipped as a doryman on the Grand Banks and later had a place on a dragger. He was married to Louisa Perry for forty-five years, and they had two daughters and two sons.

The program says:

> Although blessed with a sense of humor, Tony Joseph was shy and shunned the spotlight when the family gathered, preferring the sidelines, but enjoying the love and banter.
>
> On a visit to Portugal, his wife Louisa was killed in an automobile accident and his was the sad task of bringing her home for burial. . . . He went to stay with Leona and Insley, who was like another son to him. He shared their home for about two years.
>
> Although he had little formal education, he was an intelligent man, not given to rash decisions. He went back to Portugal for a visit. After thinking it over carefully, he decided that, for economic reasons, he would remain and make his home there. He sold his Provincetown home and began his new life in the land of his birth. Later,



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he remarried. When his beloved Insley died, he came back for the funeral. There had been a great bond between these two men. Fishing, love of family, and a father-son relationship had fused this bond.

Joseph visited Provincetown during the summer of 1984, passing the time with his family and the fishermen on the wharf, and in visits to the cemetery.

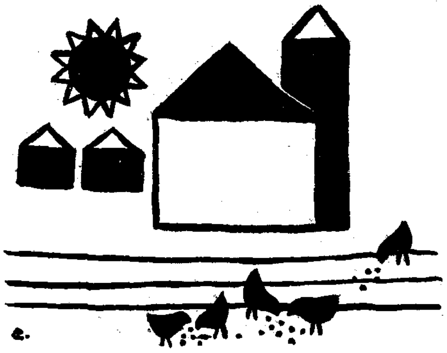
One afternoon during the blessing, I went to see Alice Joseph, who is married to Antone's son Anthony. I took with me a copy of the program, which I had just bought for a dollar at the L & A Market. Mrs. Joseph is a small, fragile woman with a round and pretty face. She has gray hair worn short and tightly curled. She is hobbled by arthritis, and she sits most of the day on her couch in the living room with the phone beside her. When someone arrives, it takes Mrs. Joseph a while to cross to the door and unlock it. She walks with a cane, and her progress is uncertain. Her head stays down, watching her path. A slight rise in the rug is an obstacle. Her house is on Bradford Street—the back street—near the town hall. The windows of the living room face the street but are high above it, so that a person sitting on the couch does not see it, only hears it. In many of the windows on the first and second floors, there are statues of fishermen.

Mrs. Joseph is recently retired from the position of town librarian. Over the years, she collected a lot of information about fishing—about studies, about the fleet, about wrecks, and about proposals in the statehouse. We talked in her living room. She showed me pictures from a past blessing. In one, she stands on the deck of her husband's boat among several people, and it is possible to see from it how pretty she was and how people were drawn to her vitality. She told me that the original grants of land in the town had been given from the harbor across to the ocean and that this partly accounted for the bunched-up, linear construction of the town: when a son married, his parents gave him land to build on behind their own; this provided the women with the comfort of each other's company while their husbands were away fishing. She told me that before electronic fish finders made it easier to locate fish captains would keep thorough records of sightings of schools and of the weather and the temperature of the water in order to try to predict their movements. She said fishermen rarely lived to see their children grow up, "but if they survive long enough, it seems to renew all the ties."

Her husband, Anthony, came in. It was his day off, and he had been out visiting. He had been a fisherman most of his life but had given it up two years ago and taken a job with the town as a parking-lot attendant. This was the result of a misfortune. He had bought a boat that turned out to need more repair than he had expected. The insurance company refused to accept it for coverage, and it was declared a total loss. He is still paying for it. "If we had all the money we've lost on fishing boats, we'd be well off," Mrs. Joseph said. Anthony is small and gaunt. His face is weathered, and his expression is fierce and remote and morose. He had on a windbreaker, a flannel shirt, and khaki pants. Mrs. Joseph said he would tell me about fishing. He didn't say anything. He sat in a chair at right angles to me and stared at me askance through thick glasses. Then he looked away. Then he looked back. He lit a cigarette and watched the smoke disappear into the air. I thought perhaps he had no intention of saying anything and was waiting for me to go. Then he said, "As soon as a man gets away from the sea, he is lost. Because God meant his disciples to be fishermen." He drew on his cigarette. "When he comes to the wharf, the fisherman doesn't *sell* his fish," he said. "He gives it away. I got thirty cents a pound for a fish that you go to the store and they sell it for six dollars."

In an attempt to cheer him, his wife showed him the program. "Look at what a good job they did, Anthony," she said. "Have you seen this? It's your father." She handed him the program, but he just waved his hand before him in the air and said, "Aaah, I don't want to live in the past."

HISTORY: In the eighteenth century, a tax on the Provincetown fishery supported the schools. The fisherman with the year's lowest catch spent the following year as schoolmaster.



THERE are two kinds of captains in the Provincetown fleet. The first is opportunistic, and pursues whatever is abundant—mainly whiting. The second disdains whiting and goes exclusively after flounder—fluke, yellowtails, witches, dabs, blackbacks, and four-o'clocks. Whiting is present in the millions. It is caught in bulk by the fishing fleets of Gloucester and Boston and New Bedford, all of which are larger than Provincetown's and catch many more fish. The volume of their catch determines the price at the market. Whiting's value fluctuates wildly. It is a fish that must often be caught by the ton to provide much of a profitable return to the boat. Large catches of whiting sometimes return less than the cost of fuel for the trip. The Sunday of the week before the blessing, one Provincetown captain left the harbor early and steamed five hours to grounds where he knew there were whiting. He fished all day and steamed back with three thousand pounds of it, for which he received ten cents a pound. His trip bill was three hundred and twenty-five dollars. Three days later, mainly because the Gloucester boats did not catch much of it, whiting paid forty-three cents a pound. The market for whiting is mainly among the inner-city sections of Baltimore and Philadelphia, and its competition is chicken. When the price of whiting surpasses that of chicken, people desert whiting. The fish buyers say that Frank Perdue controls the price of whiting. Buyers do not like to handle whiting. In addition to the frequent disappointments of its price, it takes a long time to unload from the boats, because there is so much of it. Furthermore, every boat bringing in whiting at a close-to-worthless price is one less boat bringing in valuable fish.

Flounder is a chancier catch. In fish markets and restaurants, much of it appears inaccurately described as sole, which is more expensive. No sole is caught in the waters fished by Provincetown boats or any Connecticut or Long Island or Gulf of Maine boats. What is called gray sole is actually *witch flounder*; lemon sole is the name given to blackback flounder of more than four pounds. Six or seven boxes of flounder—there are a hundred and twenty-five pounds to a box—are generally worth a deckful of whiting.

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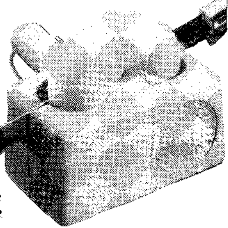

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Flounder fishing is considered easy work. A fisherman has to find them, of course, which means that he must know something about the habits and movements of the fish, but once among them he need only lower his net and sweep the grounds. Whiting is all kinds of work, because the nets fill up so fast.

What is caught by the Provincetown fleet in the greatest abundance is dogfish. A while ago, a captain caught nine tons of them in three minutes. Dogfish are a pest. They are a kind of small shark. They are an aggressive fish, and drive away others. Also, they tear up the nets with their skin, which is as coarse as sandpaper. The Provincetown fishermen have no market for them. What market there is is in Europe, and is handled through contracts held by Gloucester boats. The Provincetown fishermen pitchfork them back into the water. The dogfish survive. The boats also catch, in lesser quantities, pollack, cod, hake, ocean pout, skates, and goosefish. The wings are all they use of the skates; and of the goosefish they sell only the tails. Sturgeon and red snapper turn up as strays. The year before last, a number of boats fished for squid. They caught them in such quantity that the buyers were unable to handle them. Last year, several boats made arrangements to deliver squid to Spanish and Italian processors waiting offshore, but the squid never showed up.

The boats leave the harbor between two and five in the morning, depending on the distance to the grounds their captains plan to fish, and they return by five in the evening, to have their catch unloaded onto trucks heading for the markets in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or Baltimore—the destination depends on where the buyers found the best price. Where the boats fish depends partly on the season and partly on what their captains are after. Sometimes the fishermen work a certain area day after day, and sometimes they wake up having no idea where they will fish, and make up their minds on the trip from their houses to the harbor.

Provincetown boats, like all draggers, tow otter trawls—long, baggy cone-shaped nets that have been in use without alteration since the middle of the nineteenth century. A weighted line called a foot rope holds the base of the net to the bottom, and a line buoyed by floats, called the head rope, suspends the top of it. The head rope forms an arc, which at its widest point

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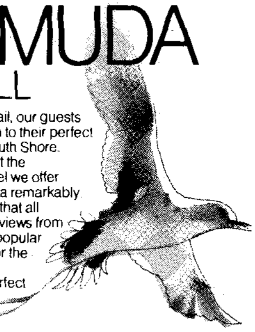

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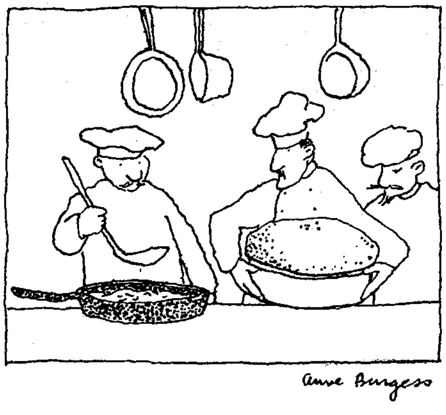
is between ten and fifteen feet. The rise of the arc is an advantage, because fish tend to strike upward when alarmed. A net is held open at its mouth by the doors, one on each side, rigged in such a fashion that the resistance of the water planes them out. Wooden doors weigh between seven hundred and fifty and eight hundred pounds; steel doors weigh twice that. The doors are a hazard. Coming out of the water, they have tremendous momentum, and can knock a person unconscious and overboard, or cut off fingers, or crush a hand. Many of the accidents that take place aboard fishing boats involve the doors.

By the time chains, lines, and doors are attached, a net costs between four and five thousand dollars. It can last for years, but it is easy to lose one, and even easier to tear one up. Nets snag on wrecks and rocks and anchors—practically any obstruction. There are scores of wrecks off the Cape. Some are charted, and some are too new or too small to be. Some have shifted their locations in storms. Others have been dragged out of position by the enormous scallop boats that come through the grounds pulling huge metal rakes. When a fisherman finds a new wreck, he takes a bearing on it, notes its position in a log, and reports it to the rest of the fleet. Sometimes when a net hangs up, three or four draggers will collect in a line, stern to bow, and tug on it, but if it won't come free it has to be cut. Fishermen never know when they will lose a net. They say that when they throw one over the side it belongs to God and when they get it back on board it is theirs. The Provincetown fishery is called either a ground fishery, because it catches mainly bottom-dwelling fish, or a flat-net fishery. Boats usually carry two kinds of nets—flat nets and spacer nets. A flat net tows flush against the bottom, and is for use over grounds of sand or mud. A spacer net has rollers of hard rubber at intervals along its mouth in order to raise it above rocks and keep it from tearing itself to shreds. The bottom of each net of either kind is reinforced with lengths of colored fibre-glass rope, which are tied into the mesh by the fishermen and hang down from it in strands called whiskers. The collection of whiskers is called the chafing gear, which used to be made of cowhide until it became too expensive. Boats fishing for whiting carry a net of a smaller mesh. The regular fishing net has a five-and-a-half-inch mesh. A whiting net has a mesh of two and a half inches. A captain must have a pretty good idea of the kind of terrain he is fishing over if he is to preserve his nets. Many captains buy standard nautical charts, on which they outline precisely, in pencil, what they have learned to be the shapes of various stretches of bottom. The shapes look like islands. The nets are dragged at about two and a half miles per hour, although a boat in pursuit of a swift-moving fish, like pollack, has to tow as fast as it can. The net catches everything in its path, but many fishermen believe that numbers of fish sense its approach and flee, and that as many escape as are caught.

Raymond Duarte, a fisherman: "I was born in Portugal, in Viana do Castelo, in the northern part of the country, in 1946. We lived on one end of the Lima River, and on the other end was Spain. I was two when we left. I remember very little—the shape of a room, certain sounds. I have seen pictures of the house I grew up in. They look familiar, and I think I can just figure out something about them, but I can't. In Portuguese, my name would be Ramao. I'm fifth in line in the family. There's Adélia, Joaquin, Manuel, Maria, Raymond, Jimmy, Vinnie, and Candy. One's a banker, one's a nurse, one's a carpenter, one's in health foods in New York City, one's a vice-president of an insurance company, one's a pharmacist, and one has a retail store in Connecticut. Out of eight, I was the only one who decided to go into the fishing business.

"My father came to Provincetown in 1948. Arthur Duarte, my great-uncle on my father's side, was fishing here, and he sent for my father. My father fished with him a season, then brought the whole family. I learned English in school. They put me in a classroom and I had to figure it out. I wasn't allowed to speak anything but Portuguese at home, and that made it awkward with my friends. In Portugal, my father had been a fisherman, using hand lines and gill nets mainly. Gill nets for herring and hand lines for octopus in the rocks off the shore. My mother would help tar the nets and stretch them out in the sun to dry.



"There were no engines on the boats—only sails. My father would go out before dawn with a piece of bread and an orange and stay out all day, and if there was no wind he'd have to row home. In Provincetown, my father worked with my great-uncle on the Josephina. After a while, he was made captain of the Sea Fox, and then the Charlotte G., which the owner had built for him in 1952. Later, he bought it, and he still has it. It's registered at fifty-six feet, and it was built in Blue Hill, Maine, out of oak. My father is sixty-three, and has fished for fifty-two years. My great-uncle is eighty-three, and he just bought a new boat, the Guardian Angel, a steel Western-rig, forty-two feet. He was retired five or six years, and it drove him foolish not to fish. He's having a hard time these last few weeks. I heard from him on the radio this morning. He said he's been out four days and he can't find enough to eat. And he's been all over the ocean.

"I started fishing summers on the Plymouth Belle, where I stayed until a place opened up full time on the Charlotte G. Later, I ran the Reneva and the Cathy Joe, and I also owned one, the Jenny M. I didn't name her. I bought her from somebody in Hyannis, and that was the name she had on her. When I first had her, I fished the grounds I learned from my father. Often the two of us would be out there sweeping them together. I also found places my father didn't like fishing. Not for any reason—he just didn't like to go there. How you find new grounds is you throw out the nets and see what comes up; you ask questions.

"In 1973, I was being passed a basket of fish down the fish hold—you carry them on your shoulders—and the boat rolled and I went up in the air and came down backwards like a horseshoe on a pin board, which is what contains the fish in the hold; we pile up the pin boards in slats, like a fence, and each time the level of the fish rises you put in another. My back hurt, but I kept on fishing. I thought I had only bruised it. But it got so I was always the last man on deck, because the pain was so bad. I fished that way for months, and then I finally discov-

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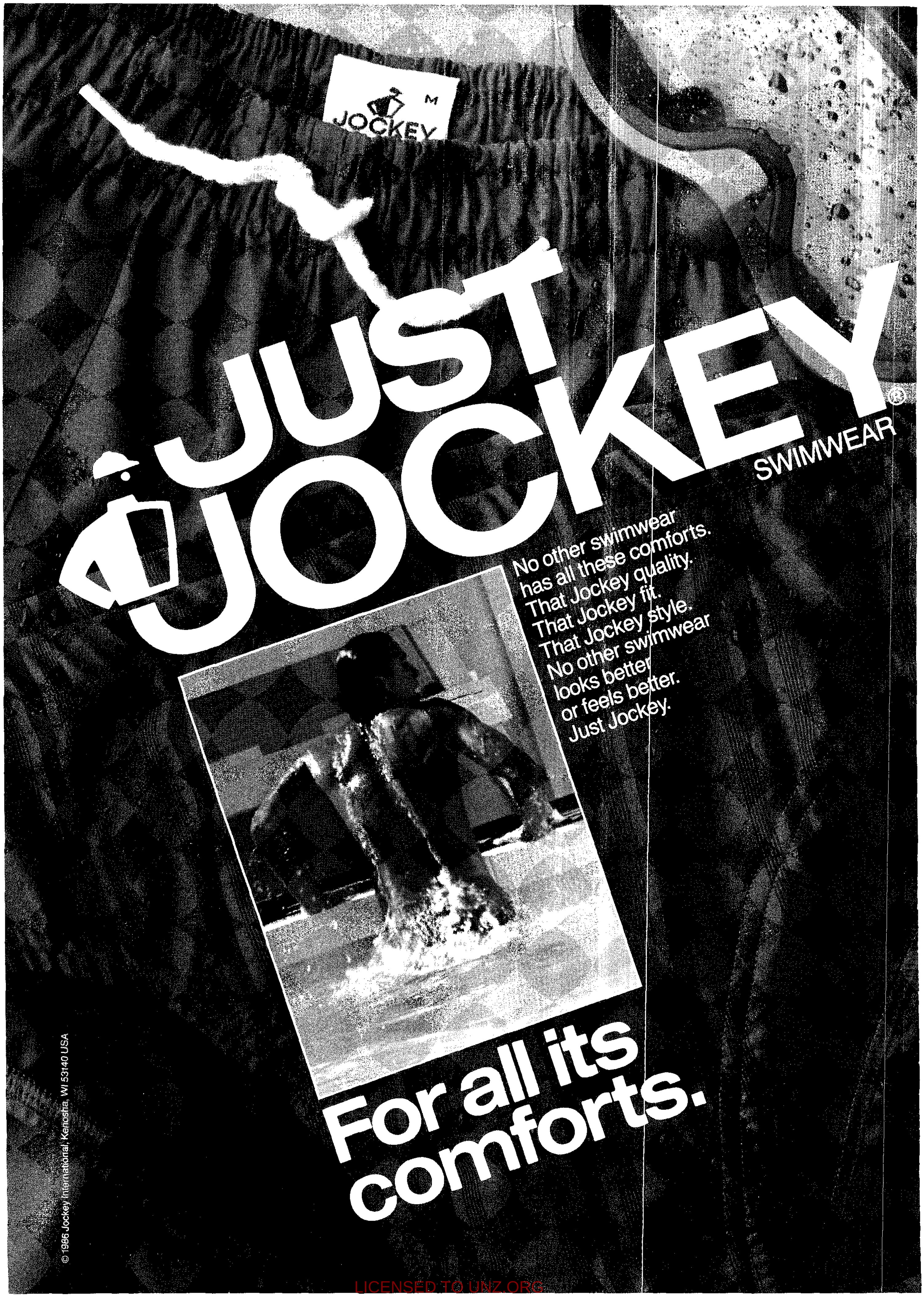
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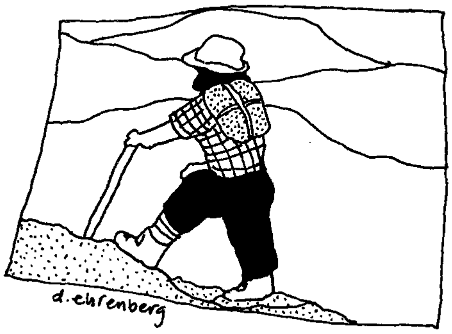
ered from the doctor that it was a ruptured disk. That's when they told me I couldn't go fishing as a crew member anymore, and that's when I bought a boat. I was captain then, and I didn't do any of the heavy lifting. I went two or three years like that before, with all the constant yanking and pulling, my back started bothering me again. Then I was in real trouble. When you have no education, and they tell you no more fishing, you feel like your legs have been cut from under you. I did what I could. I opened a fish store and ran it a couple of years, but I lost interest and told my wife I wanted to sell it. She said, 'What do you want to sell this money-maker for?' I just missed fishing. I would drive down to the wharf and hear the racket, and see the gulls, and the boats landing fish, and the water all stirred up, and I would want to go fishing.

"I quit school to go fishing. I learned to splice wire, I learned to cook for five men, I learned about the engine room and how to change oil. I learned about the nets. After a while, I knew enough that if a man was sick I could take his place for the day. If the engineer was sick, I would go out as engineer. If it was the cook, I would be cook. Those were in the days when boats had five-man crews. Nowadays, the cook and the engineer have been eliminated. Used to be there were so many fish that the boats couldn't handle them. All the fish now are getting caught outside, way offshore, by big trip boats out of New Bedford that are gone ten and twelve days at a time. You could put a Provincetown boat on the deck of a New Bedford boat. My father was a hard, hard man for a teacher. Anybody but me could make a mistake. He's all the time tinkering with his nets. He likes to add twine to get the shape he wants, and they regularly need repair. It's incredible to see him, he works so fast. It's like a sewing machine to see his hands moving. I would be holding the twine while he was mending, and if I wasn't going fast enough he would whack me with the mending needle across my knuckles and say, 'Pay attention!' I would go home with my knuckles bleeding. I once fished with him thirty-eight days. Several times, day and night, just coming home to unload—eat, sleep, get up, and go right back out. After a few weeks, I said, 'Captain, I need a rest. When are we going to take a break?' 'When the prices drop, we'll take it easy.' Come near the end of the thirty-eight days, I say, 'Captain, the prices have dropped,' and he says, 'I know—now we need to catch twice as many.' Another time, the back of the pilothouse caught fire, so I went to him and said, 'Captain, you know the back of the pilothouse is on fire,' and he said, 'We're only going to make one more tow.' I've worked with him in a hundred-and-ten-mile-an-hour breeze. The wind was off the land, and we went in close to the beach to anchor. We put out two anchors and they didn't hold, so he decided to let out the nets—if we couldn't anchor up, then we'd fish. The sand was blowing off the beach and it felt like nails. We had a helicopter from the Coast Guard come over the top of us and they opened up their door and held out a big sign and it said 'Hurricane,' clear as a bell you could read it, and my father said, 'What do they want?' and I said, 'They say it's a hurricane,' and he said, 'Well, I know that.'

"My father is very knowledgeable about fishing and about the water. He told me never to lose my respect for the water or I would be lost. He told me never to worry about the white water—only the green, because that's where the weight is. Fishing with him, I learned to watch the sky for signs of weather. If you see birds rotating way up—turning small, tight circles and not flapping their wings—you're going to get a blow. If you come down to the pier and you see sand floating on top of the water, or lights reflecting off the water in the dark before dawn, or you are on the water and the land looms up—it looks twice as high as it usually does, and things you don't normally see, now you will see them—all of these are signs of an approaching easterly wind. He is also forever looking for sun dogs—little rainbows way up in the sky in the early morning, streaks of two or three colors, and wherever you see them that's where the wind is going to come from the next day.

"In my time, I've seen squalls, waterspouts. I've seen the water flat as a table, a beautiful day, sun was out, come a squall, come with that squall hail—it took us four hours to get to the grounds and twelve to get home. One time, my father was fishing at Great Round Shoal, off Nantucket Sound, and he was waist deep in fish. It was flat calm. My father was in the pilothouse watching the barometer. He said, 'I don't like what I see. Bring in the nets.' The crew said, 'But we're waist deep in fish.' They had a deckful of cod. They were getting rich. 'I don't care. I'm captain here. Bring in the nets.' By the time he had hit Highland Light, about seventeen miles from port, the winds were sixty to sixty-five miles per hour and from the northeast with high seas, and when he hit the harbor they were a hundred and fifteen miles per hour. The trysail, which is used to steady the boat, was ripped to ribbons. He was fishing the shoal with the Redstart, out of New Bedford—a big steel-hulled boat, a beautiful boat—and she said, 'There's a lot of fish out here, we're going to wait it out.' I don't know what she did—if she ran into shoal water, or what—but to this day they are still looking for the Redstart.



"The problem with fishing is that your life is not your own. You get up at three or four in the morning. You're constantly away from home. My first son I didn't even see grow up. My wife figured it out—one week, I was home twenty-four hours. The rest of the time you're forever waiting by the phone—you never know when you are going to get a call. My father called one time at Thanksgiving. If he got the weather report in the evening and they gave him bad weather for the next two or three days and he thought he could get the night out of it, he would go out and fish the night. The only thing that stopped him was Good Fridays. We would fish until Thursday midnight, and then the net would come out of the water. He was a fanatic about that. Add to that, when you have the responsibility of a boat you are never comfortable at home. You can't rest. It's on your mind constantly. The harbormaster will call in the middle of the night and say you parted lines, or you're taking on water, and you have to race to the pier to correct it.

"When I first went fishing, I got seasick for two years. It got so bad sometimes that I wanted to jump overboard. 'This business is not cut out for you,' my father said, and I said, 'Yes, it is.' I hung on, and then one day he came down to the wharf and let the

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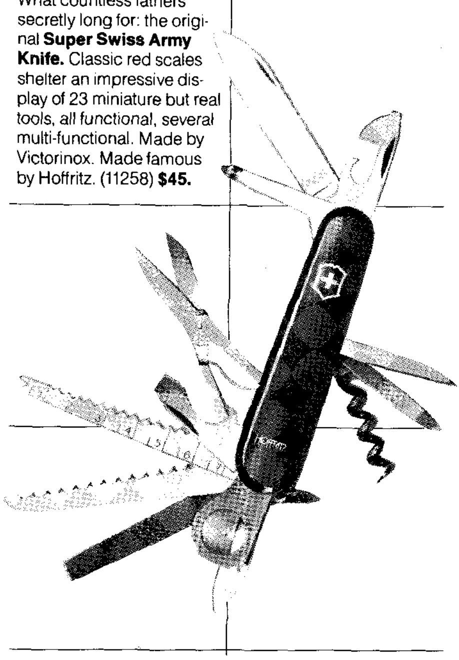

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lines go and said, 'I'm not going fishing. You are.' He must have called about fifty times that day on the radio, checking up. One time, he called and said 'Where are you?' and I said, 'Off Nauset,' and he said, 'How deep?' and I said, 'Twenty-seven fathoms,' and he said, 'You're in a bad, bad place.' I said, 'What do you mean?' He said, 'You got a wreck at twenty-five fathoms, you got one at twenty-six, you got one at twenty-seven, and one at twenty-nine.' So I rang the bells and raised everyone up on deck and hauled the nets and steamed the hell out of there. I fished the rest of the day outside of the wrecks and came in with about eleven thousand pounds of yellowtails and blackbacks, and he was tickled.

"Why I put up with the seasickness I don't really know. I just liked fishing, ever since I was in grade school. My mother always knew where to find me—down at the wharf, or at the trap sheds, where the trap fishermen kept their boats and their nets. I see three or four kids hanging around the pier now that are hooked. They can't stay away. They are going to be fishermen."

RAYMOND is compact and wiry. He has a small face, a large nose, a broad mouth, and eyes that are dark and sleepy and mournful. His hair is black, and his skin is dark; he looks as if he were made out of leather. He is agile. At the moment, he is on leave from the fleet. For how long he doesn't know. He has lately become a partner in Oceanic Seafood, one of the buyers. (There are two buyers in town.) He joined Oceanic because the owner was in danger of going out of business and asked for his help. Raymond felt that having only one buyer in town would be a disaster for the fishermen, so he agreed. For Oceanic, Raymond fields the fishermen's complaints. When they bicker over prices and make accusations, he attempts to explain the buyer's position. His manner is patient and resigned. The fishermen are provocative and excitable and flamboyant. They gesticulate wildly. They harangue. They have difficulty understanding how the fish they deliver to the wharf could be valuable one day and close to worthless the next, but they are in general agreement that it must be the result of treachery or incompetence or conspiracy on the part of the buyers. Consequently, Raymond is occasionally on the receiving end of a lot of animosity. Some of his former associates mistrust him and consider him a traitor. He sometimes says, "I never realized how good I had it fishing." As a rule, the discussions are conducted in Portuguese. They generally take place on Friday—payday. Raymond stands by while Michael, his partner, hands out envelopes on which he has written the names of the boats. In the envelope is a statement of the captain's catch for the week and a check based on the price his fish returned at the market. When the captains arrive, Michael or Raymond greets them and asks how they are doing. Many of them are cordial, some are taciturn and misanthropic, some say, "I'll tell you when I see the statement." It is when they see the statements that the discussions begin. The fishermen insist that the fish they unloaded were classified incorrectly by the fish culler. They claim that they worked the same grounds as So-and-So and that his fish were called jumbo and theirs were called peewee. There is no way for this to be possible, they say. If Raymond is engaged, impatience will sometimes overtake the fishermen and they will talk to Michael, in English. If they are unable to speak English, they will just stand there and burn.

On any other day, if a fisherman has trouble starting his car he will call Raymond. If a boat is a man short, Raymond will leave his office and go down into the fish hold and help unload the fish. If a fisherman has a problem with his winch, Raymond will see what he can do there. He recently helped a fisherman who had just arrived from Portugal find a house and fill out a request for a mortgage.

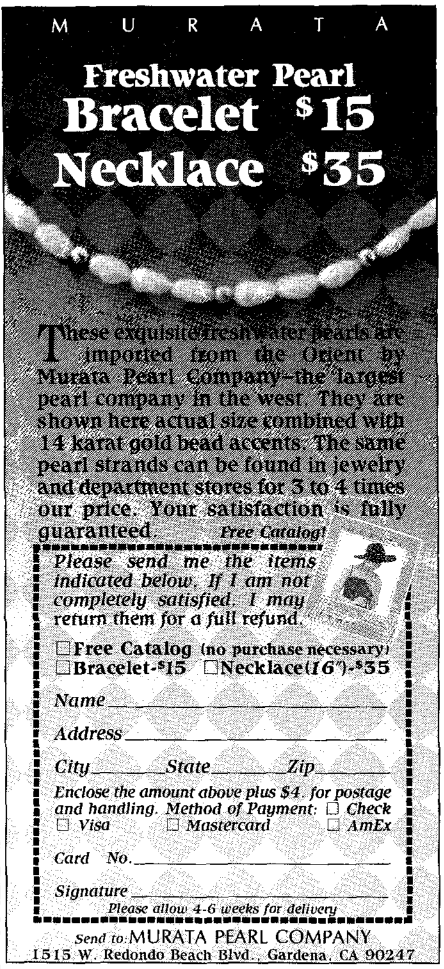
Of the thirty-five boats in the fleet, Oceanic deals regularly with about half. Perhaps four or five of these are loyal, and will unload their fish with Oceanic no matter what the price, either because they especially like Michael or Raymond or because it is in their nature to be reliable or because they figure that over time they break even, and don't see the sense in playing off one buyer against the other. When they do, they occasionally lose. Raymond says, "A couple of months ago, an old friend of mine comes to me and says Raymond Cabral, the other buyer, is promising him seventy cents a pound on his yellowtail. I said, 'I can't guarantee that. Be my friend, but take it if you want, because I can only pay you what the market offers.' So he goes over there, cursing me out as a cheapskate, and the next day Michael hits a home run on yellowtail, and now the guy's a screaming maniac over here saying I tricked him." The man Raymond helped with his house and his mortgage went the next day to the competition, because the price per pound was higher by a penny.

Michael Perel, Raymond's partner, grew up in Brooklyn and Queens. He has never been on a commercial fishing boat. He is unacquainted with the full range of fish that his business purveys. "Some of the fish, I don't even know what they are," he says. "I look in the box, I can't tell them." Michael has been involved in the business for three years. Before that, he and his wife, Helaine, who works with him, lived in Atlantic Highlands off Sandy Hook Bay, in New Jersey, and Perel was an accountant with an office in Manhattan and clients in the Fulton Fish Market. He drove to work. He had the use of season tickets for the New York Rangers. He was also an obsessed jazz fan. For these reasons, he felt that he could probably never live anywhere except within the vicinity of New York City, even though he despised the pace and the dirt and the traffic and the ill manners of some of the city people. His decision to leave was made suddenly. He was driving to the city and listening to WRVR, at that time the city's top jazz station. No one had told him that RVR was switching its format to country music. He went into the Lincoln Tunnel shortly before noon listening to a saxophone player, and when he came out a man was singing in a Southern accent, to the accompaniment of strings, about having his heart broken. Perel started banging on the radio. He had a small fit. He pulled his car over and called the station. The lines were busy. Four days later, pretending to be someone interested in buying advertising time, he finally got through, and heard about the switch. A client of his in the market told him then about a fish-buying business for sale in Provincetown in which the client was interested. Michael and Helaine went and visited, bought the business at auction for the client, and agreed to run it. He was forty years old and was unaware of the difficulties of an outsider's doing business in a small New England town. On his best days, he is elated by the pure air and the calm of the town and the ease and the success and the future of his business. On other days, he appears despondent. At these times, he will occasionally say, "What I bought was a hornet's nest, with all the hornets walking around biting."

Michael tried for a year and a half to run the business on his own. He had trouble getting along with the Portuguese fishermen. They upset Helaine with the uncharitable quality of their accusations. "They scream and yell," he says. "They raise their hands. I have an English bulldog I used to bring to the office, but now I have to leave him home—he started getting upset and biting them. I would talk two hours to them and I couldn't get it across. I don't speak Portuguese, but I knew the gist of what they were saying to me, and it was not an endorsement." Michael decided to buy the business for himself. He felt he needed help from someone in the fleet and, after making a survey of the prospects, selected Raymond as the most level-headed. "Raymond goes out there and talks to them and says, 'You're ignorant. What are you bothering me with this for?' But he tells them in Portuguese, so they appreciate it."

Oceanic has its premises in a building at the end of a long pier. It is the former site of the fishermen's coöperative, which went bankrupt. The building is on stilts and is two stories high. It sways in the wind. In winter, there is little protection from the cold. The fish are bought downstairs. There are garage doors on two of the three sides that face the water. At the end of the day, the boats dock at the doors and winch up their fish a box at a time. Fish cullers sort them according to size. The fish cullers are paid by the volume of fish they unload. Once they have got rid of their fish, the boats tie up three and four deep beside the pier. Seagulls settle in the rigging.

Michael and Raymond share an office upstairs. There are two metal desks, of the kind found in police stations and small-town newspaper offices; three chairs; and a filing cabinet. The office has Masonite panelling, linoleum on the floor, and a picture window through which Michael and Raymond can see the tops of the masts and the radar equipment that looks like television antennas, then the breakwater beyond, and the end of the Cape in the distance. Schools of bluefish enter the harbor and froth up the water when they feed. Seals visit. There are lobsters living among the rocks of the breakwater. Wind off the water stirs the papers on the two desks. The room's only adornments are an enormous striped bass that Michael



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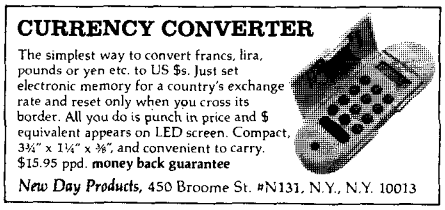

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caught in the surf off Sandy Hook, a calendar, and three snapshots tacked to the wall above Raymond's desk. In the snapshots appear the deck of a fishing boat loaded with cod: Raymond's best catch. He stares at it and says, "I would love to go out and do something like that today." Michael keeps two clipboards. One says "Sales" and the other says "Problems."

Fish cullers come into the office wearing hip boots and leave puddles and fish scales on the floor. They sit and talk for a while or say nothing and watch what's going on in the room.

The phone rings and Raymond answers. He listens, then turns in his chair. "Do we buy tuna?" Michael shakes his head. Raymond says, "No, I think Mike Cannistraro's buying all the tuna free-lance. You may be able to reach him at the wharf. . . . O.K." He hangs up and says, "Tuna. We don't need no tuna."

Michael says, "We got enough headaches already."

The phone rings. Michael answers. "Canadian fish? Don't threaten me with imports! You shake it and it comes off the bones. You can't sell that in your classy market."

Michael makes a call. "Hey, I dialled a wrong number. You guys need any more fish? Give me an order, so I don't waste a phone call."

A Japanese man appears in the doorway and asks to buy one flounder. Michael sends Raymond off to find it. The Japanese man goes with him. Michael turns to a fish culler standing in a corner of the room and says, "One hundred thousand pounds of flounder we do last week, and he wants to buy one." Raymond returns. He says, "One flounder he took. He paid three dollars." Michael turns to the fish culler. He says, "Don't you tell anybody that. This fleet will hang us. Tell them that in the interests of cementing friendship and trust between our two countries I gave a flounder to a foreign dignitary."

A man who owns a restaurant stops by to pick up some fish for his bouillabaisse. From the window, Raymond watches him toss the fish into the bed of a pickup truck, where there is a box of vegetables. He says, "See, he's already got the broccoli in the back of the truck. His bouillabaisse will be half made by the time he gets home."

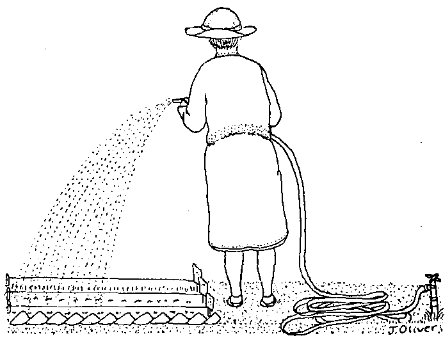
The fish cullers stand up to go, and often slip on the fish scales while they are crossing to the door. The stairs leading to the office are steep and shallow and slick as grease.

What Raymond would like is to open a fishermen's museum. He would put in it all the curious objects that he has brought up over the years in his nets and that are now crowding his basement. He would put a radar screen up over the entrance, so that people could see all the boats at work on the banks. And he would hire an old fisherman to sit in the museum all day and answer people's questions.

Raymond is uncertain of his commitment to the fish-buying business. "Who knows from here how long I will stay?" he says. "I never know what I'm going to do. My wife says I scare her. She says, 'I never know what you are going to do next.' " He misses fishing. At slack times, he sits in the office and stares out the window. If you ask him what is on his mind, he will sometimes say that he is thinking about tows he would like to make. Occasionally, while he is supervising the unloading of an especially prosperous haul he will ask the captain where he was trawling, and on hearing the reply he will say, "Hey, those are my grounds." Michael and Raymond are essential to each other; neither could make the business a success on his own. Michael, at his desk, looks over and sees his future in the expression on Raymond's face and the glaze in his eyes. "Don't even *think* about it," he says. "Forget about it."

NOBODY fished during the blessing. No fish were shipped. In New York, the demand was for whiting. The price was sky-high.

THE custom of blessing the fleet was imported from Gloucester. In 1946, Seraphine Codinha—who died recently—travelled to Gloucester with his father-in-law and his family on their boat, the Sea Fox, to view the blessing there. Gloucester is fifty miles across the water from Provincetown. The trip took five hours each way. They went over on Saturday and came back on Sunday. They talked it up afterward among the fishermen in the Provincetown fleet and decided to have a blessing of their own. A committee was formed. Mr. Codinha did not remember who, but someone wrote the bishop asking if he would come and bless them. In Provincetown, during the blessing, the boats make a wide circle of the harbor before passing in front of the bishop, who stands on the wharf. In Gloucester, the boats are blessed at the pier. I spoke to Mr. Codinha at home. He had retired from fishing and owned a stand on the wharf selling ice cream and frozen yogurt. He was short and portly. He had a long face, and jowls. His expression was intelligent and melancholy. He had watery eyes. He kept his hands in his pockets. On the wall in his living room was a painting of a fishing boat. Recalling the past held no particular interest for him. He was raised in Gloucester. As a young man, he went to San Diego and joined the California tuna-fishing fleet. He came to Provincetown after the Second World War. His father worked as a Grand Banker and planned his own emigration. According to custom, he rowed away from the line in a fog and waited to be rescued by an American boat. Six days later, one arrived. This was 1918.



THE blessing: On Thursday night, a dinner was held at the Holiday Inn for the members of the fleet and their families. There were lovely dark-haired children running around the room. There was a strong sense of patriarchy. Some of the men wore four-in-hands with leather jackets. Between the wings of one man's collarbone was a gold crucifix on a chain. A ticket to the dinner cost seventeen dollars, and a hundred and sixty were sold. Jack Macara, the chairman, wearing a coat and tie, greeted guests at the door. His wife, Jill, in a party dress, pinned a silk flower to each woman. The dinner took place in a room that was narrow and long and dark. It had a low ceiling, and there was the sound of a cash register working at the bar. Windows at one end looked out on a parking lot and, beyond it, a road running along the harbor, then the bay in the distance, and the sky pressing down flat against it. There were rows of tables with white tablecloths. On each table were candles and a basket of silk flowers, and each setting had a place card. Outside it was raining. Someone

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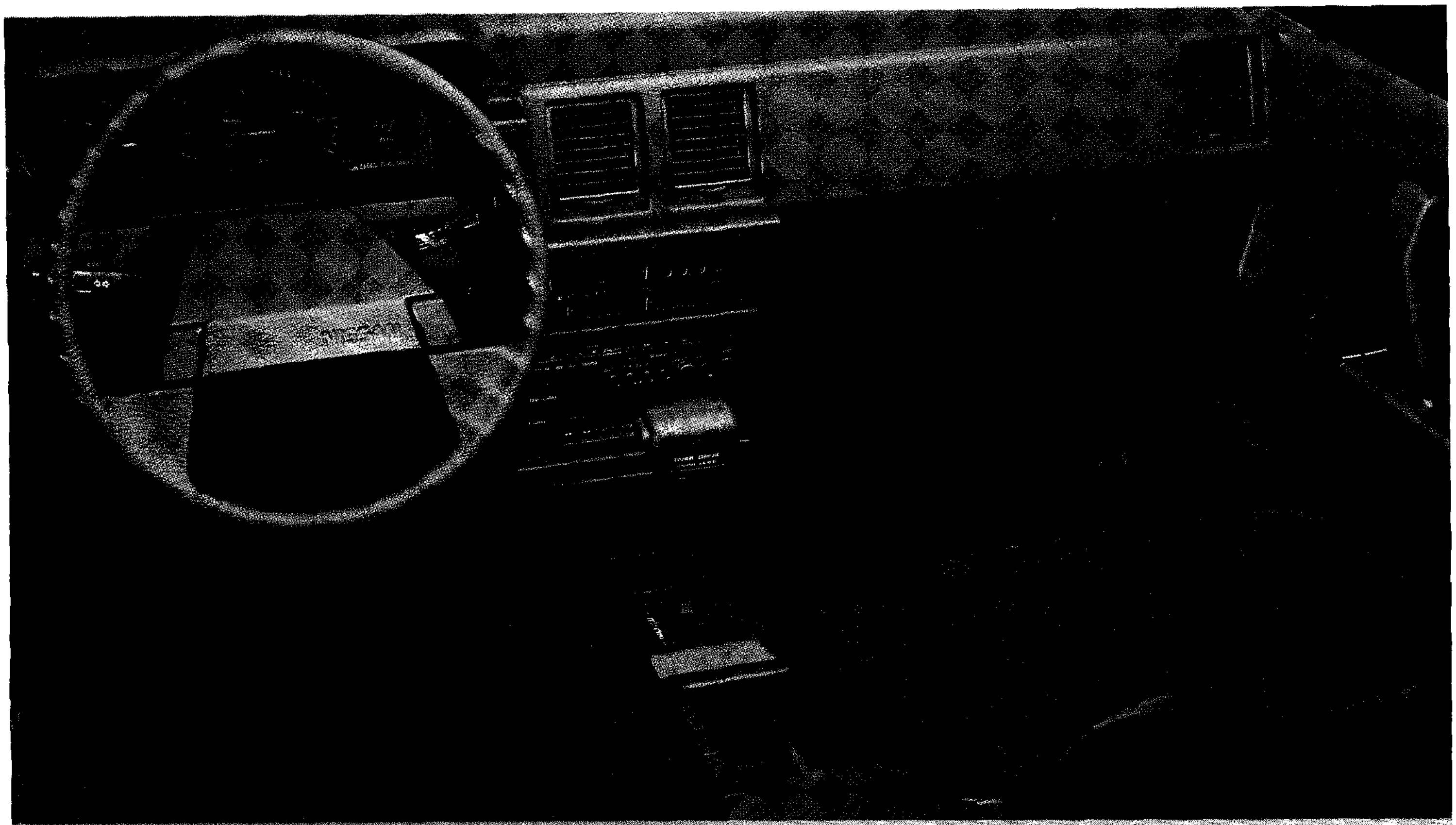

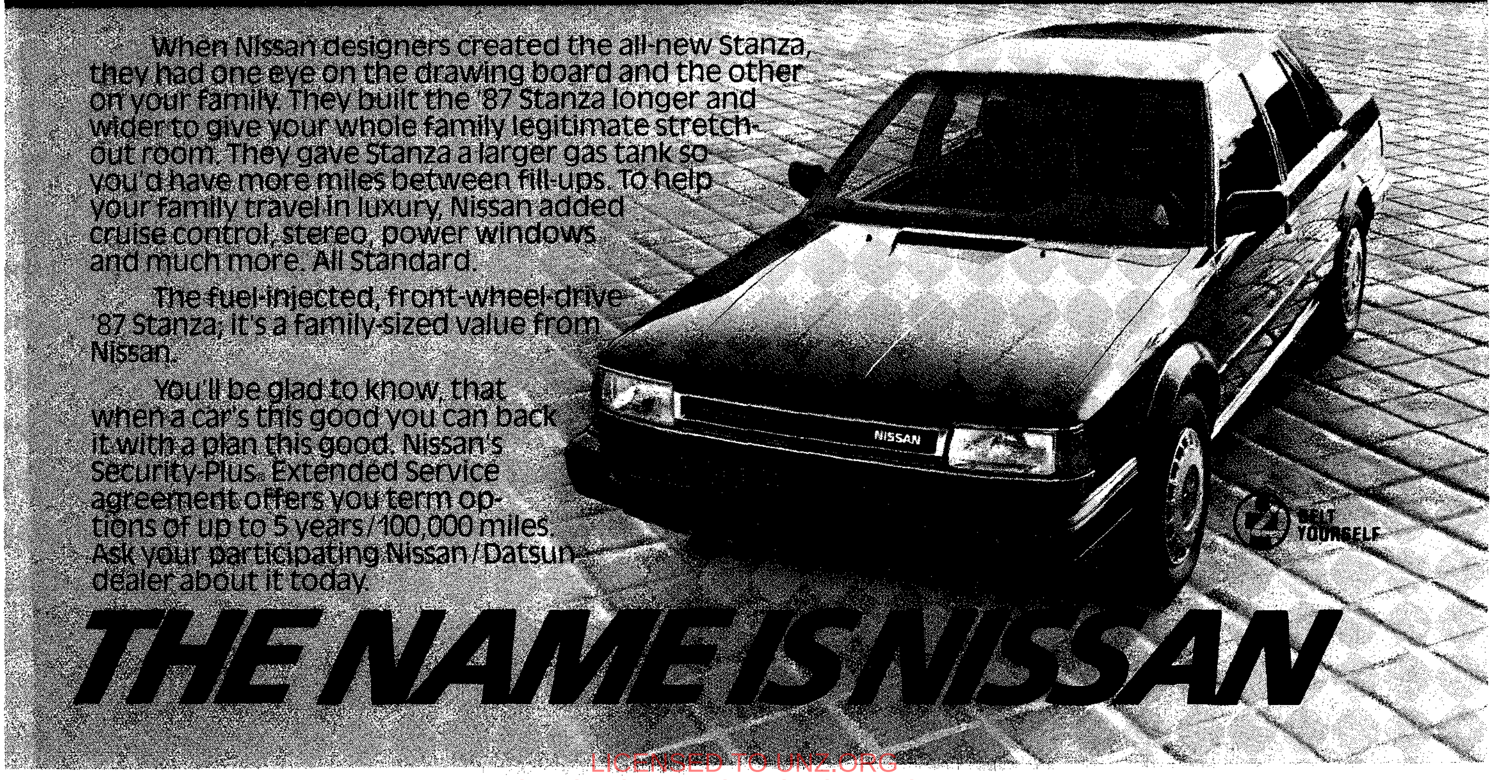

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said that the banner strung for the blessing above Commercial Street in the center of town had blown down in the wind and ripped. There was a discussion about its repair. There was a discussion about the weather. "By Sunday, it will be beautiful," one man said. "This will all be forgotten history."

The dinner began with a buffet of clams and oysters on the half shell. Shortly after the buffet had been emptied for the first time, two priests from the town's Catholic church arrived, beneath umbrellas. They stood beside the buffet. A woman with gray hair talked to them. A number of women turned toward them with looks of fond approval. One of the priests was small and stocky and had a round red face and wore glasses, and the other was taller. The smaller was jovial, and the taller was shy. While the smaller priest talked with the woman, the taller stood beside him, inclining his head toward the conversation. He had the diffidence of a scholar. He held a plate with both hands in front of his chest. It made a circle of white against his black suit, and he tapped his fingers on the bottom of it. A man arrived from the kitchen carrying above his head a platter of shellfish. He set the platter down, and the people fell on it. The priests held themselves aloof for a moment and then shouldered their way in among the others. When the platter was empty and the people had dispersed, the shorter priest said "Did you get any?" and the other said "I sure did. I kept my hand moving."

After dinner, there was dancing. At one moment, several couples held the floor. The most prominent was an older man and woman. They were hardly moving. The man had his lips pressed against the side of his wife's head and was singing quietly into her ear.

FRIDAY: It is a custom of the blessing for the fishermen to drape banners and pennants and streamers and kites from the rigging of their boats. Where they have rust, they cover it with paint. One captain keeps a pine tree lashed to the top of his mast, and replaces it each year for the blessing. His name is Louis Rivers, but he is known in the fleet as Christmas Tree Louis. It was intended that the fishermen would decorate their boats on Friday morning, but the weather was cool and windy and gray, so they put it off. It rained heavily in the afternoon, then the wind shifted straight around to the southwest. The clouds broke. The color of the water changed from gray to blue. The clarity was extraordinary. Jack, Jill, and Rick Macara, and Claire—Jack's sister, and the oldest Macara child—came down to the pier and went to work on the Liberty. They ran flags up and down the stays and strung kites between the top of the mast and the pilothouse. The kites were made of red, yellow, white, or blue canvas in the shape of fish several feet long. There were twenty of them. Claire had sewn them over the spring, after discussing the project many times on the phone with her mother, in Florida. The Macaras have a condominium there. Jack hoped that the example of the Liberty would encourage other captains to begin. "It gets the ball rolling," he said. It happened also to be the only time he had to spare. The next morning, he had to supervise children's games, and, in the afternoon, he had to run the quahog party and then see to the softball game.

SATURDAY: Early in the morning, the sky was gray, and the white buildings and the roofs and the steeples of the town stood out clearly against it. There was a yard sale on the lawn before the Universalist church, and a bake sale at the firehouse. The women at the firehouse sat in the frame of the open front doors, in front of the bumpers of the engines, and sold cupcakes with white icing and little American flags on them.

The quahog party thrown by the fleet committee for the fishermen and their guests took place at the V.F.W. hall. A ticket sold at the door for six dollars. For an additional fifty cents, a person could buy a chance on a raffle of four bottles of liquor. Many people bought several dollars' worth of chances. Claire sat behind a card table by the door and sold tickets. Jack said that the policy was to let the fishermen eat first and then admit the public. Claire had with her a list of retired fishermen, who were served free. Claire is short, and has dark hair and a round face and smiles easily. She had been away from Provincetown for a number of years and had returned early that spring, with her husband, to live there. Because she had been away for so long, she had to ask many of the older fishermen their names in order to check them against the list.

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The Macaras were totally in charge of the luncheon. "Jack and Jill set up the tables," Claire told me, "and that's Aunt Mary sitting over there with my mother and father and my brother Peter. Aunt Mary's the oldest—eighty-one. She and Uncle Ernest are Naomi's mother and father. Aunt Naomi is the second cook in the kitchen. Aunt Marsha is the first, and Rick's in there, too. It's a pretty big family, and practically all of them were, or are, fishermen. When I was a kid, the family had the Liberty Belle, the Victory II, the Three of Us. Later there was the Pat Sea, the Ruthy L., and—let's see . . . Dean—this is my brother Dean—what was Uncle Anthony's boat called, when he had a boat?"

"The Annabelle R.?"

"No. Jack, when Uncle Anthony had a boat, what was it called?"

"Papa Joe?"

"No, that's the Correia's. Anyway, I don't know what Anthony's boat was called, but my Uncle Joe had a boat called the Cap'n Bill. I would say that there were seven boats in the family, and there were nine children—six sisters, only two of whom didn't marry fishermen, and three brothers—so practically everyone had a boat."

From the kitchen, men and women carried away paper plates of quahogs and ears of corn, from which steam rose, and beer, picked from trash cans filled with ice. The old captains sat with each other. There was a stage at one end of the room. Beside the stage was a trophy case. Along the walls were photographs in frames of groups of men holding plaques and posed before monuments. There were paintings of fishing boats, and there was a portrait of Eisenhower. Ceiling fans turned. The floor was taken up by tables. There were several families with small children. One woman with a baby sat opposite her husband. She put the child between them on the table, like a centerpiece, and spoke to it softly in Portuguese. The Linguica Band played Portuguese music. Its

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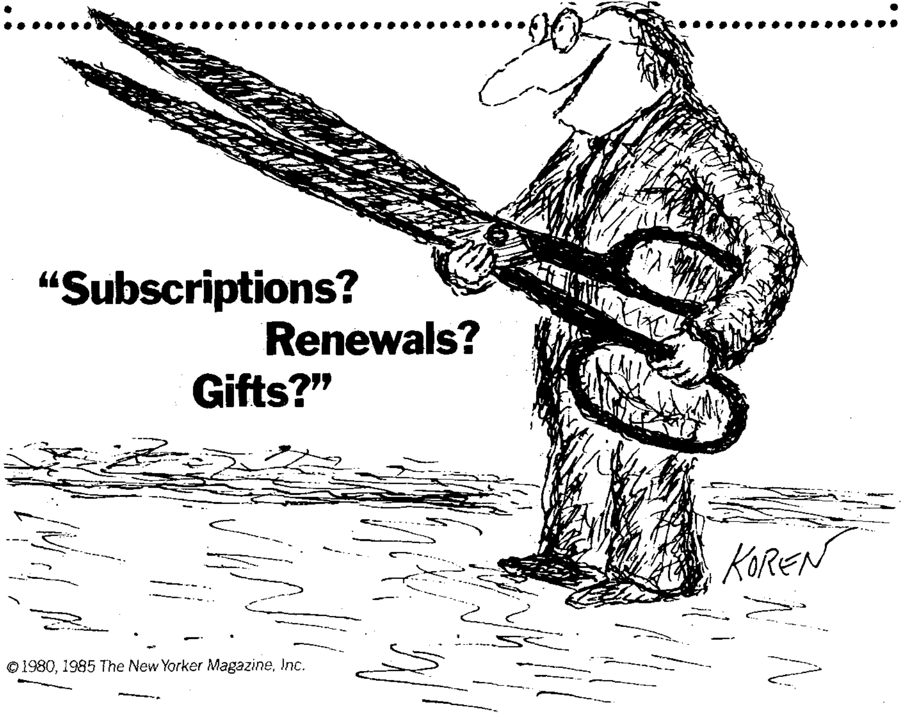
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members are elderly. There are three of them. They perform sitting down. They play guitar, mandolin, and accordion. Their repertoire is mainly instrumental, but occasionally the guitar player hums through a microphone. The mandolin player is Claire's Uncle Anthony. He wears big gold rings on his fingers and smokes a fat cigar. The players are uncommonly poised. They took the stage and sat for a long time staring out at the banquet, giving the impression that the view from their seats was arresting. After some time, and without conferring, they suddenly began. There were long pauses between songs, during which they stared out at the audience. In the course of their performance, they changed hats and women's wigs.

While they played, Jack circled the room selling tickets for the raffle. Jill then picked the winners. Jack made a small speech of thanks and asked someone to volunteer to be chairman for next year's blessing. (No one did.) "Myself, I won't be doing it again," he said. The women from the firehouse arrived and sold cupcakes to raise money for life memberships in the V.F.W. post. ("On behalf of the Lewis A. Young Post 3152 Life Membership," one of them said, "I'd like to thank you all for letting us come here and solicit our cupcakes.") By this time, the families with children were beginning to pack up and leave. The woman retrieved her baby from the table. The food and the beer had made the rest of the crowd drowsy, and they sat staring absently into the air before them.

That afternoon, there was a softball game between the fishermen and the members of the Fire Department. The rules of the previous year's game had been that a person on base had to drink a beer before advancing or else he was out. A player who argued the umpire's decision had to drink a shot of tequila.

Late Saturday night, the sky above the water was broad and clear and immense. The harbor was still. A school of pogies circled beside the pier, stirring the water, turning one way and then another in unison, like a flock of birds. There was light on the harbor from a nearly full moon. The boats at anchor, with the moonlight behind them, were black against the water. From the deck of one, somebody launched fireworks. The trails of the rockets were red and green, and the colors reflected on the water like neon. Beneath a light on the pier, a man jigged for squid. The squid shot into the light pursuing minnows, and the man dangled a lure before them. On the pavement, the squid let out long exhalations of air, like sighs. They did this for some time past the point at which it seemed possible that they could still be alive. All the boats had been strung with pennants, and their decks cleared, and their nets folded and hung like drapes, and their tools put away. Some of them had bunting in folds across their pilothouses. Several had banners. One said:

Deus Abencoe
Todos os Pescadores
Suas Frotas

Back in town, the bars had just closed. Always, in Provincetown, during the hour or so after the closing of the bars the men who have failed to make connections come out and stand on the street or lurk in the doorways of stores or in the shadows of houses or pose for one another like statues. Or wander up and down the street with no apparent destination, like people in a procession. Some of them linger most of the night. On their way to work, before dawn, the fishermen pass them.

Sunday: The morning was clear and warm. Fog the color of cigarette smoke hung in a bank like hills off the backshore. At the pier, two men worked, putting up the metal framework of the bishop's stand. Several captains loaded ice aboard their boats for the parties that would follow the blessing. (The captains do not allow anyone on board to open a beer or a bottle of liquor until the bishop has blessed the boats.)

The parade was scheduled for a quarter after ten. It formed up in the parking lot by the wharf. At its center was a statue of St. Peter, carried in the bed of a pickup truck. It also included an honor guard from the V.F.W., the Women's Auxiliary of the V.F.W., the town crier, some men from the Knights of Columbus, two children's fife-and-drum bands—one from Connecticut and one from New Hampshire—the Provincetown Jug Band, and a marching band called the Taleb Grotto Band, from somewhere off the Cape. The Taleb Grotto Band was made up of members of a fraternal organization. They wore tasselled fezzes, and dinner jackets with a pattern of tiny gold roses. On their drum was the head of a Viking. Most of them appeared to be retired. They took each other's pictures while they waited, and talked about living in Florida. They had the kind, patient, uncertain, and polite-looking faces of elderly men who are not on their own turf. The Knights of Columbus wore black suits and red-and-black satin capes, and carried swords. The fife bands were dressed in Colonial outfits.

Jack appeared here and there in the crowd. He had already been to the waterfront, in the middle of the night. The police had called to say they had discovered the ropes on the banner above Commercial Street cut by someone who had been trying to steal it, and Jack had come down to secure it. A few moments before the parade was to get under way, Jack discovered that two of the boats tied up in front of the bishop's stand were not taking part in the blessing, and he ran off to call the harbormaster to arrange to have them moved. While he was gone, the Taleb Grotto Band practiced a march and then retired to the shade to discuss whether the tempo had been right.

A man from the V.F.W. walked among the parade groups giving instructions for the order of the march. "The fishermen are going to walk right behind the second fife band," he said. "Whatever fishermen there is." There were ten of them, together with eight children. They marched with the statue of St. Peter, and they were the only group not to form ranks.

The parade was about a hundred yards long, and mainly red and white. It went up Commercial Street. The Taleb Grotto Band played "The Billboard" and the "DeMolay Commandery." The sun glinted on the bells of their horns. An old man in pajamas watched from behind a closed window. The parade passed clapboard houses with flower boxes, and houses with honeysuckle and trellised roses you could smell on the street. It passed a fence beside which stood two muscular men with oiled bodies who were holding up Chihuahuas. It passed Miss Pat's House of Beauty and Arnold's TV Service. It passed houses with boats in the yard and dogs tied up and cut hedges and yard statues. It passed a young man seated before a second-story window, with his chin in his palm and half of his face in shadow.

At the church, people lined the walk crossing the lawn to the door. The Knights of Columbus drew their swords and took up positions along either side of it. Four fishermen shouldered the statue of St. Peter and carried it up the walk and up the stairs, into the church and down the

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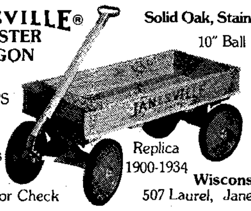

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aisle. The bishop followed. He wore red-and-white robes, and had a broad, open, handsome Irish face. His presence was comforting. He looked into the eyes of the people he passed on the walk and on the steps. His expression contained the pleasure and the benevolence one sometimes sees on the faces of Catholic officials who are out among the people on a day of celebration. Every seat in the church was taken. The congregation turned and watched the approach down the aisle of the statue, and followed it with their eyes to its place beside the altar. During the Mass, the bishop said prayers for the men lost at sea and for a bountiful catch and for the continued safe passage of the fishermen. The congregation received Communion. When the bishop said, "The Mass is ended. Go in peace to love and serve the Lord," the fishermen carried the statue back down the aisle and out the door, and the parade made a procession to the harbor.

The bishop was driven to the pier in a convertible. He climbed the steps to his place at the front of the stand. The wind blew his robes. He smiled a lot. He beamed. The two priests stood beside him, wearing sunglasses. Twenty-three boats, led by the Liberty, circled the harbor before him. Each boat carried forty or fifty guests. People straddled the gunwales and climbed the rigging and stood on the decks and on top of the pilothouses. The harbor within the breakwater was thronged with small boats. The Liberty threaded a path among them. Jill stood in the bow, holding a pine wreath. As the Liberty drew up to the pier, she threw the wreath into the water before the bishop looming above her.

The bishop held in his hand a shank of metal the length of a wrench and with a chamber at the end which he waved in the direction of the Liberty, and from which a few drops of holy water flew in an arc against the blue ground of the sky.

OVER the last ten years, the Provincetown fleet has lost four boats and the lives of fourteen fishermen. The Patricia Marie sank with seven men aboard in October, 1976; the Cap'n Bill sank with four men aboard in 1978; and the Victory II sank with three men aboard in 1984. (The Santina sank without loss of life.)

The Patricia Marie sank at night in a storm. She was heading to Provincetown with a deckful of scallops, and the scallops shifted suddenly with a wave and flipped her over. She was being followed into port at a distance of about a mile by another boat. The captains had talked over the radio, and were keeping a watch out for each other both on deck and by means of radar. The second boat rose to the top of a swell and saw the Patricia Marie's lights, then sank into the trough, and when it rose again the lights were gone. There was no longer an image representing her on the radar screen. The second boat arrived in ten minutes at the place where the Patricia Marie was last seen, and heard a voice calling for help. For another ten minutes, it made passes back and forth among the swells trying to pin down the voice in the dark, and then the voice fell silent. Among the seven men on board were a father and son, who made the second and third generations of their family lost at sea. A search was carried out, and the body of the captain was found, along with parts of the boat, but that was all, which is what the wife of one of the fishermen said she preferred. "It doesn't make sense for them to be taken out of the sea they loved so much. They belong together where they are."

The Cap'n Bill left the harbor on a Thursday in February and didn't come back. The men aboard were intending to fish for cod, and at that time of year they often made trips of two days. On Friday afternoon, the captain's wife drove out to the ocean to speak to her husband over the CB radio she had in her car, and was unable to raise him. She tried again on Friday evening, and again got no response, and told her stepson that she had a premonition of trouble. The two of them met the boats returning Saturday to see if any had word of the Cap'n Bill. No boat had seen her either on Friday or on Saturday, but one had seen her on Thursday evening, about four miles off the backshore of Truro, the town south of Provincetown. The weather on the days in between had been calm and clear. On Sunday morning, the captain's wife called the Coast Guard, which searched with planes and boats for several days over the ocean between Cape Ann and Nantucket and found nothing. Approximately a week and a half after the Cap'n Bill left port, another Provincetown captain caught his net in a place he had fished for twenty-eight years without ever having trouble. In trying to free himself, he brought to the surface a piece of a CB

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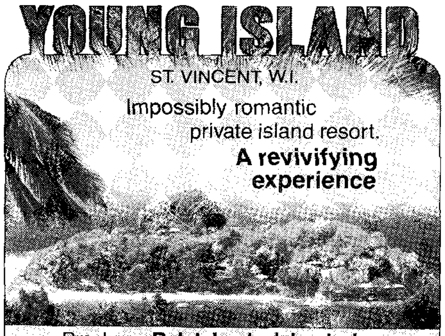

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antenna, some freshly painted wood, and some oil. In order to mark the spot precisely, he remained where he was until the next day, when four divers arrived and descended the line attached to his net. Along the way, three of the divers had problems—the regulator on the air tank of one of them froze—and had to turn back. The one who made it to the bottom found a fishing boat in the darkness, beneath a hundred and thirty-seven feet of water, and was able to read the name by the light of a hand-held lamp. The lamp illuminated only the two feet within its narrow beam, and before the diver could make a complete search of the boat and discover whether the life raft was still in its place he ran out of allotted air and had to ascend.

The boat had been found exactly where the captain's son had predicted it would be—on his father's favorite winter grounds, two and a half miles off the backshore of Truro. Two days later, all four divers made it to the bottom and completed the search. There were no bodies aboard, and the divers were unable to discover how the sinking had occurred. All they could tell, because the net was in place, was that the boat had been fishing when it happened. Ralph Andrews, the captain, was considered an uncommonly resourceful man. Not until the life raft was found intact aboard the sunken boat did his family give up hope.

The Victory II sank in the bay off Wellfleet, near Billingsgate Shoal. Her net caught on a cement anchor used to hold a Coast Guard buoy in place, and she rolled on her beam and sank quickly. She was discovered by a Wellfleet scalloper. She was under thirty-five feet of clear water, and the captain could see her plainly from his deck. The captain of the Victory II was Kenneth Macara, who was twenty-eight and a cousin of Jack's. A year later, parts of a skeleton came up in the nets of the Liberty Belle while she was fishing near Billingsgate. The Liberty Belle used to belong to one of Jack's uncles. In the week before the blessing, the bones were identified as Kenneth Macara's.

—ALEC WILKINSON

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# BOOKS

## *The Passion for Print*

THE forty-six essays by V. S. (now Sir Victor) Pritchett in "A Man of Letters" (Random House; $19.95) derive from a consideration of books by or about figures of timeless interest. In subject matter they represent some editor's idea of what Pritchett was fitted to pass judgment on. It would appear that he is up to dealing with virtually anything. Of the writers looked at, half are eighteenth-, nineteenth-, or twentieth-century British. Six are ours. There is an assortment of fifteen European authors and one South American. The remaining essays are about artists. In his appraisal of books written in French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, Pritchett is not dependent on the translator for his sense of the style of the original. About works written in Russian or German he somewhat surprisingly seems to be: he is so much the prince of autodidacts (he was taken out of school at the age of fifteen and apprenticed to the leather trade) that one expects him to have surmounted, in the course of his eighty-five years, all ordinary linguistic barriers.

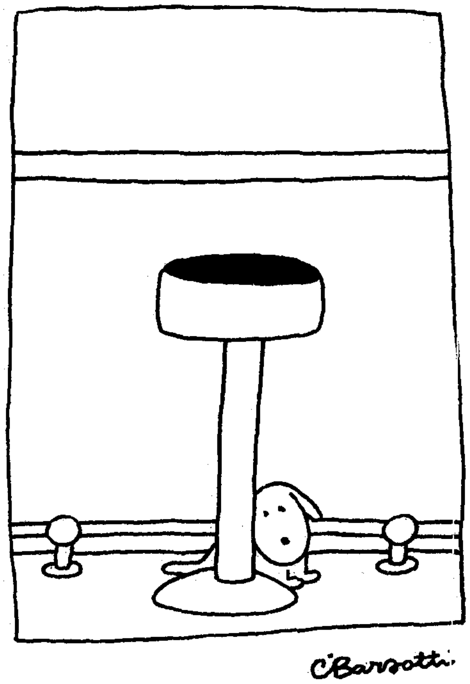
His own style is immediately recognizable for its wit and compression:

> The modern reader of Richardson's *Clarissa* emerges from his experience exhausted, exalted and bewildered. The book is, I fancy, the longest novel in the English language; it is the one most crowded with circumstantial detail; it is written in the most dilatory of narrative methods, i.e. in the form of letters. It is a novel written through a microscope; it is a monstrosity, a minute and inordinate act of prolonged procrastination. And the author himself is a monster.

Wit there is no accounting for; either you have it or you don't. The packed style Pritchett acquired when, at the beginning of the Second World War, he was asked to do a weekly page about books for the *New Statesman*. As he explains in a preface to this collection, contemporary writing had stopped and it was suggested that he give his attention to the major and minor masters of the past. Because paper was rationed he was limited to eighteen hundred words. If you are going to examine the monuments of literature in an essay of that length, you have to get on with it.

Much of what he now had to give his attention to was in varying degrees familiar to him. As a boy he read or read at whatever he could get his hands on. The hit-or-miss excitement of this self-education is wonderfully conveyed in the first volume of his autobiography, "A Cab at the Door": "That I understood very little of what I read did not really matter to me. . . . I was caught by the passion for print as an alcoholic is caught by the bottle. . . . *The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius* in leather . . . defeated me. Wordsworth and Milton at least wrote in short lines with wide margins. . . . I moved to Marie Corelli and there I found a book of newspaper articles called *Free Opinions*. The type was large. The words were easy, rather contemptibly so. I read and then stopped in anger. Marie Corelli had insulted me. She was against popular education, against schools, against public libraries and said that common people like us made the books dirty because we never washed, and that we infected them with disease. . . . I moved on to . . . Shakespeare's Complete Works and started at the beginning with the *Rape of Lucrece* and the sonnets and continued slowly through the plays . . . On the lowest shelf of my father's bookcase were several new ornate and large volumes of a series called *The International Library of Famous Literature*. They were bound in red and had gold lettering. They had never been opened and we were forbidden to touch them. I think Father must have had the job of selling the series, on commission, at one time. I started to look at them. There were photographs of busts of Sophocles and Shakespeare. There were photographs of Dickens, Thomas Hardy, of Sir James Barrie and Sir Edmond Gosse in deep, starched wing collars, of Kipling rooting like a dog at his desk and of G. K. Chesterton with his walking stick. There was Tolstoy behind his beard. The volumes contained long extracts from the works of these writers. I found at once a chapter from Hardy's *Under the Greenwood Tree*, and discovered a lasting taste for the wry and ironical. I moved on to Longinus' *Of the Sublime* and could not understand it. I was gripped by Tolstoy and a chapter from *Don Quixote*. In the next two or three years I read the whole of *The International Library* on the quiet. These volumes converted me to prose. I had never really enjoyed poetry, for it was concerned with inner experience and I was very much an extrovert and I fancy I have remained so . . . but in prose I found the common experience and the solid worlds where judgments were made and in which one could firmly tread."

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN



PRITCHETT is equally fair to, equally perceptive about George Eliot and Max Beerbohm, Benjamin Constant and Albert Camus, Henry James and Nathanael West. One does not expect a literary critic to be funny but he often is. He pursues a line of thought, aware of what lies to either side of it, aware of what other critics have said, throwing off aphorisms ("It is less the business of the novelist to tell us what happened than to show how it happened") and surprising turns of thought. Paradox is mother's milk to him: "One might almost say that prolix as it was [Richardson's] method was economical, given his chosen end. The slowness comes from an excess of examination, not an excess of words. No prose has fewer redundancies."

Pritchett is particularly good at making an immensely long and

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complicated and essentially foreign work of fiction like Musil's "The Man Without Qualities" intelligible to a reader who has never read a word of it. Because he is, among other things, a first-rate short-story writer, Pritchett sometimes modulates into the narrative form. Speaking of Laurence Sterne:

> There can be no doubt that he broke into the stream of consciousness and was the first to splash about there—in rather shallow water; there can also be no doubt that he was never going to commit himself to anything deeper. It was enough that one thing led to another and that the sensibility was ready for the change. It was Sterne's wife, a woman heavily committed to housework and a bad temper, who, for a time, went out of her mind.

In innumerable passages such as this one from the essay on Conrad—

> The pattern of *Nostromo* is wonderful. It is like some grim brocade; yet was it necessary to be so elaborate in order to get the utmost out of the subject? And did Conrad get the utmost? On the level of a great tragic conception, I think, it must at last be thought he did not—

one is aware of the passion and totality of his concern for literature. But enthusiast though he is, something—dislike of inflation, possibly, or the nicety of his own mind—keeps him from going overboard. Having expressed an opinion he is inclined to distance himself from it, and will alter or correct it several times until it appears to him to be accurate: "Although he was self-consciously an impressionist [Ford Madox] Ford has some inner sense of a moral order. Or, if not that, a moral indignation at the lack of it. Or, if not that, a taste for the moral consolations of defeat." The angels could ask no more.

Pritchett is in general so open-minded and appreciative and articulate that the reader is seldom moved to argue with his judgments. It does seem to me, however, that he is somewhat off about Twain, though not about his situation. He says, "Out of the mess which Twain made of his life, amid the awful pile of tripe which he wrote, there does rise one book which has the serenity of a thing of genius. *Huckleberry Finn* takes the breath away." In this sweeping disparagement he is probably thinking of Twain's adult books only, for in the autobiography he speaks of laughing over "Tom Sawyer." But what about "Life on the Mississippi"? It is not likely that Pritchett overlooked it, because when it comes to reading he is not one to overlook anything. Is the flavor of that book too quintessentially Ameri-

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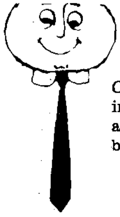

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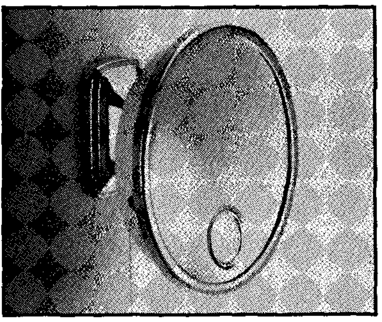

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can to appeal to a non-native? In any case, it is not tripe.

Many critics have had their say about Mark Twain's situation. Pritchett's is both original and extremely interesting:

> In England . . . the political power of Puritanism lasted for only a generation and has since always bowed if it has not succumbed to civilised orthodoxy. If an Englishman hated Puritanism, there was the rest of the elaborate English tradition to support him; but American Puritanism was totalitarian and if an American opposed it, he found himself alone in a wilderness with nothing but bottomless cynicism and humorous bitterness for his consolation.

Even about "Huckleberry Finn," which he calls one of the funniest books in all literature, Pritchett has serious reservations. "It is not a book which grows spiritually, if we compare it to *Quixote*, *Dead Souls* or even *Pickwick*; and it is lacking in that civilised quality which you are bound to lose when you throw over civilisation—the quality of pity. One is left with the cruelty of American humor." This conclusion strikes me as uncharacteristically subjective, and dubious. My own feeling (also subjective, perhaps) is that what Pritchett is asking for here is something that is not appropriate or true to the author's conception, and would have been the novel's undoing.

IN the balance he strikes between sympathy and judgment, Pritchett is like the Samuel Johnson of "Lives of the English Poets." He is not as scholarly as Edmund Wilson, whom he quotes respectfully, but on the other hand his knowledge of life is much broader and deeper and he doesn't suffer from Wilson's moments of willful misapprehension. Like Virginia Woolf he makes the reader feel that his experience of literature will be incomplete unless he drops whatever he is doing and reads, say, "Jonathan Wild" or "I Promessi Sposi" or "The Diary of Dostoyevsky's Wife." Time and application turned the indomitable pre-adolescent bookworm into one of the foremost men of letters of our period. Possibly *the* foremost. So much for the opinions of Miss Marie Corelli.

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

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## A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

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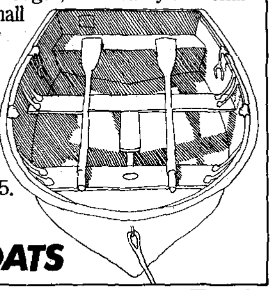

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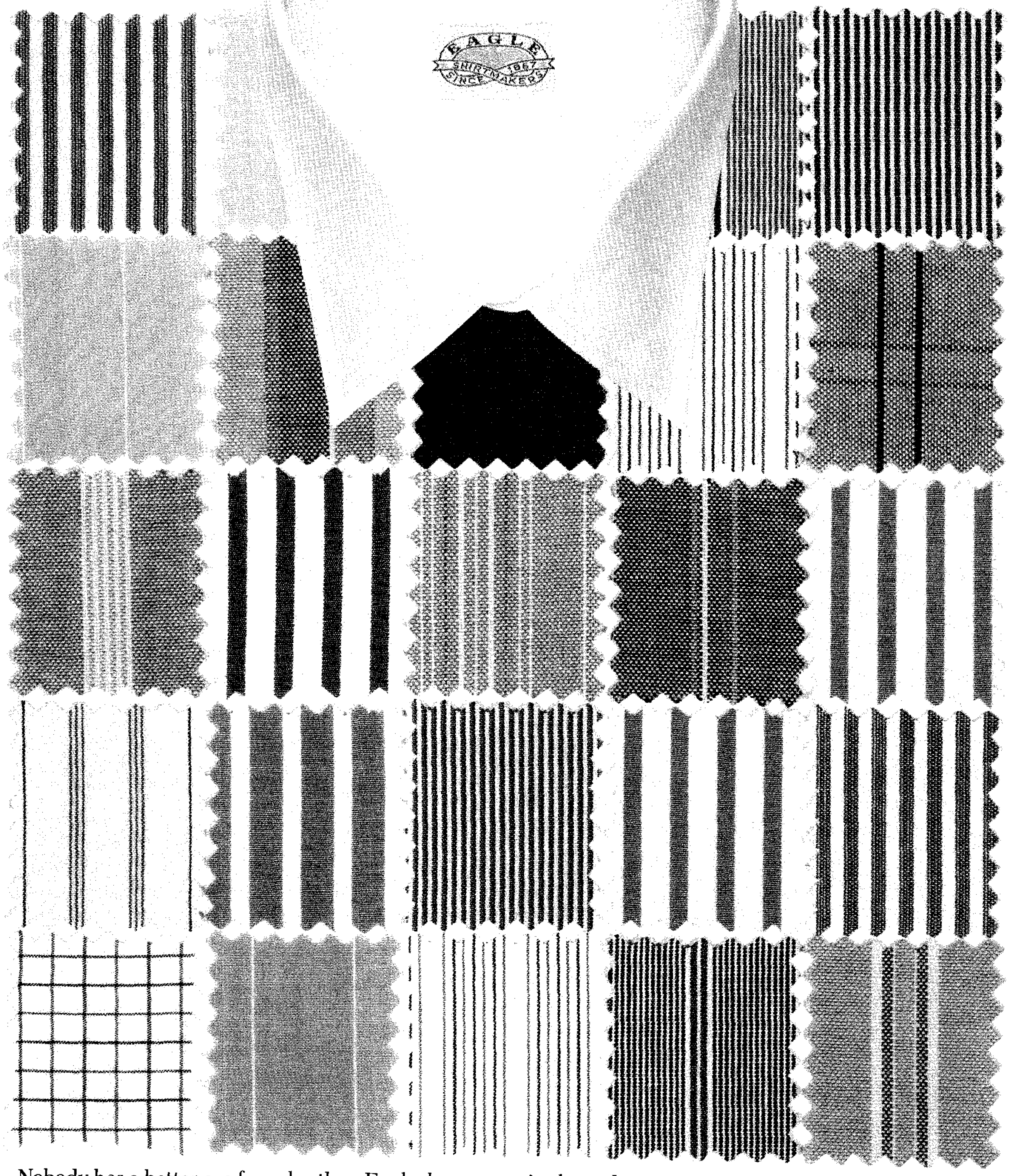

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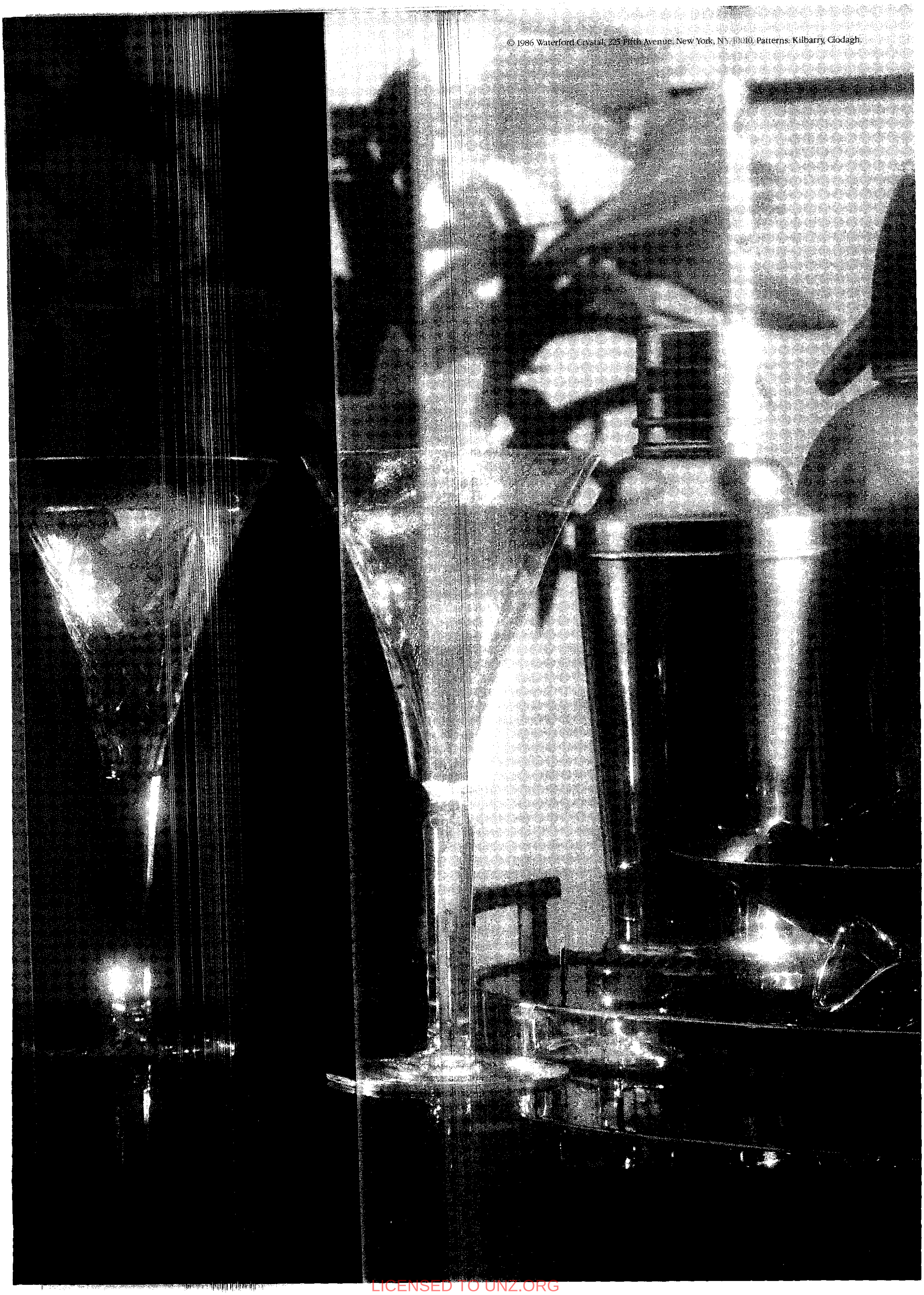

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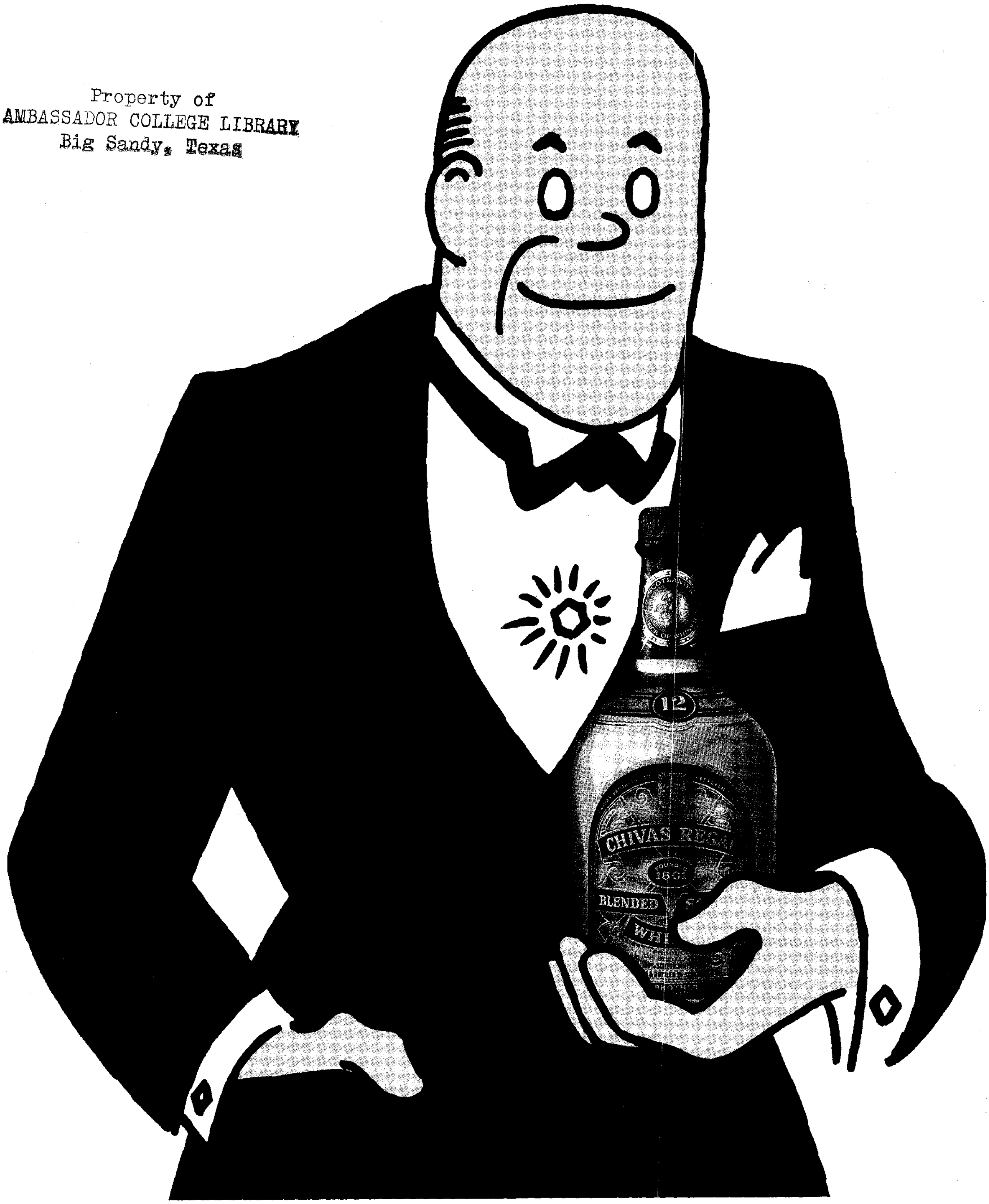

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